Ten Cents

Everybody's Magazine

IN THIS ISSUE

The Madness of Much Money

by

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

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The Ridgway-Thayer Company
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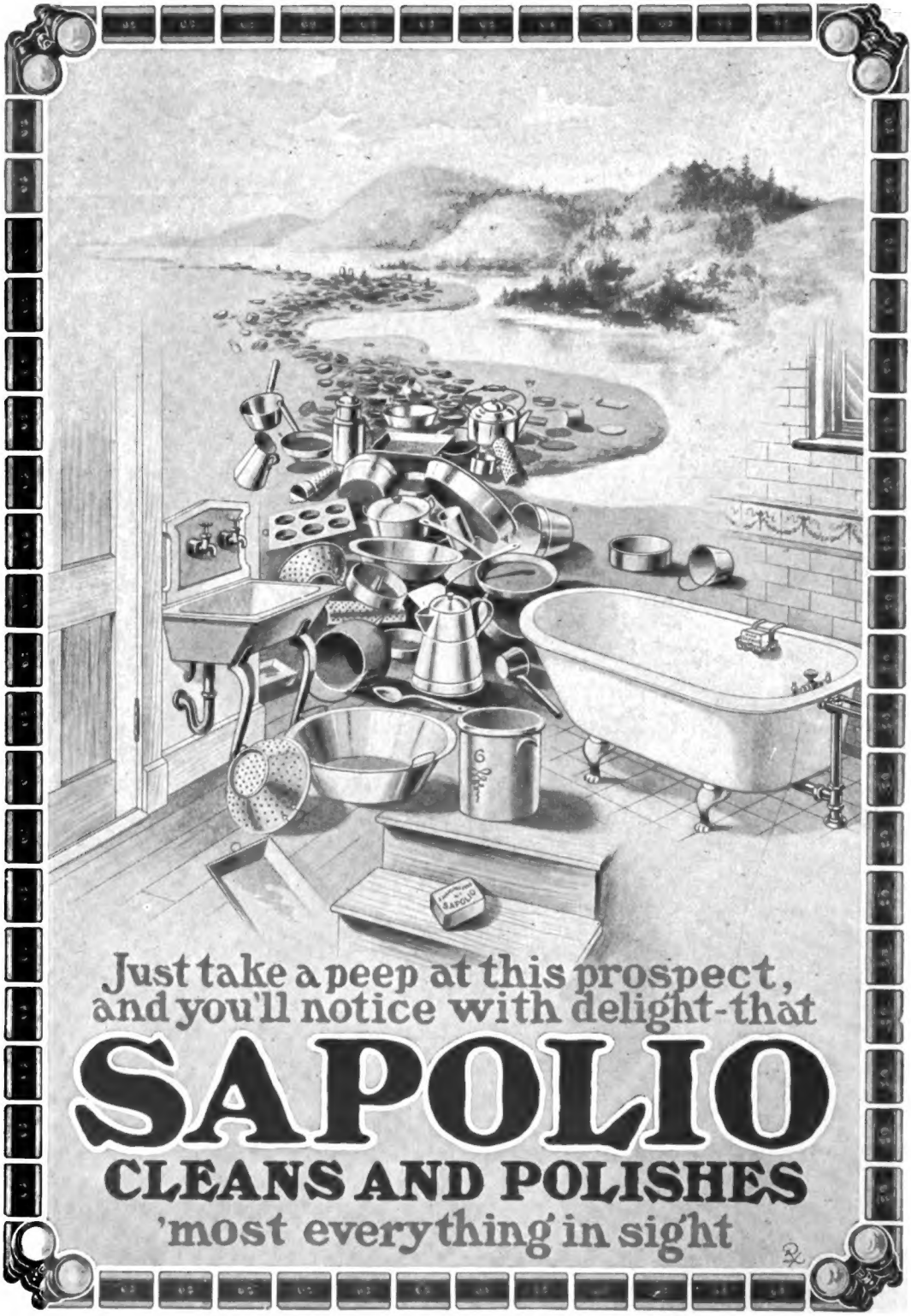
Just take a peep at this prospect,
and you'll notice with delight-that
SAPOLIO
CLEANS AND POLISHES
'most everything in sight

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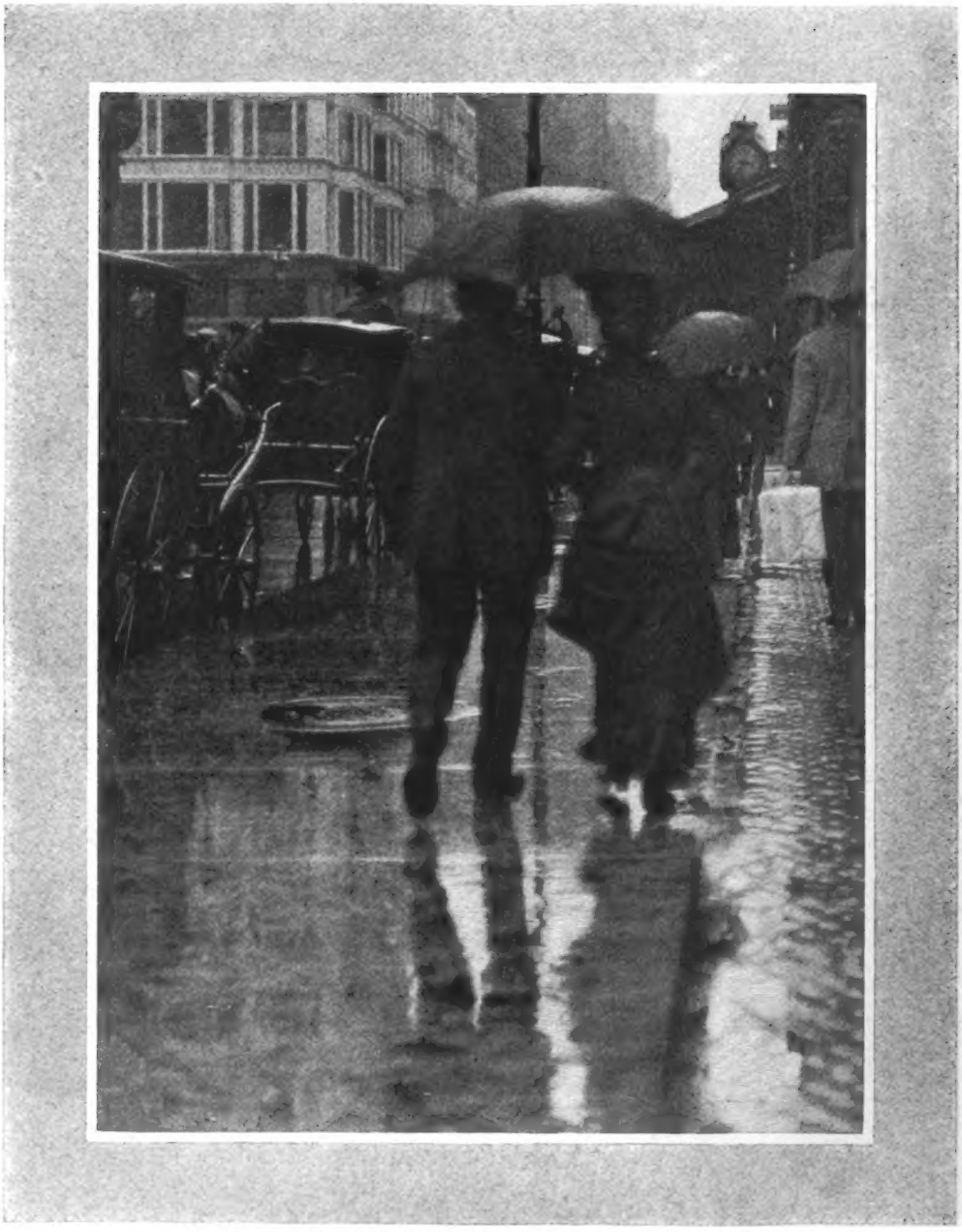

A RAINY DAY IN CHICAGO'S GREAT SHOPPING DISTRICT.

See "Chicago: A Character Study," page 423.

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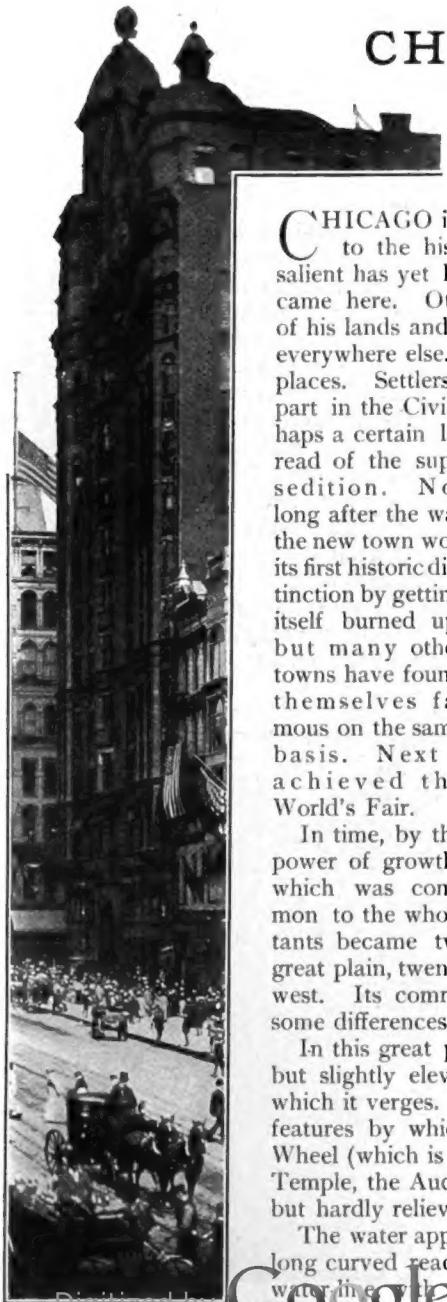
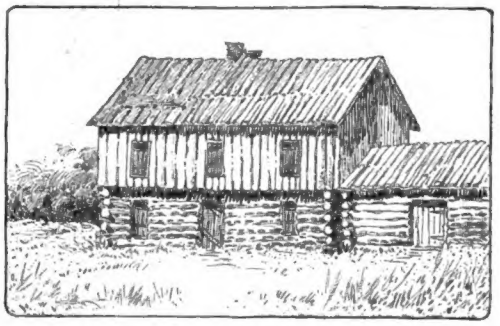


CHICAGO

A Character Study

By WILL PAYNE

CHICAGO is a big town in low-relief. This low-relief applies to the historical as well as to the physical view. Nothing salient has yet happened. Once upon a time the first white man came here. Others followed. The red brother was dispossessed of his lands and holdings with more or less guile, just as happened everywhere else. There was an early Indian massacre, as in other places. Settlers multiplied, as is their wont. The town took its part in the Civil War—just as numberless other towns did. Perhaps a certain lack of civic cohesion was thus early shown, for we read of the suppression of the leading Chicago newspaper for sedition. Not long after the war the new town won its first historic distinction by getting itself burned up, but many other towns have found themselves famous on the same basis. Next it achieved the World's Fair.



THE CENTRE OF CHICAGO SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

In time, by the power of growth, which was common to the whole Middle West, the number of Chicago's inhabitants became two millions, and their habitations spread over a great plain, twenty miles north and south by, say, ten miles east and west. Its commerce exceeded ancient Rome. But there were some differences.

In this great plain there is scarcely a grade. It is a big shelf, but slightly elevated above the expanse of blue fresh water on which it verges. One searches this vast and flat physiognomy for features by which to distinguish it, and finds few. The Ferris Wheel (which is to be taken down), the shoulders of the Masonic Temple, the Auditorium tower, thrust themselves above the mass, but hardly relieve the monotony.

The water approach is the best. As you come in that way the long curved reach of peopled shore lifts itself a little from the water-line, with a low heap in the middle, where you presently

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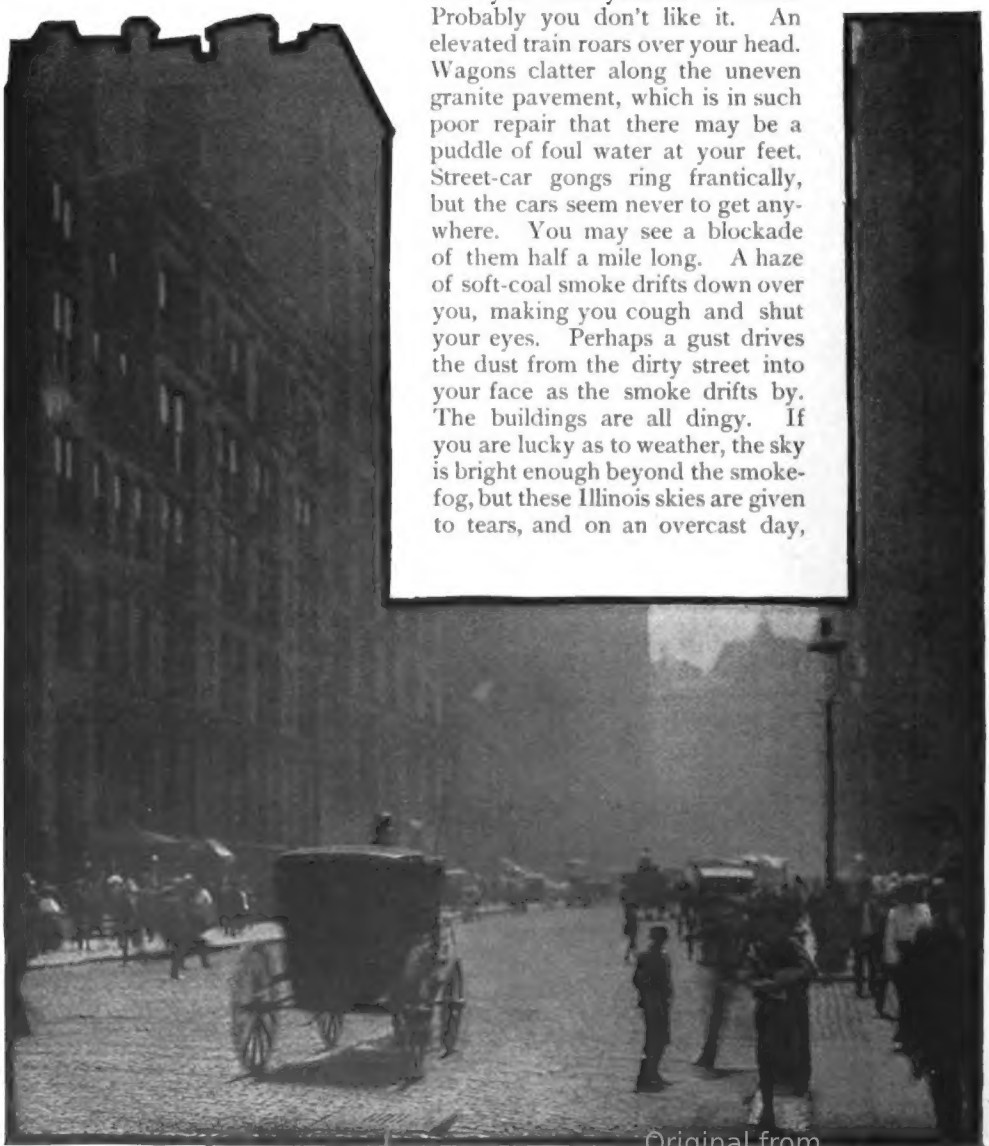
begin to make out a dark clutter of huge buildings. There is some green to the north, showing Lincoln Park; perhaps a glint of sun on the dome of the Field Museum, in Jackson Park, to the south; and over all a very high, light, eternal cloud of smoke. You comprehend something vast and full of energy, but not beautiful.

The approach by rail, especially from the west, gives you first of all the smoke-cloud—a very high, light, eternal veil across the eastern sky, with the same mysterious suggestion of a teeming energy. You wheel swiftly past pleasant suburbs with inviting stretches of green and embowered homes, and you lose the smoke-cloud by penetrating it. There are some reeling miles of the backs of flats, and then you cross the bad lands which belt the heart of the town—a forsaken region which the metropolis has leaped over in its growth and left behind. Here there are some factories and grimy warehouses, but you notice most the rows of miserable frame shanties, in all stages of dilapidation. The train stops of a sudden, and you find yourself in town. Probably you don't like it. An elevated train roars over your head. Wagons clatter along the uneven granite pavement, which is in such poor repair that there may be a puddle of foul water at your feet. Street-car gongs ring frantically, but the cars seem never to get anywhere. You may see a blockade of them half a mile long. A haze of soft-coal smoke drifts down over you, making you cough and shut your eyes. Perhaps a gust drives the dust from the dirty street into your face as the smoke drifts by. The buildings are all dingy. If you are lucky as to weather, the sky is bright enough beyond the smoke-fog, but these Illinois skies are given to tears, and on an overcast day,



THE CANYON IN LA SALLE STREET, THE BOARD OF TRADE

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what with the dirty streets, the perpetual smoke, and the dingy buildings, the effect seems almost infernal. If your way should lie to the wholesale region and it has rained you may find yourself up to the ankles in mud. Down La Salle Street, in the heart of the finance region, great buildings tower, but there is not a sprig of green anywhere. You feel you would give half the price of the buildings for such a relief as Trinity Church and the City Hall Square makes in the down-town district of New York, or the Granary burial-ground and King's Chapel in Boston, or even for the clean, bright effect of the sky-scrapers of those cities, for in Chicago the big buildings are dun-colored, sad and besmoked, shouldering grimily up into a thick air. You may see a big, soot-incrusted, lightless and hopeless cube in whose dark corridors the electrics faintly glimmer as in a cave of gloom, where the walls are besmeared and large cast-iron spittoons stand at convenient intervals, and be informed that this is the crumbling City Hall, the capitol which began to fall to pieces almost before interest was due on the bonds issued to erect it. A great crowd is everywhere, for in this square mile where you have landed the business of the city is congested. To the uninformed eye La Salle Street looks busier than Wall Street, for a large vehicle traffic plies in the former. And in the State Street retail district the wide flaggings are overrun with a

pushing concourse whose close and jumbled ranks make Broadway seem a pleasant strolling-ground in comparison. Above all, the color tone is a dingy brown, blending to sooty black; from any street corner you see a dozen chimneys belching clouds of sooty smoke. So perhaps you are disgusted, and say to yourself, "This is no city, but only Jasonville magnified——"

That is, if you are an æsthetic traveller in search of sweetness and light.

If, on the other hand, you are here merely to do business, you will probably be well pleased. For when it comes down to commercial equipment and the ability to operate it, this square mile is not excelled anywhere in the world. You find, as you look around, that business is housed on a spacious scale. There are no notable public buildings over here, the new Post-Office being unfinished; but that bank by the Board of Trade might well be taken for a national office. There are no statues of famous men, but you see some names on windows and door-posts that are more deeply embedded in history and of much more actual significance than half the treasured effigies of older cities. Think of the action and achievement, of the world-wide struggle for trade mastery implied in the modest sign of Armour & Co. There are houses in a dozen lines, each first in its field, private concerns that handle more than the revenues of a principality. In the retail district you see estab-

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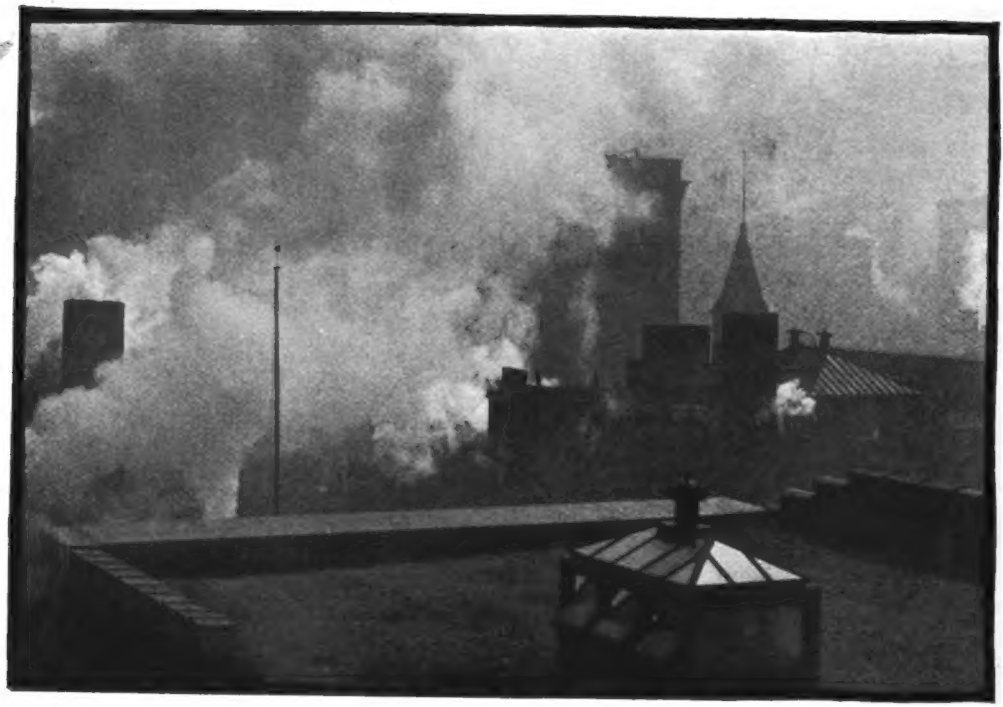

ACROSS THE ROOFS ON A BUSY DAY.

ACROSS THE ROOFS AT NIGHT.

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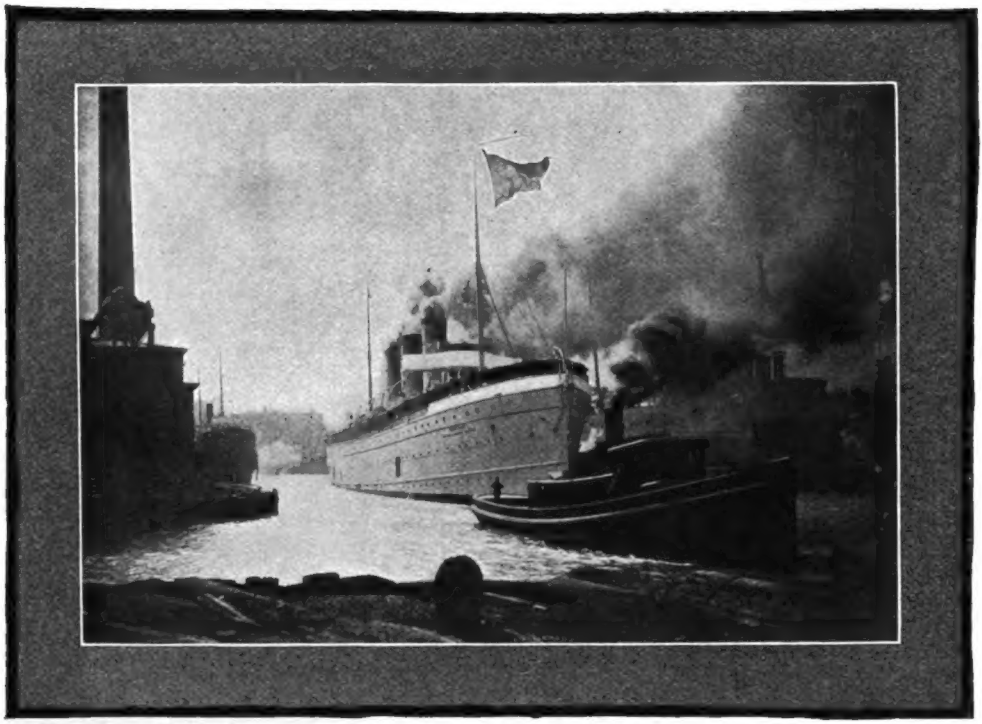

CHICAGO IS THE GREATEST INLAND PORT IN THE WORLD.

CLARK AND WASHINGTON STREETS ON A WET NIGHT.

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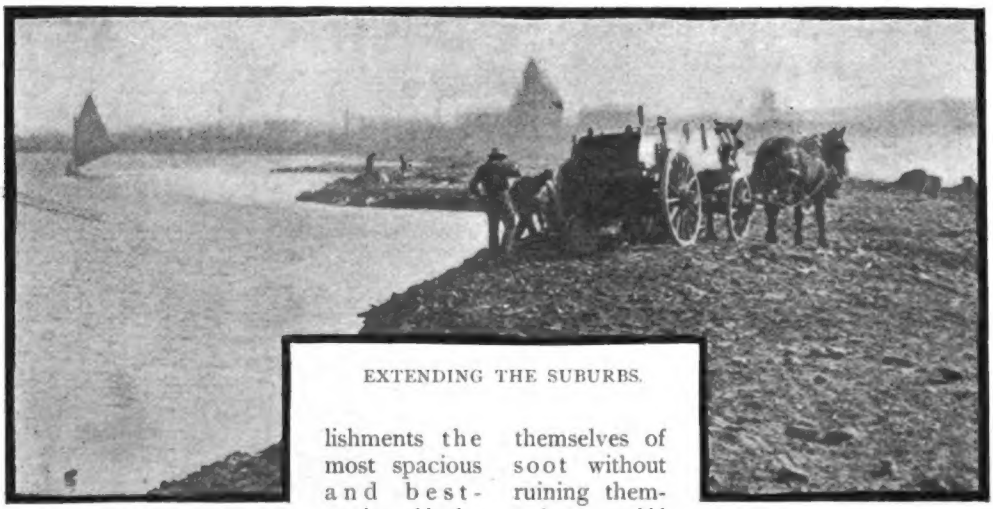

EXTENDING THE SUBURBS.

lishments the most spacious and best-equipped in the country. Slowly you realize the variety and number of vast business organisms centred here, and you comprehend that the everlasting smoke haze across the sky stands at least for the creation of an enormous wealth. There are possibilities in these uniformly wide, level, straight streets.

One can hardly write of Chicago to-day without taking into account the large and prominent body of critics who claim that the great thing about the city of Chicago is that it all remains to be made; that its present is no more than a promise; that the name may be a century old, but the city will date from to-morrow.

Truly, the city has not yet found itself. It has not yet, so to speak, grown up to itself. It has yet to achieve that collective sense of self-respect which, it seems, a real city must have. It is coming to it, as any intelligent observer of the last five years can testify. But, pending the maturing of a definite public opinion, Chicago, with a half-aroused sense of civic decency, hangs between a consciousness of its errors and the shirt-sleeves point-of-view of the Western country town which goes Goethe one better and believes that whatever pays has in it a higher usefulness than either the beautiful or the good.

The unmitigated smoke nuisance is the most striking sign of this. There has been an agitation for the suppression of smoke any time these dozen years, but it makes little headway, because to fine the smoke-makers would conflict with business interests. This, of course, is Jasonville to the life; and the example of other cities which have freed themselves of soot without ruining themselves still counts for nothing in Jasonville's large neighbor, Chicago. There the cry for a clear sky still fails as against the plea that business must not be interfered with. Miles of pavement are in so ruinous a condition as to be almost impassable, and almost all the streets are disgracefully dirty all the time. The street-car service is as bad as it can possibly be. The city's finances are in a poor way, not because of its debts, which are a bagatelle, but because its revenues are ridiculously inadequate for the proper maintenance and operation of its huge plant and because of the foolish constitutional limitations upon its borrowing power. But while everybody agrees that the city should have much more money, everybody also, unfortunately, agrees that somebody else should furnish it. These indictments of Chicago are an old story, but it may as well be admitted that they are true and that they show an indeterminate epoch, a state in which the country town has not been definitely left behind and cityhood achieved.

This is a general truth, but there are notable exceptions to the rule of ugliness. Downtown, for example, there is Michigan Avenue from, say, Jackson to Twelfth—especially at night, when it becomes a superbly jewelled profile upon the face of the murky business district that we have been glancing over. You have on one hand the broad boulevard where the automobiles and other land-craft twinkle in an endless flock; to the north the imposing, myriad-lighted bulk of the big hotels; to the south the glittering arc of a railroad-station entrance. On the other hand, you have

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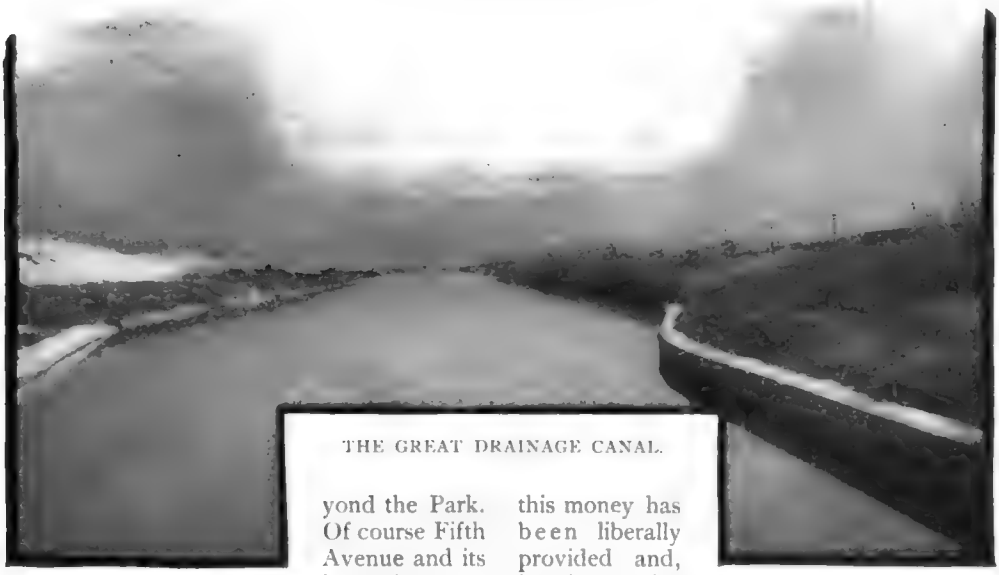
the strip of park, and beyond that the limitless, murmurous dimness of the lake, somewhere in which water-craft, spangled with electrics, are floating by. This is good enough for anybody or anywhere.

Again, no reasonable millionaire could ask for a better site for his house than the Lake Shore Drive, which runs along the north shore to Lincoln Park, fronting the lake. The residences here are collectively the finest in the city and as fine as need be anywhere. The south side, on Drexel Boulevard, Michigan Boulevard, Prairie Avenue, and elsewhere, has its fine residences and there are numberless attractive homes on the north shore, beyond the Park. Of course Fifth Avenue and its immediate environments in New York is more imposing in the suggestion of vast expenditures of money, but one may doubt whether it makes a more impressive showing for its money than the finest residence districts in Chicago. The latter have the serener air that comes from the wide and pleasant margins of grass, flowers, and shrubs; especially they have the lake.

I think one must live with the lake some time to get at the best of it. It is not the ocean. It has not the ocean's tidal life; perhaps for that reason it in some way fails of the ocean's effect of a world-embracing flood. But in the very confinement of these inland waters, with the passion of Niagara ahead, there is an odd, alluring, tragical note—one might venture to say a kind of human quality. In still weather their life is in color rather than in motion. In place of the profound and unvarying blue of the sea the lake gives a miraculous sheen of subtle, melting tints. You may see a square-mile pearl mirror of such hues as you will scarcely find elsewhere except in some shells. The lake has not the majesty of the ocean, but perhaps the ocean itself can never quite pluck out your heart with a still, sheer beauty as the lake sometimes does.

There is an excellent system of public parks and boulevards (as the streets connected with the parks and under control of the park commissioners are here called). For this money has been liberally provided and, in the main, spent to good advantage. If the dun and stony heart of the city repels, it is easy to escape in a few minutes in any direction to a good park, or you can go to a shore that is accessible and available for bathing or coolly inviting your soul. Even under the edge of the smoke in one of the tallest of the structures that destroy the sky-line, you may find a flourishing colony of men and women who are openly addicted to the pursuit of art. If you are so fortunate as to be asked in of a Friday afternoon to drink tea and exchange talk with them, you will discover a charming brotherhood and sisterhood which the manifold ugliness of the town seems not at all to daunt.



THE GREAT DRAINAGE CANAL.

But it is not necessary, finally, to rest the

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case with the lake, or the one show place down-town, or the several fine residences, or the brave little centre of artists. Chicago is confined on one side only, the east. In three other directions it has the wide area of the Mississippi Valley to spread over. So there are numberless localities within thirty or

THE CHILDREN'S BEACH, LINCOLN PARK. THE FERRIS WHEEL IN THE DISTANCE

A BRIDLE PATH ALONG THE LAKE SHORE DRIVE.

forty minutes of down-town where one who is by no means a millionaire can and does have his good house, with a lawn and peace therewith—even a radish and several pints of his own peas if he so pleases.

More than that, I know scores of miles of streets of two- and three-story flat buildings, and modest, close-packed dwelling-houses where of evenings in winter the red-shaded piano-lamp shines cheerily in the front window, and in summer people sit on the front steps or on the hand's-breadth of grass-plot and very evidently enjoy life.

This brings one back to the great fact that while Chicago is admittedly an impossible place to live in, the vast majority of its inhabitants seem not to have found that out, but go on living in a very contented, good-humored, prosperous fashion.

To a great majority of its inhabitants Chicago was not a condition thrust upon them, but one which they voluntarily chose. Many came from abroad and from other cities, but most from Western farms and country towns. For a full generation that

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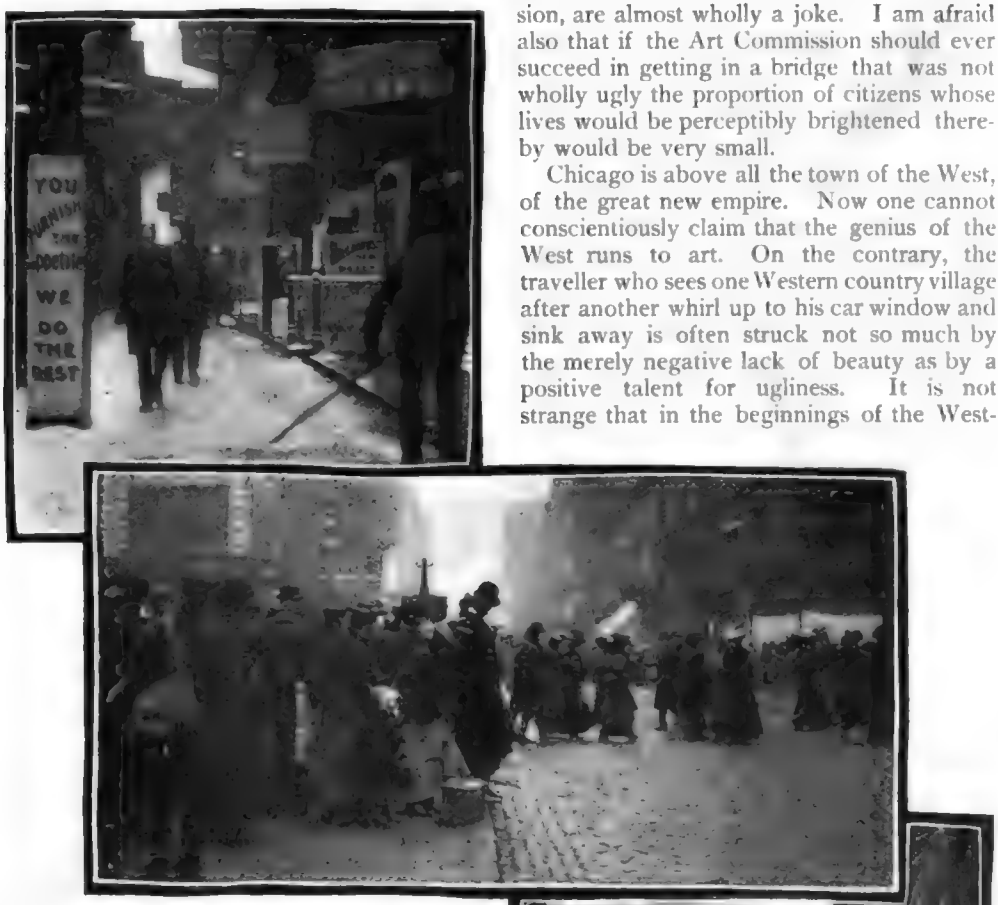
everlasting high thin smoke-haze over the lake shore has been a sign of the promised land to young Western ambition. The pro-



CHARACTERISTIC SCENES AMONG THE "QUICK-LUNCH" RESTAURANTS AND IN THE SHOPPING DISTRICT.

portion of city-born and city-bred men in Chicago is smaller than in any other city of the first rank in size. Even now it strikes one with a little point of surprise to learn of any middle-aged citizen that he was born in Chicago. Most of them came here, and of those that came the majority were Western countrymen—an ambitious and open-minded breed, so full of confidence than even now they can hardly take their civic ills very seriously. The poor street-car service and the smoke nuisance and the chronically empty treasury are still half a joke. Knowing the breed and its cheerful optimism, I can't help thinking that the despair of certain millionaires who have had to give up Chicago as a place of residence and move East to a more beautiful environment, and the herculean troubles of the Art Commission, are almost wholly a joke. I am afraid also that if the Art Commission should ever succeed in getting in a bridge that was not wholly ugly the proportion of citizens whose lives would be perceptibly brightened thereby would be very small.

Chicago is above all the town of the West, of the great new empire. Now one cannot conscientiously claim that the genius of the West runs to art. On the contrary, the traveller who sees one Western country village after another whirl up to his car window and sink away is often struck not so much by the merely negative lack of beauty as by a positive talent for ugliness. It is not strange that in the beginnings of the Western Metropolis scant consideration should have been given to beauty, and up to about

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THE CHICAGO RIVER.

ten years ago Chicago was all beginnings. I think it was the World's Fair that gave the town its first broad suggestion that possibly it was not so complete a success as it had imagined; that, perhaps, something important had been overlooked. The careful observer will find that it was soon after the Fair that a new note began to make itself heard—a note of disapproval. There doubtless was a note of that kind in the earlier day, but it scarcely made itself heard; and in the earlier day the mere idea that Chicagoans should not completely approve of Chicago would, I think, simply have been regarded as treasonable.

In the aspects which were then exclusively considered, the town was certainly an enormous success. Its growth had been prodigious. It held the gates of an imperial commerce. If it could not claim an æsthetic genius, it could and did claim genius of another kind—a remarkable creative and organizing commercial genius that can show results which still challenge the world. It was in the nature of the town and of its country to be keenly conscious of the importance of its success on the commercial side. Therefore the prevailing, even the exclusive note was one of triumph—not boasting, you understand, but an acute and somewhat loquacious consciousness of merit.

Not like Chicago? Why, look at the Stock Yards! What possibly could be the matter with a town which, although only a generation old, was already the greatest railroad centre on earth?

And this view was as commonly held and as vigorously proclaimed over the West as in Chicago itself. The country acclaimed its capital. But not long after the World's Fair something else began to be heard, and to be insisted upon: had the city really fulfilled itself? Perhaps the lean years of the panic, conducing to reflection, had something to do with it. Had Chicago lived up to its opportunities? Had it given to that West which had been so loyal to it a real capital or a mere commercial depot? Men began to perceive that what the city had so exclusively prided itself upon was not so particular a merit after all, for the prodigious growth and the huge commercial organization were largely the results of an outside pressure. Even the World's Fair was in the main a mere business stroke, a reflection of the commercial energy common to the West. Where was the leadership, the inspiration to a higher plane? Certainly the town was dirty, smoky, ill-kept, ugly. It exceeded its environment in nothing except mere size.

Fault-finding has been something of a fashion the last five years, and I think it has

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A TRIBUTARY OF THE CHICAGO RIVER IN THE GROUNDS OF THE GLENVIEW CLUB.

been carried too far. The merits upon which the earlier claims of a complete success were too exclusively based have of late been too exclusively overlooked. From boasting of the Stock Yards we have taken to blushing for them, and the latter is a much greater fault than the former. The Stock Yards and all the vast commercial organization and empire which they typify are a great and important thing. Visitors should be shown these evidences of an immense material prosperity, perhaps not boastfully, but certainly not apologetically. It is, after all, what Chicago has accomplished to date, and it is no poor accomplishment. We have a little art gallery and a public library and some parks. But a hundred lesser places excel us in these. No other place can excel us in commercial organization. Why not stand upon our admitted excellence?

The Stock Yards, for example, are not pretty. A thousand acres of slaughter-pens could scarcely be so. But to one with the practical intelligence to comprehend the control of a nation's meat they are not insignificant. The vast bulk of a grain-elevator is not as pleasing as a cathedral, but in the life of to-day it means more. We might like an Italian church, but not the misery that crawls around its base.

These interminable reaches of flat, dingy streets are depressing enough to the visitor of taste, but along them lives a great population which probably exists in better average comfort and with a higher outlook than any other population so numerous and confined within like limits in the world. The population, of course, is extraordinarily mixed. There are squares which, as to the character of the inhabitants, might almost have been bodily transplanted from New England. A little way off there are other squares where a foreign tongue is the common speech. Within a mile of the City Hall, along West Twelfth Street and thereabouts, you will pass shop after shop—mostly poor frame buildings—whose window-signs are exclusively in Yiddish, and synagogues whose interiors are a replica of those of Palestine. The worshipper recites his Hebrew verse and drives north to buy old bottles in a district where the business is largely done in the speech of the Fatherland, or south to traffic for junk with tongues that are thick with the old sod. I have forgotten the exact figures, but as I remember it, Chicago has more Swedes than Stockholm, more Germans than Berlin, more Jews than Jerusalem, and more Irish than New York.

As I have suggested, this tremendous mixture has hardly begun to blend. It has hardly found its common factor. The fea-

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tures by which it is finally to be distinguished are hardly more than in embryo. Its genius is not distinctively artistic.

But one significant point must not be overlooked—namely, it has gone farther in the direction of good municipal government than any other great American city. I would put much stress on this. The campaign for an honest city council, taken up independently by certain leading men and the best part of the local press, has for some years found a public response.

That may be worth as much as a triumphal arch.

THE CITY FROM THE LAKE.

Proverbs Up to Date

By L. de V. MATTHEWMAN

It takes a big man to eat crow gracefully.

Modesty is not so easily shocked as prudence.

The more knowing a man is, the less he knows.

A woman's train of thought is often on her dress.

Sometimes a comedian's divorce is his first serious part.

Marriage is seldom a failure when Cupid furnishes the capital.

Marrying for money is more a matter of dollars than of sense.

Many a woman employs a private detective when she looks in her mirror.

It is not considered to a man's credit to merit success if he doesn't obtain it.

The heathen in his blindness uses a club; the civilized Christian a repeating-rifle.

We shouldn't mind woman having the last word if she'd only get to it sooner.

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The Call of the Mountains

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

THE blackened stumps had been left—perhaps more easily to identify the little clearing about the grave. From the ravine below, where the stage passed, they were still visible, but the two-inch head-board, weather-beaten by a year of sun and rain, was getting lost in a growth of bushes. When pointed out by the driver, as marking the "last hang-out of Blazer Sam," who had "died with his boots on, and had two cuss words in his epitaph," it could be discerned now with difficulty, and there were those, men mostly, who prevailed upon the somewhat garrulous official to "let the horses blow a little," while they scaled the mountain for a closer view. The epitaph itself was considered worth the climb.

A few of these who had made the steep ascent had seen something dart away into the bushes at their approach. As a rule, they had been too far off to tell whether it was a coyote, a jack-rabbit, or a boy. Those who had obtained the closer view usually agreed that it was a boy—a very thin boy of about ten, with pale hair and no head-covering.

The stage driver in due time obtained information. Those who had said it was a boy were correct. When Blazer Sam had made his final exit in a manner so abrupt that he had taken his boots with him, he had left behind the Rose of Texas, acquired long before in a poker game, and a little waif known as Peanut, picked up like a stray kitten during one of the Blazer's devious wanderings. The name Peanut might have come from the color of his hair, or from his small size and value. The driver did not know. He had heard that the boy had been kindly treated by both the Blazer and the Rose, and, with the latter, still occupied Sam's little hut, in the woods above the clearing. The waif probably came out into the opening to see the stage pass. Then again he might be "kinder lonesome for Sam."

The driver was right in at least one of these conjectures. Peanut was indeed "lonesome for Sam." He could remember very little preceding the day, six years before, when Sam had brought him home to be company for the Rose, during absences that had grown ever more prolonged, as the outlaw's field of labor had been found farther and still farther from his cabin on the hillside. What Peanut did remember was that he never had been hungry since that day. Also, the times when Sam had come home. For whatever had been the source of Sam's gains, he had provided well for the Rose, and if, as was said, the hand of every man was against him, and his hand against every man, you could not have guessed it to see the small lean hand of Peanut locked closely in his own, and the two wandering over the mountain together in those days that were now no more. There remained to Peanut only their memory and the barren comfort of a grave and an epitaph.

Portions of the inscription puzzled him. He did not know that there had been a price on the outlaw's head, and he wondered why the "greaser" referred to in line three should want to kill Sam. Neither did he realize that line two doubtless alluded to the Blazer's slight valuation of life in general, rather than to any disregard of his own particular existence. Peanut failed to understand why it was that Sam had not cared for life, when by living he could come home now and then, and show him the trout brook, and make whistles for him, and visit the eagle's nest in the cliff. Why, once they had even found a cave, and in it a shot and dying mother bear, with two little bears that were now big bears, and still came to the cabin to be fed. When it rained, they had sometimes run for this cave, to build a fire at the mouth of it, and to lie there and watch the blaze and talk and play with the bears until the rain was over.

The bears had remained his friends. The innumerable squirrels and birds and other wood folk were as his own; yet from them all Peanut turned each day to Sam's grave, there to live over again those other days when Sam had taught him the lore and kinship of the mountains, and when hand in

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hand they had pushed through vines and leaves to visit the forest people together.

Often, when it was bright and warm, he stayed by the grave most of the day, and sometimes, with his face down in the grass, he would talk to Sam. When it stormed he crept under the bushes and felt a deep commiseration for the lonely mound with the rain pelting down upon it. There had been times in winter, when the snow was deepest, that he could not go at all. On these days he moped in the house with the Rose, who, since Sam's death, had supplied their meagre wants by doing mending and an occasional washing for the mining camp below. She had grown rather fat and silent, and spent most of such days playing solitaire and telling her own fortune with a greasy pack of cards, which diversion did not appeal to Peanut.

But in supposing that Peanut had come out into the clearing to see the stage pass, the driver had been wholly wrong. Sam had never cared for the stage, or people. In fact, he had rather avoided them, Peanut thought, and he knew Sam always had good reasons for what he did. When the boy saw strangers climbing the steep hill to visit the grave, he fled hastily into the bushes, where lying hid he watched to see that they did not carry anything away, save perhaps an occasional walking-stick or a handful of goldenrod. When they laughed and talked loudly, he was fiercely angry, and thought he understood why it was that Sam had preferred the society of the quiet wood folk.

With those of his own age Peanut had had but one experience. Twice the Rose had prevailed upon him to go with her to the mining camp, and on the last of these occasions a boy—the only one in the camp—had defrauded him of his best whistle, and of such other valuables as had been upon his person at the time. He had received in exchange some yellow ore, which the boy had insisted was gold, but which the Rose declared to be slag, and worthless.

It was his first experience with deception.

Peanut had refused to go to the camp again.

One day in late August the stage stopped to let a woman climb the hill. Women visited the grave now and then, and Miss Cynthia Schofield, age thirty-four, a teacher in a Chicago public institution of learning, was just the one to improve such an opportunity. For Miss Schofield was progressive in the matter of acquiring knowledge. She spent each summer in some elemental region, of which she made numerous photographs and notes. These she used later in certain illustrated evening lectures called "In-gatherings," given by Miss Schofield for the benefit of persons with fewer opportunities. Also for the purpose of adding a trifle to her own modest income. She was "doing the mines" this year. The desperado's grave and history would make a picturesque addition to her collection.

The climb was harder than it appeared from below. Being the only passenger, the driver had told her to take her time, and more than once she leaned against a boulder to look down into the dark ravine made famous by some of Blazer's earlier exploits. She recognized the artistic value of the fact that his last resting-place overlooked the scene of his former depredations. She must certainly bring this out well in her lecture. As she toiled upward she formed in her mind certain phrases, with a view to this result. Then she pushed gently between two small cedars into the opening where the Blazer was buried.

At first glance she saw only some bushes and fire-weed about the blackened stumps, and the riotous mass of goldenrod which possessed one corner of the little clearing. Then just by the goldenrod she saw the grave, and paused, for, face down upon it, asleep, lay a meagre barefoot boy with faded hair.

Miss Schofield was, first of all, the artist. She had anticipated nothing so rich in value as this, and with deft hands she adjusted the camera and secured the range. There came a sharp click, and the outlaw's grave, the goldenrod, the fire-weed and black stumps, and the faded sleeping boy had been added to her store of picturesque in-gatherings.

There had been still another result. The snap of the shutter had brought the light figure to its feet like some spry wood creature as suddenly disturbed. An instant more and he would have darted away into the bushes, only Miss Schofield spoke just then, and with persuasiveness—the result of long pedagogical training.

"Don't go! Oh, please don't!" she pleaded gently. "Please wait. I want so much to speak to you."

Peanut had no particular reason for being afraid of women. The only one he had studied at close range had been kind to him

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to the point of indulgence. There was something in the voice of this one that held him fast. The woman came a step closer. She seemed young and beautiful to Peanut.

"Please tell me your name," she said.

"Peanut."

"Oh, that is what they call you, perhaps. Your real name, I mean."

The boy seemed gathering something from the mists of memory.

"It used to be—longer than that. It was Philip—Nutt, but Sam said P. was the same as Philip, and that he thought Peanut fit me better."

Panic seemed about to return. Once more it required the soothing diplomacy of Miss Schofield to detain him.

"How very nice," she said; "and now won't you please tell me where you live, and Sam, and about the grave?"

Again Peanut hesitated. Then he pointed behind him.

"I live up there; and Sam, he—why he's in the grave, and dam the man that moves his bones."

Miss Schofield had been unprepared for this. Her emotion, however, was mistaken by Peanut for incredulity. "I can show it to you on the board," he insisted eagerly.

The woman came up close now, and followed where his wisp of a finger pointed. As he indicated each line, he repeated it with a sort of monotonous tenderness, laying special emphasis on the last:

"Here lies the body of Blazer Sam—
For life he didn't care a dam—
He was plugged by a greaser, unbeknowns,
And dam the man that moves his bones!"

Miss Schofield's look of concern became one of sympathetic understanding. The waif turned to her.

"You didn't want to take Sam away, anyhow, did you?"

"Oh, no, indeed! I don't want to take anyone away—at least, not Sam. I have already taken a picture of the grave, and you shall have one of them. Tell me, Philip, whom you live with, so I shall know how to send it."

The sound of his name thus spoken awakened a sort of dignity in the waif.

"I live with the Rose of Texas," he said gravely; "me an' Sam both did, till Sam was "plugged by a greaser unbeknowns and——"

Miss Schofield interrupted rather hastily.

"Never mind the next line, Philip. I remember it. Just a moment——"

She had taken out her note-book, and was puzzling over the proper entry. "Philip Nutt, *alias* Peanut, Care of the Rose of Texas, former housekeeper for Blazer Sam." It seemed a doubtful combination to entrust to the mail-service. Then her face lighted with a sudden resolution.

"*Show* me just where you live, Philip."

The boy turned and pointed up the mountain.

"That big spruce grows by the house."

"I see, Philip. I can find it easily. I must be going now for the stage is waiting. But I shall stop at the mines below here. I will come to-morrow and learn just how to send the picture. Good-by till then, Philip."

She took his thin brown hand in her own soft palm. The mother instinct welled up strong. She hungered to gather him to her breast, but he was already drawing back, rather fearfully. A step away she turned to wave another good-by.

Peanut had disappeared into the bushes.

The Rose of Texas sat in the open door of her cabin. The Rose might have been beautiful once—it is proper to give any woman past middle age the benefit of this possibility. On a stone a few feet distant sat Peanut, in deep reverie. The Rose was first to break the silence.

"I reckon it's the best thing for yeh, Peanut," and there was a sort of resolute hopelessness in her voice. "It'll be mighty lonesome, of course, without yeh, but when you get so you can write, you can send me a letter now and then. I guess I can read 'em. It's a good chance, Peanut, an' I don't s'pose you'd ever get another. Then you'll learn figgerin', too."

"What's that, Rose? What's figgerin'?"

"Why it's like writin', only it's countin', on paper. It's to keep folks from cheatin' yeh in a trade."

Peanut recalled his experience with the boy at the mines. The boy probably knew about figgerin'.

"How long does it take to learn figgerin', Rose?"

"Oh, I dunno. Mebbe a year."

"Then can I come back to you—an' the bears, an' Sam's grave?"

"You won't want to. You'll be learnin' other things an' seein' new places, an' fine folks. You won't want to come back to the hills, even if you could. But you can write, an' you'll have a picter of Sam's grave, like

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"THERE'S TEN DOLLARS HERE, PEANUT."

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the kind she showed us to-day. She seems like she'd be mighty good to yeh, an' I reckon you'll have to go, Peanut."

"But I'm comin' back, Rose, when I've learnt figgerin' and seen all the places. You can't stay here always alone. An' our bears would forgit me if I was gone too long. You'll feed 'em jest the same, won't you, Rose, when I ain't here?"

The woman's voice broke a little as she assured him that the big brown bears that lumbered down the mountain every day should still be cared for in his absence.

"She's comin' in the mornin'," the Rose continued, "an' if yer goin', you want to be ready. Put on yer winter shoes, an' yer hat, an' yer other shirt. 'Tain't much of a' outfit, but it's more'n you come with, an' she's goin' to pervide fur yeh. I've got a little scrap o' money, though, Peanut, an' I want yeh to take it along. You ain't to spend it unless something happens, an' she ain't there. She'll pervide when she is. Jest keep it so yeh know where it is. If yeh ever get lost, er need anything when she ain't at home, then use it, but keep it as long as yeh can."

The woman's hand had gone down to the hem of her skirt. It came up holding a small roll of currency.

"There's ten dollars here, Peanut. It won't buy much, but it would go a long ways if you was lost and hungry. Keep it in the little sack, with Sam's ambertipe, an' the last whistle he made yeh, an' don't let the sack out o' yer hands."

The boy had never possessed any money before. He opened the bills and looked first at one, then at the other. He went into the cabin presently and deposited them in a small buckskin bag which Sam had given him for his treasures. When Miss Schofield appeared next morning, he was sitting stiffly in his winter shoes and hat, his wet faded hair plastered close. He was quite ready.

The Rose was wiping her eyes as she saw them pass down the mountain in the direction of Sam's grave. She was wondering what she would do without Peanut. She did not realize that perhaps Cynthia Schofield was likewise wondering as to the outcome of the philanthropic impulse and heart hunger that had led her into taking the pathetic little creature by her side away from his beloved hills, to begin a new development in a strange atmosphere and amid alien surroundings.

But if Miss Schofield had any misgivings as to the wisdom of her undertaking, she was upheld in the thought that her purpose was righteous, and would be justified by results. The fact that, as they passed Sam's grave, Peanut flung himself upon it, and wept and refused to be comforted, only strengthened her belief that he would one day glorify her for having removed him from the influence of former companionships.

Miss Schofield had agreed with the Rose that the latter should receive her mail under the very respectable superscription of Mrs. Rose Hopkins, and at the camp post-office arrangements had been made to this end.

If the Rose went oftener to the camp now, and, bringing home heavier bundles, filled longer days with harder work, it may have been only that she was providing for an old age that could not be far distant, or very luxurious at best. If the mail service possessed a new attraction for her she did not show it. Her years of lonely and secretive life had been not without their effect. She seemed rather surprised when, one day in September, the store-keeper, who was also postmaster, laid a sealed envelope with her package of coffee on the counter.

Both the address and the letter were printed—type-written. The Rose did not understand this process, and was deeply grateful to Miss Schofield for taking extra pains to make the reading easy. It was not a long letter, telling only of her safe arrival in Chicago with Philip, and the fact that he was already at school. Her friends thought a great deal of her "little mountain boy," but she was trying not to let them spoil him. She wished to keep his nature as fresh and beautiful as the mountains themselves, adding only such education as would make him understand the higher life, and such knowledge of the world as would make him ready to take his part in it by-and-by. Philip had sent greetings to "Rose and the bears!" He would write before long, himself. He could already shape the letters, and was at his work constantly. Meantime, she remained, etc., etc.

On the whole it was a satisfactory missive. Peanut was safe and remembered her. He was learning to write, and would send, by-and-by, letters of his own. To the Rose of Texas the type-written sheet became of more value than all her former possessions. She pinned it against the cabin wall, where she could see it as she passed in her work.

Only in one sentence of the letter was

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there a pang. She had called him *her* "little mountain boy." The Rose wondered vaguely if this meant that she herself had surrendered all claim. The sentence about the "higher life" rather pleased her. She took it to mean a more pretentious mode of living. If Peanut should visit her by-and-by he would probably come in a buggy, wearing a high hat such as she had seen on rich mine speculators. She resolved to make an effort herself to live up to this higher life, and so preserve something of her claim on Peanut.

She recalled a tradition that women of the higher life did not drink whiskey—at least not regularly. In the matter of clothes, she had noticed that those worn by Miss Schofield had been quite plain, not at all like her own gaudy finery of former years. She would get some very plain clothes, gradually, as she could earn the money, and have them ready for Peanut's return. She would also piece together the remnants of her meagre education.

She obtained at once such literature as could be had at the camp, and patiently pored over a government survey, and a mutilated primary arithmetic contributed by one of her patrons. A line to Miss Schofield would have brought her quantities of educational matter, but this fact did not occur to her. The possibility of writing at all did not enter into her dreams.

In October came the first letter from Peanut.

Der Rose: The house-es are hi as hils and thair is nois al the tim.

Yurs, P. NUTT.

The writing was very round and plain. It seemed marvellous to the Rose that he could do it already. He would reach the higher life sooner than she had thought.

A week later brought still another letter. Already there was improvement.

Dear Rose: Thare are no hills here. I luk at my pic-cher of Sams grav ev-ry day. I am learning fig-grin. Thay call it num-ber work.

Yours, PH. NUTT.

After that, letters came almost every week, and became the chief life interest of the lonely woman above the clearing. She pinned them side by side to the wall of her cabin, that she might read them without the wear of handling. She compared the writing, too, and his rapid improvement gratified her, and spurred her to vigorous new efforts of her own. I may say here that the boy's progress gratified Miss Schofield as well. Alert, eager, sensitive to new impressions, Peanut in two months had overtaken many of his own age. Some he had passed altogether.

In a November letter, he wrote: "There is a rale-road here that runs up in the air, and rale-roads on the groun that go all the time, day an nite. I want to see you and the bears and Sams grave."

The evident homesickness of this letter touched the Rose deeply. The "rale-road in the air" made her marvel.

The next letter contained further information.

"Wim-men here do not smoak. And they do not say dam. I mean wim-men like Miss Schofield."

The Rose had never been given to profanity. It had been a luxury, to be indulged in on rare occasions. She could forego it easily. Her pipe would be a harder matter. Harder even than her toddy—yet she must do it—she would begin at once. She resolved that nothing should stand between her and a share in that higher life for which Peanut was destined.

Later in November there came a letter in which he said:

"The peo-ple here have white stones at their graves. They call them marble. They put their names on them, and when they was born and was kild, or died. They are not alwis kild here. I wish Sam had a white mar-ble stone with his true name on it. When I come back I will by one."

The Rose toiled earlier and later than before. She also grew thinner, and a new look had come into her face. The possibility of former beauty could be more easily accorded. A miner from the camp came one day and wanted to marry her. Some trace of a far-off former life of coquetry made her laugh and say to him:

"You're too late. I've a sweetheart already. He's coming in a buggy, with fine clothes on, and a high hat."

The miner went back to camp and reported that the Rose had caught a speculator, who would take her to Ogden in the spring.

Autumn became winter. The bears went to sleep in their cave, and came no more to the cabin. Blazer Sam's grave was lost in folds of white, and at times the lone woman above the clearing was shut in for days. But,

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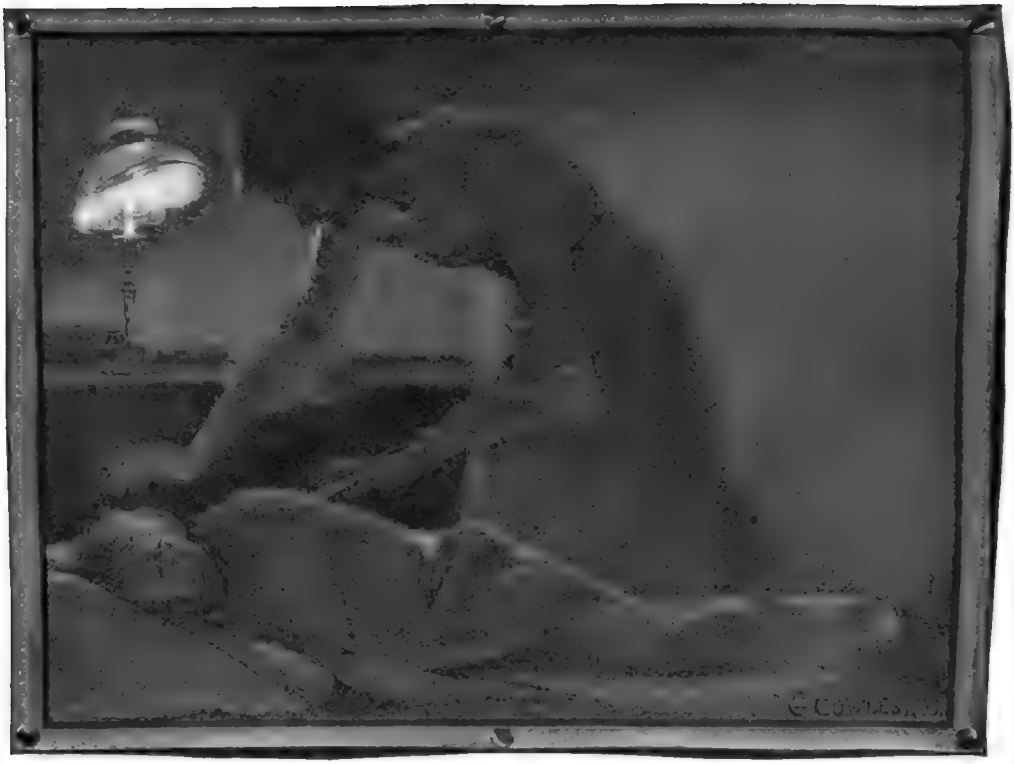

SHE BENT OVER THE SLEEPING BOY AND LISTENED TO HIS HEAVY BREATHING.

though alone, she was no longer lonely. Her days had become as dream days, her nights brief periods of untroubled sleep. It was only when the passes were blocked and detained Peanut's letter that she minded the storm. At one time the delay was long. Then she received two, and was proportionately gratified. In the longer of these he wrote:

"Miss Schofield gives shose. She has a lant-ern that makes pic-tures on a big sheet. They are seens of where she goes. Last night she shode Sam's grave and me a-sleep on it, and it was as big as it is there. She came and took my hand and led me up in front of the peo-ple and told them it was the grave of the cel-ib-ra-ted Sam Hopkins, and that he had been called Blazer Sam, and how she found me asleep on his grave, and how he used to make me whissels and go with me over the mount-ins. And how he must have had a good hart to care so much for a lit-tle boy. And when I saw the pic-ture so big and plain and heard how much she liked Sam too, I had to cry, and Miss Schofield says that then all the peo-ple cried, and that she must not do it again. If Miss Schofield was not so good I would come back. I think about the bears up in their cave a-sleep, and how the snow is on Sam's grave, and how lonesome you must be there alone. She is almost as good as Sam, and I know now that Sam belonged to the hire life. I guess he learned it when he was away so much."

It is doubtful if Miss Schofield saw Peanut's letters, after the first, and that one only to be sure that it was properly addressed. Her favorite word was "spontaneity," and she was eager to allow the boy his own privacy and expression—in fact any form of freedom that did not conflict with the lives of others or with his own spiritual growth.

Concerning his former guardian and beloved hero, she carefully avoided any suggestion that would tend to destroy a beautiful illusion of childhood. In the boy's dream-life Sam had been all that he appeared, and there must be no rude awakening. Little by little, as we learn the truth about Santa Claus and fairies, and never wholly lose faith in them, so in due course and almost imperceptibly

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would come enlightenment and a truer understanding.

This attitude, however, did not prevent Miss Schofield from dilating upon the lurid history of Blazer Sam in her entertainment, as usually given. Peanut was absent at such times, and the audience unknown to him. It was one of her choicest bits, and the grim humor of it was only heightened by the touch of pathos supplied by the sleeping figure of Peanut, his devotion to the outlaw, and his present relation to herself. As I have said, Miss Schofield was, before all, the artist.

She was careful to see that Peanut was in bed and asleep on that night in June when the schools closed and she was to give a cosey supper to her fellow-teachers. Ever since the breaking of the buds in the park the boy had been restless, and she did not wish him to be disturbed by the voices and merriment of her company. Then, too, a little private exhibition of some of her choicest "in-gatherings" would follow, and it would not do for her group of special friends to be deprived of any feature of her selection. They would be quite sure to want the outlaw's grave, and her picturesque narrative accompaniment.

She bent over the sleeping boy and listened to his heavy breathing. What a joy and comfort he was to her! She had felt his hunger for the open air and the breath of the mountains. Yet how faithful he had been to his books—how little he had mingled with the sports of other children! He was of different fibre—her captive wood creature—her dreamer—her poet! Some day the world would honor and claim him. Now he was all hers. She bent over and lightly kissed his hair. Sometimes she had strained him to her bosom. She longed to do so now, but a moment later was stepping silently to the door, then as silently she closed it and drew the heavy curtain without.

Miss Schofield was not mistaken in the expectations of her guests. Like her pupils, the merry teachers, rejoicing in a newly acquired freedom, wished to be amused. In the darkened parlor they forgot the year's restraints and labors, and gave themselves up to a luxury of enjoyment.

As the gem of Miss Schofield's programme, the Blazer's grave was held for the last. When at length it was thrown upon the sheet there was a chorus of approval. And Cynthia Schofield rose to the occasion. She had never been so full of joy in the present, so pleased with the outlook ahead. The picture on the screen was a part of these happy conditions, her audience inspiring. With what subtle art she led up to the incident—the stopping of the stage, the driver pointing up the hillside with his whip. Then the scaling of the steep ascent, the pausing here and there to look down upon the scene of the outlaw's former crimes, which she reviewed as she had heard them, in the vernacular of the hills. Next, her entrance to the little clearing about the grave—the black stumps—the flowers—and Peanut on the grave, asleep. And her interview with Peanut!—she may have colored it a little—the ends of art would justify that, too. The imitation of Peanut's voice, and his monotonous reading of the profane and half comprehended epitaph—she gave them with a fidelity that startled even herself. Her friends became hysterical. At one moment sobbing and wiping their eyes, at the next laughing—the tears still running down their cheeks. And then the picture she drew of the Rose of Texas, and of Peanut when he sat waiting for her to take him away. "Worthy of Dickens!" they cried out to her. "You must write it, Miss Schofield! You must certainly write it!" But Miss Schofield will never write that scene, and those of us who listened that night in June heard not only its greatest presentation, but its last. A moment later the lights went up, and she turned for congratulations. Then she saw him. He stood just inside the door, and his face was like death.

The prolonged merriment had found its way through the heavy curtain and closed door. Unable to sleep, he had dressed and come out to find the cause. He had never been forbidden any part of the house, and at the entrance of the darkened parlor he had listened in silence to the entertainment that ended with ridicule and defamation of his hero, with jeers of laughter for himself and Rose. Once more he had met with deception, and in her of all others who had promised to lead him to the higher and better life.

As white and death-like as himself, Cynthia Schofield led him back to his bed. There she tried to speak to him.

Peanut turned his face to the wall.

The letter which the postmaster handed to the Rose of Texas seemed heavier than usual. The Rose hugged it all the way up the mountain. Then out on the door-step, where he

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had said good-by, she opened and read. The first sentence made her heart leap.

Dear Rose: I am coming back. I will start before morning. If I go west and keep on every day, some day I will get there. Miss Schofield told me once that it was fifteen hundred miles, so if I can walk fifteen miles a day it will take me a hundred days to get to Sam's grave. The money you gave me is not enough to come on the cars. I will spend it for things to eat. At ten cents a day it will last till I get home. Perhaps some days I won't need to spend so much. I will wear the clothes you made me and my own hat and shoes. I have them all on now, and the leather sack with Sam's ambertipe and the whissel and the money. I would like to take the picture of the grave, but I shall leave it on the wall.

I wrote you how Miss Schofield showed the picture of the grave and told about Sam's good heart. When I am not there she tells how he had a cruel heart and was only good to you and me. And she makes other people laugh. That is all she cares for, I thaut she was like Sam, but she is not and I could not be good here either, where there are so many bad people and nothing is clean. Even the snow is so dirty here, they take it right away and you can never hear the wind and rain. They have trees in the park and animals and birds in cages, but they make me cry because they are so homesick, like me. I want to come back to the hills where there is just you and the bears and Sam's grave. If I start to-night and it takes a hundred days it will be more than a year since I went away. I will never leave you any more. I was yours before I was here, and I will be yours again. When I grow up I will dig gold out of the mines for us and I will put a white stone at Sam's grave so we can see it from every-where.

Now, I am going to start. I am going to slip down stairs and I will be out in the country before morning. Sam taut me how to hide, and how to keep in one direction. Perhaps I will write to you on the way, but I must not buy many stamps or paper. Anyway I will be coming all the time, and some day I will be there the same as ever.

Yours,

PEANUT.

The Rose of Texas was a bundle of conflicting emotions by the time she reached the end of this letter. But out of it all came one dominant joy. Peanut was coming back to her—he was already on the way. Whatever resentment she may have felt toward Miss Schofield was swallowed up in this great fact.

As to Peanut's ability to make the long journey, she did not question it—not yet. She knew Peanut's subtle knowledge of outdoor life, his persistence, and the endurance of his wiry little frame. She forgot that a winter of comparative inaction and close mental application might have told on his physical powers. It would be a long hard journey, but with the long days of summertime at hand she believed he would not fail, and September would bring him back to her.

She would begin preparing for him at once. She would make up one of the new dresses, and leave off her second toddy tomorrow. Then there was another purpose, which must be accomplished now sooner than she had expected. Her boy was coming back to her—not as she had once dreamed, in a buggy, and wearing a high hat—but better still, as the boy who had gone away. He would find her ready to receive him.

But one thing troubled the Rose—the amount of Peanut's resources. With the aid of her fragmentary arithmetic she verified the calculation of a little boy who travelled fifteen miles a day and travelled a hundred days, and of the same little boy who by spending ten cents every day had enough to last him through the journey. Only, she wished that he might have more than ten cents a day. She thought of the eatables kept at the camp store, and sighed as she remembered how little of them could he had for ten cents. If she only knew where to send him more money. But she remembered hearing that things were cheaper beyond the mountains, and this thought consoled her.

As days passed her confidence in Peanut's ability to make the long trip began to wane. Chicago lay far to the eastward, across rivers and beyond mountains. She reasoned that there must be a road, and bridges, between, but in her imagination she began to see the dusty little figure toiling along in the sun, overcome by thirst and heat, where the prairies were wide and the houses far apart. At times she pictured him as being run down by those terrible railroad trains—as waylaid and robbed of his little store of money and left by the roadside to die. Almost clairvoyantly, at night, she saw him asleep in fence-corners, in hay-stacks, under bushes and ledges of rock—anywhere that afforded shelter to the friendless little wayfarer, toiling back to his beloved hills. When the storm raged down the mountains she would open the door, and, looking out into the mystery of blackness, fancy she heard his thin voice calling to her above the roar of the torrent and the groan of the tree-tops. However busy her days, they no longer seemed brief—her nights were no longer untroubled. She knew that he was still far away beyond the mountains, yet twenty times a day she hastened to the door to look

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and listen, while at night wild dreams brought her bolt upright to answer to his call.

When two weeks had passed the stage one day brought her two letters. One of them, from Miss Schofield, told briefly and guardedly of the strange disappearance of Peanut. The writer assured the Rose that there was no cause for uneasiness, that every effort was being made to find the missing boy, and that he was certain to be discovered in a brief time. The Rose smiled grimly as she read this epistle, for the other one had been from Peanut — just a line on a bit of wrapping paper, to tell her that in seven days he had reached Iowa, which was farther than he had expected to be at that time. There were nearly always good places to sleep —mostly in the woods, where he had the birds and squirrels for company. He was well, and happier than he had been for a year. He wrote again when he reached Nebraska, but that was nearly three weeks later, and the Rose had become almost desperate. Now she was made briefly happy by the statement that he was still well and had money, and that he had found there were only two more States to cross, Nebraska and Wyoming, and then a little more, and he would be home.

IT WAS PEANUT, AND THE GLORY BEHIND HIM SET A HALO UPON HIS FADED HAIR.

To the Rose a State was a State. That the distance yet to be travelled was double that already covered, and many times more difficult, did not occur to her. But when two weeks more had passed, and yet two more, and brought no further word from the little wayfarer, her heart grew heavy again, and she haunted the camp post-office with each arrival of the stage.

Another two weeks went by. Yet he did not come, and the days brought her no word. She did not know that the number of crackers obtained by Peanut for five cents had been reduced in his westward march from ten to eight, from eight to six, and that the bit of cheese received in exchange for the other five cents had grown so small that the little boy alarmed had feared to spend even the money necessary for another letter. The Rose did not know these things, and, even had she known, it would hardly have lessened her anxiety.

She spent most of her time now in watching for him. The hundred days had by no means expired, but his letters had led her to hope that he had gained time and would be there sooner than he had calculated. The fact that he no longer wrote encouraged her

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to believe that at any moment he might walk in upon her.

But now came an added anxiety. A letter, indeed, not from Peanut, but a broken-hearted confession from Cynthia Schofield, who, good woman that she was, acknowledged everything, begging the Rose to forgive her, and to write, if she knew aught of their little lad. In closing, she added, "Sometimes I think he must have started home—and I am having notices posted all along the way, so that somebody may find him and keep him safely until I come. Poor little fellow! Where is he, and what is he doing to-night, out all alone in this great wicked waste of a world!"

Perhaps the Rose pitied Miss Schofield, as one woman may pity another when there is but one heart's desire for both, but her sympathy vanished in the fear that Miss Schofield's agents, with their wide knowledge and resources, would find the boy, and that to her, the Rose, he would now be lost forever.

She was in a frenzy of suspense. A hundred times she would have closed the cabin and gone to meet him, but she feared she might pass him by a different way, and so wander on and on helplessly. Her anxiety at last overcame her secretiveness, and she one day unburdened herself to the postmaster, who informed her that for more than fifty miles to the eastward there was but one road. She set out to meet him the same afternoon.

She put on one of her new plain gowns, and a new, though not altogether plain bonnet, which the store-keeper had ordered for her from Ogden. Then she packed a basket with eatables—good things, such as Peanut had always liked. He would be tired of the things he could buy with his ten cents a day along the road. Tired? Dear heart! As if a little boy trudging over range after range of lofty mountains, only to find range after range of still loftier ones beyond, could be tired of any kind of food! She felt much less unstrung now that she was really going to meet him. Only she must hurry, and get as far as possible before night-fall. Over her arm she threw a thick army-blanket, for sleeping on the ground.

It was well on toward two o'clock when she started. The path led by Sam's grave, and she paused to regard the place with a new pride. Then she pressed on—there would be time enough for this afterward.

The Rose of Texas found it hard climbing the mountain road. She began to realize now why it was, perhaps, that Peanut had been longer than he had counted on. After she had been toiling up the hill for perhaps three hours, she wondered how many miles she had come. But when at a high turn of the road she paused to look back, she was surprised to see—almost behind her, it seemed—her own steep hillside, with the little clearing about Sam's grave. It was perhaps six or seven miles away, but in that clear air it seemed almost as if she might reach out and touch it. Wearily she pushed on. Dark fell, and she halted for the night.

It grew very cold. The Rose attempted to kindle a fire, but she could not find dry pieces, and the matches flickered and smouldered to blackness. She huddled down in her blanket at last, realizing what this night must mean to a hungry little boy, with nothing but the sky to cover him. Perhaps experience had taught Peanut a better means of providing, but the Rose did not consider this. She did not sleep, and, before daybreak, was toiling up the incline.

The way grew ever steeper; she was nearing the mountain top. It grew lighter, too, and she noticed that the trees ahead were fringed with morning. The sun was coming.

The fringe crept lower—a spot of radiance lay on the high trail between. The Rose paused, and gave welcome to the new day.

Then, all at once, in the patch of sunrise ahead, something dark appeared. Something that moved, hesitated, moved again—stopped. The woman's knees began to tremble exceedingly. Hastily shifting her burdens, she shaded her eyes and looked steadily into the brightness. Then she was sure. It was Peanut, and the glory behind him set a halo upon his faded hair.

He had not seen her. She was in the shadow beneath, and he seemed looking over her head, to some far-away point beyond. For a single instant the woman lingered to drink in the vision. He looked down then and saw her. These two had never embraced, but a moment later he was in her arms, and their tears mingled.

"Peanut, oh, my poor boy, how thin you are!"

"Oh, Rose! Rose! You bought it for him, didn't you?"

For behold, from that high point, the steep clearing on the far-off hillside was once more visible. But the black stumps were no longer to be seen, and, in their place, a white stone gleamed with the radiance of morning.

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Heads of Great Orders

REV. ISAAC WILSON JOYCE, PRESIDENT OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

The Rev. Isaac Wilson Joyce of Ohio, Methodist Bishop and president of the Epworth League, has become famous for a pungent originality of comment that has often made him the centre of newspaper storms. His vigorous suggestion in 1900 that the Chinese should be "Christianized with guns" made something of a sensation, coming from the pulpit. In 1893 he aroused great bitterness in the South by lodging over night with a negro elder near Cleveland, his home being then in Chattanooga. But nothing has ever disturbed his courage in the matter of his convictions.

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FRANCIS RAWLE, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION.

Francis Rawle, President of the American Bar Association, came to office in 1902, after having been the association's treasurer since 1878, the year it was founded. He is the author of various important legal articles, and one of his services to his profession was to act as delegate in 1887 to the London meeting of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Laws of Nations, an association on whose executive committee he did active work from 1899 to 1902. For the past thirteen years he has also been a member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University, from which he graduated in 1869. Mr. Rawle was born in 1846 at the Freedom Iron Works, Mifflin County, Pa., of which his father was owner.

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MRS. DORÉ LYON, PRESIDENT OF THE ECLECTIC CLUB.

Mrs. Doré Lyon, prominent clubwoman, singer, editor, and author, has proved anew the old law of "to him that hath" by being appointed Assistant Secretary of the New York State Commission at the St. Louis Exposition, and also hostess of the New York building—an honor involving a $3,000 salary. Mrs. Lyon's other honors include the presidency of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, the editorship of *The Clubwoman's Magazine*, and the presidency of the Eclectic Club—called the best-dressed club in New York. She finds time occasionally to sing at private concerts, and has recently published a novel, "Prudence Pratt." She has one daughter.

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MRS. FAIRBANKS, PRESIDENT GENERAL OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Mrs. Charles Warren Fairbanks, wife of the Senator from Indiana, was elected President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution in 1901, after an exciting contest, in which Mrs. Donald McLean was defeated, and has held the position ever since, being re-elected this year. She has always played an important part in D. A. R. history, serving on its National Board, and also on the Continental Hall Committee. Mrs. Fairbanks was born in Marysville, Ohio, and became a student in Wesleyan University, where she met the future Senator. Both graduated in 1872 and were married two years later.

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DR. JAMES W. TAYLOR, GENERAL GRAND HIGH PRIEST OF ROYAL ARCH MASONS.

Dr. James W. Taylor became General Grand High Priest of General Grand Chapter of the Royal Arch Masons of the United States in 1900, after having held the preliminary titles of Grand High Priest of Grand Chapter from 1886 to 1895, and of Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Georgia in 1896 and '97. By profession Dr. Taylor is a physician, but he has had his turn in the public service, having twice served in the Georgia Legislature, in the years 1877 and 1896. He was born in South Carolina, but has been more closely associated with Georgia, his present home being in Luthersville.

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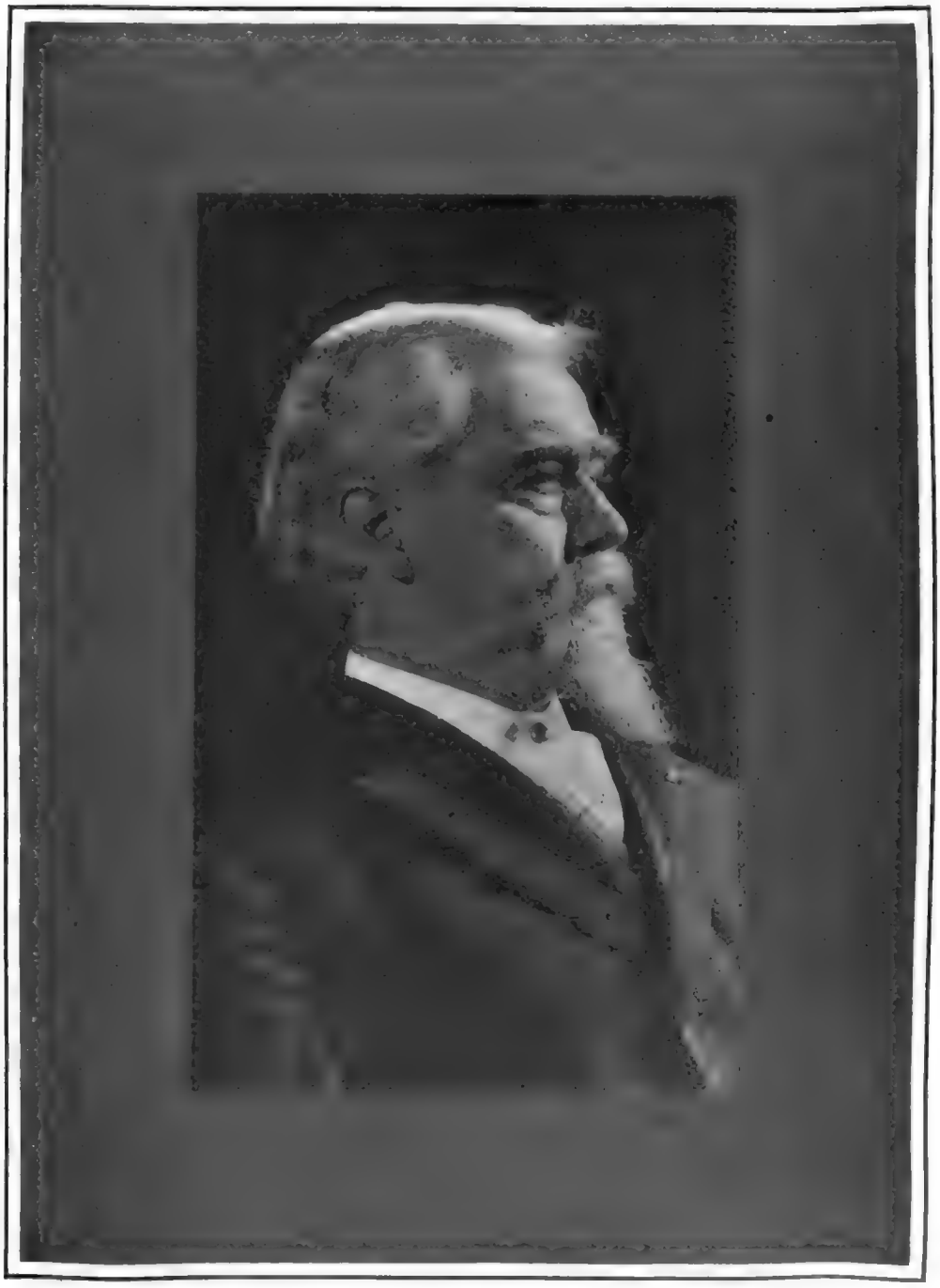

GENERAL JOHN C. BLACK.

General John C. Black, recently elected Grand Commander of the G. A. R., was one of the many boys who left college at the breaking out of the Civil War to go to the front. He began as a private under Colonel Lew Wallace, and four years of service saw him Brevet Brigadier-General. Twice he was wounded, at Prairie Grove and at Pea Ridge, one shot leaving his right arm crippled for life, and it was he who led the last charge of the war. After the war closed he was admitted to the bar, and subsequently became Congressman, U. S. District Attorney, and Cleveland's first Commissioner of Pensions.

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HON. JOHN B. GOODWIN, GRAND SIRE OF THE ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

Hon. John B. Goodwin is the Grand Sire of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of the Odd Fellows, which means he is the head of the Order the world over. By profession he is a lawyer, but began his business career as a reporter under Henry W. Grady on the *Atlanta Herald*. Mr. Goodwin is one of Atlanta's leading citizens. Twice he has been elected mayor of that flourishing city, and other public honors have been thrust upon him. His connection with Odd Fellowship began in 1873, and he has risen through successive stages of Grand Master and Grand Representative to Sovereign Grand Lodge, until, at Des Moines, in 1902, he was installed as Grand Sire, on—as it happened, his twenty-fifth marriage anniversary.

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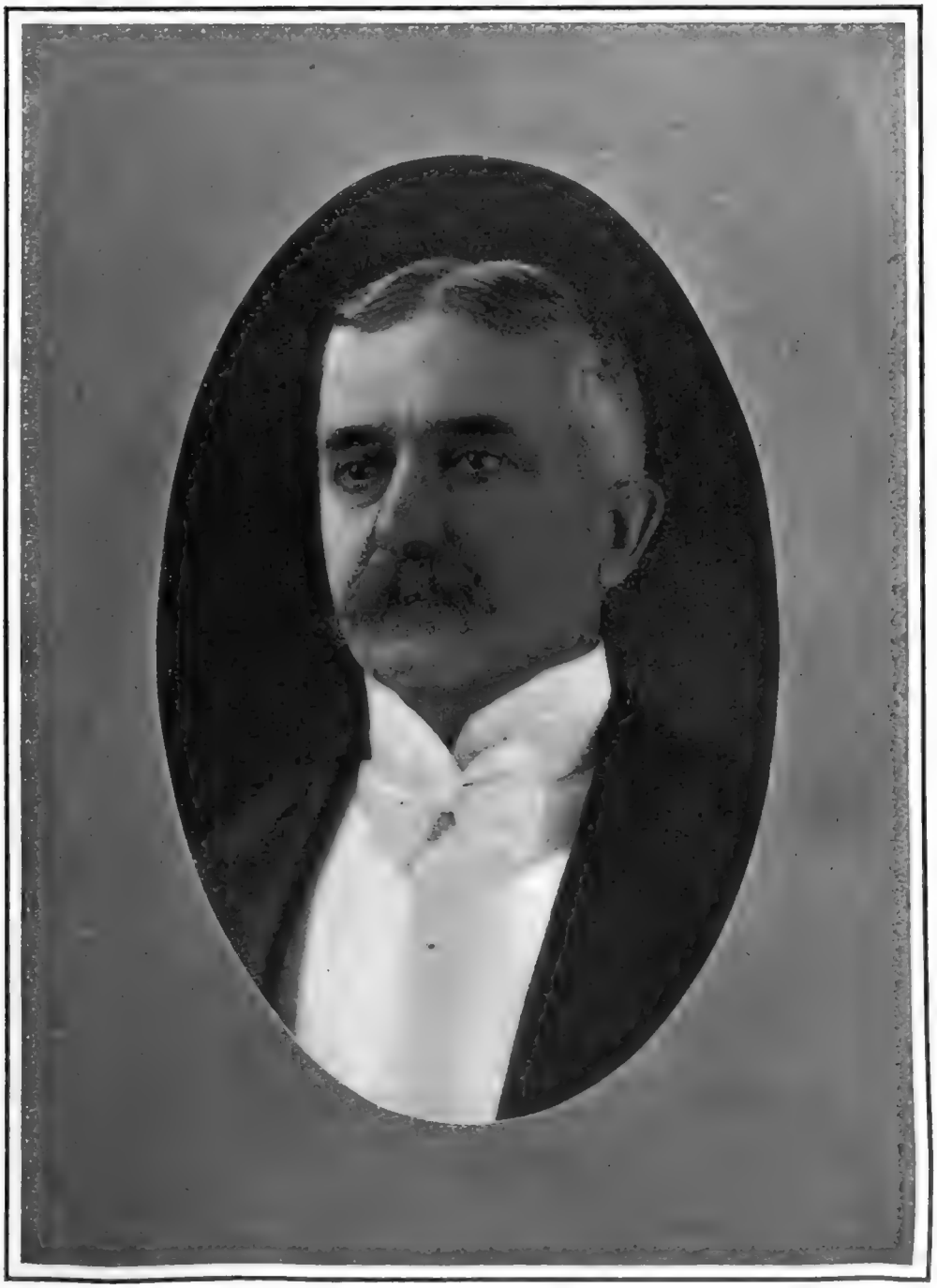

GEORGE H. GREEN, IMPERIAL POTENTATE OF THE MYSTIC SHRINE.

George H. Green, the new Imperial Potentate of the Imperial Council of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine of North America, is the United States Marshal for the Northern District of Texas. He received this appointment from President McKinley, and made such an excellent reputation by his stalwart administration of an exceedingly difficult office that he was reappointed by President Roosevelt. He has been actively engaged in Masonry since 1878. Mr. Green was made Potentate at the convention of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine held in Saratoga last July, and was one of the most observed figures among the 5,000 nobles who made up the picturesque street-parade which was part of the ceremonies.

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The Lotus and the Cockleburrs

By O. HENRY

THERE are yet tales of the Spanish Main. That grim coast washed by the tempestuous Caribbean, and presenting to the sea a formidable border of tropical jungle topped by the overweening Cordilleras, is still begirt by mystery and romance.

Buccaneers and revolutionists have roused the echoes of its cliffs, and the condor has wheeled perpetually above where, in the dark green jungles, they made food for him with their pikes and cutlasses. Taken and retaken by pirates, by adverse powers, and by sudden uprising of rebellious factions, the old towns along the historic 300 miles of adventurous coast have scarcely known for hundreds of years whom rightly to call their master. Pizarro, Balboa, Sir Francis Drake, and Bolivar did what they could to make it a port of Christendom. Sir John Morgan, Lafitte, and other eminent sea-rovers, bombarded and pounded it in the name of Abaddon.

The game still goes on. The tintype man, the enlarged photograph brigand, and the kodaking tourist have found it out. The hucksters of Germany, France, and Syria bag its small change across their counters. The gentleman adventurer throngs the waiting-rooms of its rulers with propositions for railways and concessions. The little, opera bouffe nations play at government and intrigue until some day a big, silent gunboat glides into the offing and warns them not to break their toys. It was in these latter days that Johnny Atwood added his handiwork to the list of casualties along the Spanish Main by his famous manipulation of the shoe market, and his unparalleled feat of elevating that despised and useless weed product, the cockleburr, from its obscurity to be a valuable product in international commerce.

The trouble began, as trouble often begins instead of ending, with a romance. There was a man named Hemstetter, who came to the little Southern town where Johnny lived, to open a general store. His family consisted of one daughter called Rosine, a name that atoned much for "Hemstetter." This young woman was possessed of sufficient pulchritude to agitate the young men of the community. Johnny, who was among the more violently agitated, was the son of Judge Atwood, who lived in the colonial mansion near the edge of Dalesburg. Being a young man of address and spirit, as well as a scion of one of the oldest families in the State, it would seem that the desirable Rosine should have been pleased to return his affection, and be received into the stately but rather empty colonial mansion. But, no. There was a cloud on the horizon in the shape of a lively and shrewd young farmer in the neighborhood who dared to enter the lists as a rival to the high-born Atwood.

One night Johnny propounded to Rosine a question that is considered of great importance by the young. The accessories were all there—moonlight, oleanders, magnolias, and the mock-bird's song. Whether or no the shadow of Pinkney Dawson, the prosperous young farmer, came between them, is not known; but Johnny was declined. Hesitatingly, blushingly, flutteringly, it is true—but declined. Could the blood of an Atwood brook declination? Johnny bowed to the ground and went away with head high, but mortified and bruised in his pedigree and heart. A Hemstetter refuse an Atwood!

Among other accidents of that year was a Democratic President. Judge Atwood was a war-horse of Democracy. Johnny set the wheels moving. He would go away—away! Rosine should never look upon his face again. Perhaps in years to come she would look back with regret upon the pure and faithful love that—etc., etc.

The wheels of politics revolved, and John De Graffenreid Atwood was appointed United States Consul at Vibora. Just before leaving he dropped in at Hemstetter's to say good-by. Pink Dawson was there, of course, talking about his 80-acre field, and the 3-mile meadow, and the 200-acre pasture, and the 40-acre hill-tract. Johnny shook hands with Rosine as coolly as if he were only going to run up to Vicksburg for a week.

"If you happen to strike a good thing in the way of an investment down there, Johnny,"

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said Pink Dawson, "just let me know, will you? I reckon I could rustle up a thousand or two 'most any time for a profitable deal."

"All right, Pink," said Johnny, pleasantly. "If I strike anything I'll let you know, sure."

So Johnny went to New Orleans, and took a steamer down to his post at Vibora.

Vibora was a town of about 3,000 inhabitants, set in the curve of a little half-moon harbor. It lay on a narrow strip of alluvial deposit hemmed in by morose mountains at its rear, and by the sea in front. The population was Carib, Spanish-Indian half-breeds, and negroes, with a disturbing leaven of the froth and scum of half a dozen other nations.

who dine on the lotus rarely consume it plain, as a healthy salad should be eaten. There is a sauce *au diable* that goes with it, and the distillers are the chefs who prepare it. And on Johnny's menu card it read brandy and the native red rum. His particular friend in Vibora was Billy Keogh, an American, who was interested in mahogany. The two would sit on the little porch of the consulate at night and roar out great, indecorous songs, until the natives, slipping past in the grass outside, would shrug a shoulder and mutter things in Spanish to themselves about the "diablos Americanos."

One day Johnny's *mozo* brought the mail

"DON'T SNORE," SAID KEOGH, AMIABLY, "AND I'LL DO YOUR WORK FOR YOU."

The streets were merely grass-grown spaces between the red-tiled, squatty houses. Through the grass were criss-crossing paths made by the bare feet of the dwellers. Two or three Americans and four or five Germans and French represented the more enlightened races. The sole source of the town's life and income was the exportation of fruit, a little rubber, and a few of the valuable woods.

John De Graffenreid Atwood, the newly appointed consul, plunged into his work, which was principally to sprawl in a hammock, and to try to forget Rosine Hemstetter. We are to suppose that he has been thus occupied for one year. Then will begin the story of the exploit that made Johnny a hero in commerce, agriculture, and love.

Johnny ate of the lotus, root, stem, and flower. The tropics gobbled him up. They

and dumped it on the table. Johnny leaned from his hammock, and fingered the four or five letters dejectedly. Keogh had come over from his bamboo shack in pajamas, although it was nearly noon, and was smoking and chopping lazily with a paper-knife at the legs of a centipede that crawled across the table. Johnny was in that mood of lotus-eating when the world tastes bitter in one's mouth.

"Same old thing," he complained. "Fool people writing for information about the country. They want to know all about raising coffee and fruit, and how to make a fortune without work. Half of 'em don't even send stamps for an answer. They must think a consul has nothing to do but write letters. Open those letters for me, old man, and see what they want. I'm feeling too rocky to move."

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Keogh, acclimated beyond all possibility of ill-humor, drew his chair to the table with smiling compliance on his rose-pink countenance, and began to slit open the letters. Four of them were from citizens in various parts of the United States who seemed to regard the consul at Vibora as a cyclopædia of information. They asked long lists of questions, numerically arranged, about the climate, products, possibilities, laws, business chances, and statistics of the country in which the consul had the honor of representing his own government.

"Write 'em, please, Billy," said that inert official, "just a line, referring them to the latest consular report. Tell 'em the State Department will be delighted to furnish the literary gems. Sign my name. Don't let your pen scratch, Billy; it'll keep me awake."

"Don't snore," said Keogh, amiably, "and I'll do your work for you. You need a corps of assistants, anyhow. Don't see how you ever get out a report. Wake up a minute!—here's one more letter—it's from your own town, too—Dalesburg."

"That so?" murmured Johnny, showing a mild and obligatory interest. "What's it about?"

"Postmaster writes," explained Keogh. "Says a citizen of the town wants some facts and advice from you. Says the citizen has an idea in his head of coming down where you are and opening a shoe store. Wants to know if you think the business would pay. Says he's heard of the boom along this coast, and wants to get in on the ground floor."

In spite of the heat and his bad temper, Johnny's hammock swayed with his laughter. Keogh laughed too; and the pet monkey on the top shelf of the book-case chattered in shrill sympathy with the ironical reception of the letter from Dalesburg.

"Great bunions!" exclaimed the consul. "Shoe store! What'll they ask about next, I wonder? Overcoat factory, I reckon. Say, Billy—of our 3,000 citizens, how many do you suppose ever had on a pair of shoes?"

Keogh reflected judicially.

"Let's see—there's you and me and——"

"Not me," said Johnny, promptly and incorrectly, holding up a foot encased in a disreputable deerskin *zapato*. "I haven't been a victim to shoes in six months."

"You've got 'em, anyhow," went on Keogh. "And there's Bridger, and Henschel, and Lutz, and Blanchard, and the two Lecouvres, and the quarantine doctor, and that Italian that's agent for the banana company, and old Delgado—no; he wears sandals. The *comandante* wears boots on parade day, and the *juez politico* wears cloth gaiters when he holds court. And—oh, yes—la Madama Mercedes Quintero Tomabilla Oliveras y Guerrera had on a pair of red kid slippers at the *baile* the other night. That's about all. Don't the soldiers at the *cuartel?*—no, that's so—they are allowed shoes only when on the march. In town they turn their little toeses out to grass."

"'Bout right," agreed the consul. "Not over twenty out of the 3,000 ever felt leather on their walking arrangements. Oh, yes; Vibora is just the town for an enterprising shoe store—that doesn't want to part with its shoes. Wonder if old Patterson is trying to jolly me. He always was full of things he called jokes. Write him a letter, Billy. I'll dictate it. We'll jolly him back a few."

Keogh dipped his pen, and wrote at Johnny's dictation. Around many pauses, filled in with smoke and sundry travellings of the bottle and glasses, the following answer to the Dalesburg communication was perpetrated:

Mr. Obadiah Patterson,
Dalesburg, Miss.

Dear Sir: In reply to your favor of July 2d, I have the honor to inform you that, according to my opinion, there is no place on the habitable globe that presents to the eye stronger evidence of the need of a first-class shoe store than does the town of Vibora. There are 3,000 inhabitants in the place, and not a single shoe store! The situation speaks for itself. This coast is rapidly becoming the goal of enterprising business men, but the shoe business is one that has been sadly overlooked or neglected. In fact, there is a considerable number of our citizens actually without shoes at present.

Besides the want above mentioned, there is also a crying need for a brewery, a college of higher mathematics, a coal yard, and a clean and intellectual Punch and Judy show. I have the honor to be, sir,

Your Obt. Servant,
John De Graffenreid Atwood,
U. S. Consul at Vibora.

P. S.—Hello! Uncle Obadiah. How's the old burg racking along? What would the government do without you and me? Look out for a green-headed parrot and a bunch of bananas soon, from your old friend

Johnny.

"I throw in that postscript," explained the consul, "so Uncle Obadiah won't take offence at the official tone of the letter! Now, Billy, you get that correspondence fixed up, and send Pancho to the *estafeta* with it.

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The Ariadne takes the mail out to-morrow if they make up that load of fruit to-day."

The night programme in Vibora never varied. The recreations of the populace were soporific and flat. The people wandered about, barefoot, aimless, and silent, each with lighted cigar or cigarette. Looking down the dimly lighted ways you seemed to see a threading maze of brunette ghosts tangled with an accompanying procession of insane fireflies. In some houses the thrumming of lugubrious guitars added to the depression of the *triste* night. Giant tree-frogs rattled in the foliage as loudly as the end-man's "bones" in a minstrel troupe. By nine o'clock the streets were vacant, and all were abed.

Nor at the consulate was there often a change of bill. Keogh came there nightly, for Vibora is close to the gratings of Avernus, and its one cool place was the consul's little porch overlooking the sea. The brandy would be kept moving, and by ten o'clock sentiment would begin to stir in the heart of the self-exiled Johnny. Then he would relate to Keogh the story of his ended romance. Each night Keogh would be ready with untiring sympathy.

"But don't think for a minute"—thus would Johnny always conclude his woful tale—"that I'm grieving about that girl, Billy. I've forgotten her. She hardly ever enters my mind. If she would walk in that door right now my pulse wouldn't gain a beat. That's all over long ago."

"Don't I know it?" Keogh would answer. "Of course you've forgotten her. Proper thing to do. Wasn't quite O. K. of her to listen to the knocks that—er—Dink Pawson kept giving you."

"Pink Dawson!"—a world of contempt would be in Johnny's tones. "Poor white trash! Had a 500-acre farm, though, and that counted. Maybe I'll get back at him some day. He told Rosine all about how wild I was, and kept her posted. All right.

IN THE SHADE OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE WALLS HE FOUND MR. HEMSTETTER AND ROSINE.

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I never did anything low-down. Everybody in Mississippi knows the Atwoods. Say, Billy—did you know my mother was a De Graffenreid?"

"Why, no," Keogh would say; "is that so?" He had heard it some 300 times.

"Fact. The De Graffenreids of Hancock County. But I never think of that girl any more, do I, Billy?"

At this point Johnny would fall into a gentle slumber, and Keogh would saunter out to his own shack under the calabash tree at the edge of the plaza.

In a day or two the letter from the Dalesburg postmaster and its answer had been forgotten by the Vibora exiles. But on the 26th day of July the fruit of the reply appeared upon the tree of events.

The Andador, a fruit steamer that visited Vibora regularly, drew into the harbor and anchored. The beach was lined with spectators while the quarantine doctor and the custom-house crew rowed out to attend to their duties.

An hour later Billy Keogh lounged into the consulate, clean and cool in his linen clothes, and grinning like a pleased shark.

"Guess what?" he said to Johnny, lounging in his hammock.

"Too hot to guess," said Johnny, lazily.

"Your shoe-store man's come," said Keogh, rolling the sweet morsel on his tongue, "with a stock of goods big enough to supply the continent as far down as Tierra del Fuego. They're carting his cases over to the custom-house now. Six barges full they brought ashore and have paddled back for the rest. Oh, ye saints in glory! won't there be regalements in the air when he gets on to the joke and has an interview with Mr. Consul? It'll be worth nine years in the tropics just to witness that one joyful moment."

Keogh loved to take his mirth easily. He selected a clean place on the matting and lay upon the floor. The walls shook with his enjoyment. Johnny turned half over and blinked.

"Don't tell me," he said, "that anybody was fool enough to take that letter seriously."

"Four-thousand-dollar stock of goods!" gasped Keogh, in ecstasy. "Talk about coals to Newcastle! Why didn't he take a ship-load of palm-leaf fans to Spitzbergen while he was about it? Saw the old codger on the beach. You ought to have been there when he put on his specs and squinted at the 500 or so barefooted citizens standing around."

"Are you telling the truth, Billy?" asked the consul, weakly.

"Am I? You ought to see the buncoed gentleman's daughter he brought along. Looks! She'd stack up like a thousand bricks at an inaugural ball. She makes the brick-dust señoritas here look like tar-babies."

"Go on," said Johnny, "if you can stop that asinine giggling. I hate to see a grown man make a laughing hyena of himself."

"Name's Hemstetter," went on Keogh. "He's a— Hello! what's the matter now?"

Johnny's moccasined feet struck the floor with a thud as he wriggled out of his hammock.

"Get up, you idiot," he said, sternly, "or I'll brain you with this inkstand. That's Rosine and her father. Gad! what a drivelling idiot old Patterson is! Get up, here, Billy Keogh, and help me. What the devil are we going to do? Has all the world gone crazy?"

Keogh rose and dusted himself. He managed to regain a decorous demeanor.

"Situation has got to be met, Johnny," he said, with some success at seriousness. "I didn't think about its being your girl until you spoke. First thing to do is to get them comfortable quarters. You go down and face the music, and I'll trot up to Henschel's and see if Mrs. Henschel won't take them in. They've got the decentest house in town."

"Bless you, Billy!" said the consul. "I knew you wouldn't desert me. The world's bound to come to an end, but maybe we can stave it off for a day or two."

Keogh hoisted his umbrella and set out for the Henschels'. Johnny put on his coat and hat. He picked up the brandy bottle, but set it down again without drinking, and marched bravely down to the beach.

In the shade of the custom-house walls he found Mr. Hemstetter and Rosine surrounded by a mass of gaping citizens. The customs officers were ducking and scraping, while the captain of the Andador interpreted the business of the new arrivals. Rosine looked healthy and very much alive. She was gazing at the strange scenes around her with amused interest. There was a faint blush upon her round cheek as she greeted her old admirer. Mr. Hemstetter shook hands with Johnny in a very friendly way. He was an

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"*QUE PICADORES DIABLOS!*" THEY SCREECHED TO ONE ANOTHER.

oldish, impractical man—one of the numerous class of erratic business men who are ever seeking a change.

"I am very glad to see you again, John—may I call you John?" he said. "Let me thank you for your kind answer to our postmaster's letter of inquiry. He volunteered to write to you on my behalf. I was looking about for something different in the way of a business in which the profits would be a little livelier. I had noticed in the papers that this coast was receiving much attention from investors. I am extremely grateful for your advice. I sold out everything I possessed and put the proceeds in as fine a stock of shoes as could be bought in the North. You have a picturesque town here, John. I hope business will be as good as your letter justifies me in anticipating."

Johnny's agony was abbreviated by the arrival of Keogh, who hurried up with the news that Mrs. Henschel would be much pleased to place a couple of rooms at the service of Mr. Atwood's friends. So there Mr. Hemstetter and his daughter were at once conducted and left to recuperate from their voyage, while Johnny went down to see that the cases of shoes were safely stored after they had been opened and examined at the custom-house.

That night the consul and Keogh held a desperate consultation on the breezy porch.

"Send 'em back home," suggested Keogh, reading Johnny's thoughts.

"I would," said the consul, after a little silence, "but I've been lying to you, Billy."

"All right about that," said Keogh, affably.

"I told you hundreds of times," said Johnny, slowly, "that I'd forgotten that girl, didn't I?"

"About three hundred and seventy-five," admitted the monument of patience.

"I lied," repeated the consul, "every time. I never forgot her for one minute. I was an obstinate ass for running away just because she said 'no' once. And I was too proud a fool to go back. I talked with Rosine a few minutes up at Henschel's. I found out one thing. You remember the farmer fellow who was after her?"

"Dink Pawson?" asked Keogh.

"Pink Dawson. Well, he wasn't a hill of beans to her. She says she didn't believe the hard things he told her about me. But I'm sewed up now, Billy. That tomfool letter I sent has ruined whatever chance I had left. She'll despise me when she finds out that her old father has been made the victim of a joke that a decent schoolboy

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wouldn't have been guilty of. Shoes! Why he couldn't sell twenty pairs of shoes in Vibora if he kept store here for twenty years. You put a pair of shoes on one of these Caribs or Spanish brown boys and what'd he do? Stand on his head and squeal until he'd kicked 'em off. None of 'em ever wore shoes and they never will. If I send 'em back home I'll have to tell the whole story, and what'll she think of me? I want that girl worse than ever, Billy, and now when she's in reach I've lost her forever because I tried to be funny when the thermometer was at 102."

"Keep cheerful," said the optimistic Keogh. "Then let 'em open the store. I've been busy myself this afternoon. We can stir up a temporary boom in foot-gear anyhow. I'll buy six pairs when the doors open. I've been around and seen all the fellows and explained the catastrophe. Lutz will take half a dozen pairs, Blanchard four, and the others anywhere from three to five. Old man Lecouvre is good for a dozen pairs, for he caught a glimpse of Miss Hemstetter, and he's a Frenchman."

"A dozen customers," said Johnny, "for a $4,000 stock of shoes! It won't work. There's a big problem here to figure out. You go home, Billy, and leave me alone. I've got to work at it all by myself. Take that bottle of three-star along with you—no, sir; not another ounce of booze for the United States consul. I'll sit here to-night and pull out the think stop. If there's a soft place on this proposition anywhere I'll land on it. If there isn't there'll be another wreck to the credit of the gorgeous tropics."

Keogh left, feeling that he could be of no use. Johnny laid a handful of cigars on a table and stretched himself in a steamer chair. When the sudden daylight broke, silvering the harbor ripples, he was still sitting there. Then he got up, whistling a little tune, and took his bath.

At nine o'clock he walked down to the dingy little cable office and hung for half an hour over a blank. The result of his application was the following message which he had transmitted at a cost of $33:

To Pinkney Dawson,
Dalesburg, Miss.

Draft for $100 comes to you next mail. Ship me immediately 500 pounds stiff, dry cockleburrs. New use here in arts. Market price twenty cents pound. Further orders likely. Rush.

Within three or four days a suitable building was secured for Mr. Hemstetter's store on the main street of the town which ran parallel to the beach. The rent was moderate, and the stock of shoes made a fine showing on the shelves in their neat, white boxes.

Johnny's friends stood by him loyally. On the first day Keogh strolled into the store about once every hour, and bought a pair of shoes. After he had purchased a pair each of extension soles, congress gaiters, button kids, gum boots, suède slippers, low-quartered calfs and dancing pumps, he sought out Johnny to find if there were any more kinds he could call for. The other English-speaking residents also played their parts nobly, by buying often and liberally. Keogh marshalled them and made them distribute their patronage, thus keeping up a fair run of trade for about a week. Mr. Hemstetter was gratified with the business done thus far, but expressed some surprise that the natives were so backward with their custom.

"Oh, they're awfully shy," explained Johnny. "They'll get the habit pretty soon; and you'll do some lively business with the Maduro gang."

Two weeks after the consul sent his cable, a fruit steamer brought him a huge, mysterious brown bale of some unknown commodity. Johnny's influence with the custom-house people was sufficiently strong for him to get the goods turned over to him without the usual inspection. He had the bale taken to the consulate and snugly stowed in the back-room. That night he ripped open a corner of it and took out a handful of the cockleburrs. They were the ripe August product, as hard as filberts and bristling with spines as tough and sharp as needles. Johnny whistled his same little tune again, and went to find Billy Keogh.

Later in the night, when Vibora was steeped in slumber, he and Billy went forth into the deserted streets with their coats bulging like balloons. All up and down the main street they went, sowing the sharp burrs carefully in the sand, along every foot-path, upon every yard of grass between the silent houses. No place where the foot of man, woman, or child might fall was slighted. And then they took the side streets and byways, missing none. Many trips they made to and from the prickly hoard. They sowed with the accuracy of Satan sowing tares and with the perseverance of Paul planting. And then, late in the night, they laid themselves down to sleep calmly as great generals do after laying

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their plans in accordance with the revised tactics.

With the first blush of dawn the purveyors of fruits and meats arranged their wares in and around the little market-house. Next from every 'dobe and palm hut and grass-thatched shack and dim *patio* glided women —black women, brown women, lemon-colored women, women dun and yellow and tawny. They were the marketers starting to purchase the family supply of cassava, plantains, meat, fowls, and tortillas. Décolleté they were and bare-armed and bare-footed, with a single skirt reaching below the knee. Stolid and ox-eyed, they stepped from their doorways into the narrow paths or upon the soft grass of the streets.

The first to emerge uttered ambiguous squeals, and raised one foot quickly. Another step and they sat down, with shrill cries of alarm, to pick at the new and painful insects that had stung them upon the feet. "*Que picadores diablos!*" they screeched to one another across the narrow ways. Some tried the grass instead of the paths, but there they were also stung and bitten by the strange little prickly balls. They plumped down in the grass, and added their lamentations to those of their sisters in the sandy paths. All through the town was heard the plaint of feminine jabber. The vendors in the market wondered why no customers came.

Then men, lords of the earth, came forth. They, too, began to hop, to dance, to limp, and to curse. They stood stranded and foolish, or stooped to pluck at the scourge that attacked their feet and ankles. Some loudly proclaimed the pest to be poisonous insects of an unknown species.

And then the children ran out for their morning romp. And now to the uproar was added the howls of limping infants and cockleburred childhood. Every minute the advancing day brought forth fresh victims.

Doña Maria Castillas y Buenventura de las Casas stepped from her honored doorway, as was her daily custom, to procure fresh bread from the *panaderia* across the street. She was clad in a skirt of flowered yellow satin, a chemise of ruffled linen, and wore a purple mantilla from the looms of Spain. Her lemon-tinted feet, alas! were bare. Her progress was majestic, for were not her ancestors hidalgos of Aragon? Three steps she made across the velvety grass, and set her aristocratic sole upon a bunch of Johnny's burrs. Doña Maria Castillas y Buenventura de las Casas emitted a yowl even as a wild-cat. Turning about, she fell upon hands and knees, and crawled—ay, like a beast of the fields she crawled back to her honorable door-sill.

Don Señor Ildefonso Federico Valdazar, *Juez de la Paz*, weighing 20 stone, attempted to convey his bulk to the cantina at the corner of the plaza in order to assuage his matutinal thirst. The first plunge of his unshod foot into the cool grass struck a concealed mine. Don Ildefonso fell like a crumbled cathedral, crying out that he had been fatally bitten by a deadly scorpion. Everywhere were the shoeless citizens hopping, stumbling, limping, and picking from their feet the venomous insects that had come in a single night to harass them.

The first to perceive the remedy was Simon Benavides, the barber, a man of travel and education. Sitting upon a stone, he plucked burrs from his toes, and made oration:

"Behold, my friends, these bugs of the devil! I know them well. They soar through the skies in swarms like pigeons. These are dead ones that fell during the night. In Yucatan I have seen them as large as oranges. No! There they hiss like serpents, and have wings like bats. It is the shoes—the shoes that one needs! *Zapatos—zapatos por mi!*"

Simon hobbled to Mr. Hemstetter's store and bought shoes. Coming out, he swaggered with impunity down the street. Men, women, and children took up the cry, "*Zapatos!*" That day Mr. Hemstetter sold 300 pairs of shoes.

Each night Johnny and Keogh sowed the crop that grew dollars by day. At the end of ten days two-thirds of the stock of shoes were sold, and the store of cockleburrs was exhausted. Johnny cabled to Pink Dawson for another 500 pounds, paying twenty cents, as before.

One night Johnny took Rosine under a mango-tree and confessed everything. Then he repeated a question he had asked her once before, and wound up with a masterly "Now, what are you going to do about it?"

Rosine looked him in the eye and said: "You are a very wicked man. What am I going to do about it? How can I do anything? I have always understood that it took a minister to attend to the matter properly."

Johnny bolted down the street, and

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routed out Keogh and a malarial Methodist minister who had a chapel in a lemon-grove. They all went to Henschel's, and Johnny and Rosine were married, while Mrs. Henschel wept miserably with joy. Then Johnny went down to the store and addressed Mr. Hemstetter as "father-in-law," and also confessed to him. Mr. Hemstetter put on his spectacles and said: "You strike me as being a most extraordinary young scamp. Now, what about the rest of the stock of shoes?"

When the second invoice of cockleburrs came in Johnny loaded them and the remainder of the shoes into a sloop and sailed down to Carrizo, a town twelve miles below. There he repeated the Vibora success, and came back with a bag of money and not so much as a shoe-string.

As soon as Johnny could get the department to accept his resignation he left for the States with his happy bride and Mr. Hemstetter, who was inclined to attribute the success of the shoe enterprise to his own business sagacity. Keogh was appointed consul *pro tempore*.

Four days after Johnny's departure a three-masted schooner tacked into the harbor, and a sun-burnt young man with a shrewd eye was rowed ashore. He inquired the way to the consul's office, and got him thither at a nervous gait.

Keogh was drawing a caricature of Uncle Sam on a pad of official letter-heads. He looked up at his visitor.

"Where's Johnny Atwood?" asked the sun-burnt young man, in a business tone of voice.

"Gone," said Keogh, working carefully at Uncle Sam's goatee.

"Just like him," said the nut-brown one. "Always gallivanting around instead of 'tending to business."

"I'm looking after the business, just now," remarked Keogh, making large stars on his Uncle's vest.

"Are you—then, say!—I've got a whole load of them things in the basement of that ship out in that pond. I've got four tons and a half! Where's the factory?"

"What things? What factory?" asked the new consul, with mild interest.

"Why, them cockleburrs," said the visitor. "You know. Where's the factory where you use 'em? I'll give you a bargain in this lot. I've had everybody for ten miles around picking 'em for a month. I hired this ship to bring 'em over in. Fifteen cents a pound takes the load. Shall I drive the ship in and hitch?"

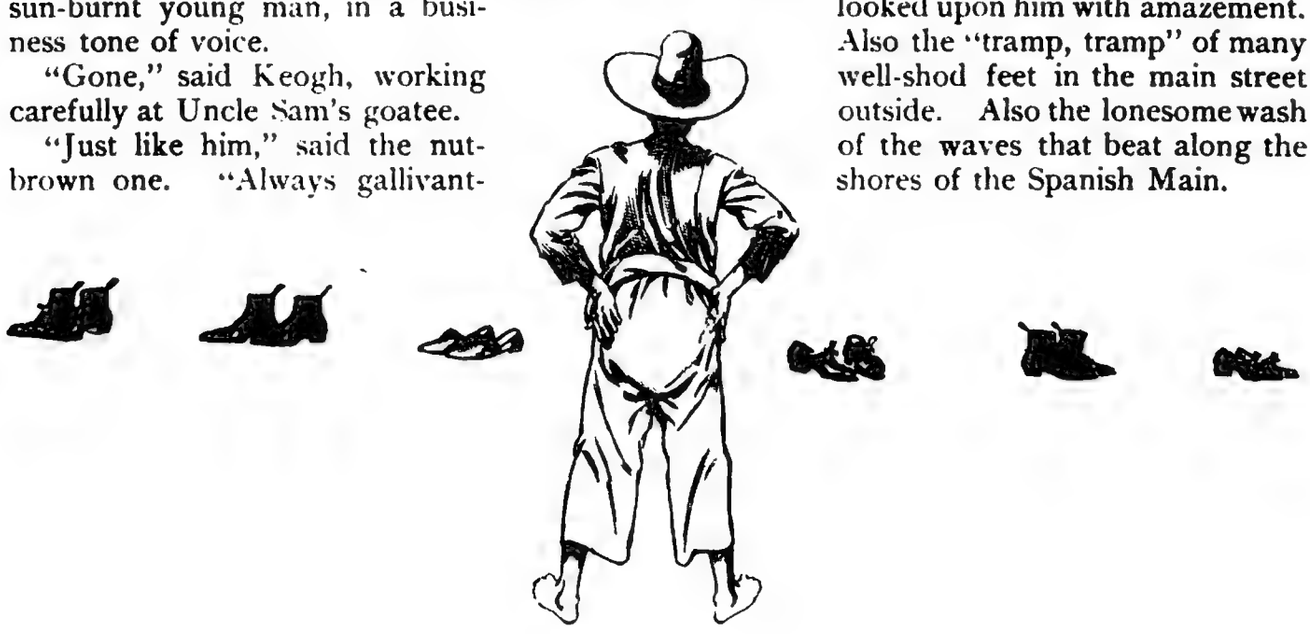
A look of supreme, almost incredulous delight dawned in Keogh's ruddy countenance. He dropped his pencil. His eyes gloated upon his visitor. He trembled lest this great joy he felt was approaching should turn into a dream.

"For God's sake, tell me," said Keogh, earnestly, "are you Dink Pawson?"

"My name is Pink Dawson," said the cornerer of the burr market.

Billy Keogh slid gently from his chair to his favorite strip of matting on the floor.

There were not many sounds in Vibora on that sultry afternoon. Of such that were may be mentioned a noise of unrighteous laughter from an Irish-American, while a sun-burnt young man with a shrewd eye looked upon him with amazement. Also the "tramp, tramp" of many well-shod feet in the main street outside. Also the lonesome wash of the waves that beat along the shores of the Spanish Main.



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The Champion All-Round Athlete

ONE day last summer a tired band of athletes staggered around the speeding track at Celtic Park. It could not be said that they ran. They had been doing that for many laps, but as they drew nearer and nearer the goal their pace grew slower and slower until it seemed they must drop from sheer exhaustion. Friends ran beside each man, urging him on and whispering encouragement. The crowd in the grand stand was yelling itself hoarse, but most eyes were following the painful movements of a tall, slim, spectacled man who was laboring heavily, well up among the leaders of the race. One of the first to reach the finishing line fell unconscious. Another fell beside him and a third fell over them. The big man with the spectacles stepped across the line and fell into a chair which his friends had placed for him, his head sunk on his breast, deaf to the acclamation of the crowd, which surged out of the grand stand to have a near look at him. This man was Ellery H. Clark, the lawyer athlete, and he had just won the all-round championship after one of the most nerve-racking contests that ever took place in amateur athletics.

ELLERY H. CLARK.

Now as Mr. Clark is ordinarily the most robust of men, let us see what it was that had so exhausted him. For six hours steadily he

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had been running, throwing, leaping, vaulting, with an intermission of but five minutes between events. First, he had dashed 100 yards in 10⅗ seconds. Second, he had put the 16-pound shot 39 feet 7¾ inches. Third, he made a running high jump of 5 feet 4 inches. Fourth, he walked half a mile in 3 minutes 54 seconds. Fifth, he threw the 16-pound hammer 122 feet 8¼ inches. Sixth, he made a pole vault of 9 feet 7½ inches. Seventh, he led the 120-yard hurdlers in 17⅖ seconds. Eighth, he threw the 56-pound weight 25 feet 5½ inches. Ninth, he cleared in the running broad jump, 20 feet 6½ inches. Tenth, he did the one-mile run in 5 minutes 57 seconds. He was not the winner of every event, to be sure. He won the fourth, fifth, seventh and eighth, but he was so nearly the

MR. CLARK MAKING A REMARKABLE BROAD JUMP

MR. CLARK PUTTING THE SIXTEEN-POUND SHOT

winner of all the others that his grand total of points was 6,318¼. No other contestant won more than one event, and the second score was 510 points behind that of Clark. Incidentally the winner of second place won one event and was second in three others. This was Adam B. Gunn, champion of last year and of the year before. So that the contrast of Mr. Clark's score is all the more remarkable.

It is not in the mere winning of these events, not in the individual scores made, not in the development of a new personality in athletics (Mr. Clark won the championship in 1897), that we shall find the vital principle which concerns all men. The

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point of universal interest lies in the fact that Mr. Clark is first of all a worker in the ordinary business life of his community; that athletics are with him an amusement, a means toward an end which is not the making of records, but the rejuvenation of his work-a-day faculties; that he is not a bunched-muscle athlete and does not believe in apparatus, and therefore his accomplishments are possible to most men; that it was not the mere mechanical operation of muscular force, so many movements to the right or to the left, or forward, or backward, that won the championship. He won because his muscular action was dominated by a strong mind, because it was willed into concentrated effort as a general mobilizes his forces on a field of battle, until at the psychological moment he was able, as he said, to exert "every atom of strength in a grand explosion" of effort that wins not only on the athletic field but in every field.

Here is a sermon, indeed. As Mr. Clark himself puts it, it is not the training, not the development of muscle, not the diet that counts; it is the mode of life. A man's life should be not of that enervating character which keeps so many eternally within doors, not of the other extreme, which keeps one forever at the limit of condition. One should seek the combination which gets the most out of both brain and brawn. But this combination will never be accomplished by devoting one's self to indoor athletics. Above all, Mr. Clark holds that one should exercise out-of-doors. A single hour out-of-doors he thinks worth two in the gymnasium. And the exercising should be taken up for the fun that is in it; should be done for the sake of the doing, not for the possibility of breaking records. Thus the new champion is not the fastest runner in the world, nor the highest jumper, nor yet the strongest weight-thrower. But he is so good at all of these and many more that he stands as the best of all-round athletes. He is symmetrically developed. And as brain and brawn are inter-related, he is not less successful as an attorney than as an athlete. During office hours he is heart and soul the lawyer. After hours he is heart and soul the athlete. The problem of how to win a case in court is not more worthy his intense consideration than the problem of how to vault higher on the field. The same principle is at the bottom of each, the forces to be dominated much alike.

Nothing could illustrate this more aptly than his attitude as he ran down the home stretch that day last summer when he won the championship. Mere physical force must have been exhausted long before the end was reached, but the man made up his mind before he started to finish that race and to finish it well up in front. His face was that of a crying child, so intensely drawn it was. His friends ran with him, shouting and urging him not to flinch. Flinch? No such thought had ever entered his brain. Probably he did not hear the voices in his ears. His mind had room for only one idea—the driving of his body onward to the goal. And if he was compelled to sink down, his head on his breast, immediately after reaching it, what mattered that? He had made another conquest of himself as well as of his fellows.

Mr. Clark is a native of Massachusetts, a graduate of Harvard, a member of the Boston School Committee, and a lawyer of promise. He is twenty-nine years of age, and expects to compete for all-round championships as long as he feels physically fit.

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The Turn of the Balance

By MARGARET JOHNSON

SHE had always loved him, eagerly, passionately, as few sisters, perhaps, love even an only brother. They had been comrades, playfellows, boon companions, from the time he began to toddle—he two years older than she, proud of her and devoted to her, as perhaps few brothers are devoted to even an only sister. She did not marry very young, although, being a radiant and charming creature, she was obliged to say no to several very eligible and very ardent young men, simply because, as she frankly admitted, they did not begin to be as nice as Jim, and she could not bring herself to like anyone who fell below that invariable standard of comparison.

When at last she did say yes, it was to a man in every way Jim's opposite except in that of being a thoroughly good fellow -a man grave, plain, practical, and quiet, very much in love with her, and ready for her sake to adopt her delightful brother with the most hearty kindness and cordiality. Her new home became the centre of Jim's life. His business required him to travel a good deal, both abroad and in his own country, but whenever he came back, it was to her.

She was very happy with her husband and with the little daughter who came to them after a year or two; but her happiness was more and more of the staid and quiet kind. She grew like her husband, as women will, as the years passed, falling into his sedate and prosaic attitude of mind, and losing something of the brilliancy and animation which had been her chief charm. She was conscious of this, and felt sometimes a sharp pang of regret that the sparkle should so soon have subsided from the wine of life, leaving it a wholesome, but scarce a stimulating draught.

Jim, however, was the link that bound her to her youth. He was unchanged. With his coming, the sound of his elastic step, his ringing voice, back came all the old brightness and gayety of the past. Under the stimulus of his abounding and buoyant vitality, his quickness of perception, of response, of wit, and of affection, life sparkled again, and ran free and glad. Laughter was spontaneous, enjoyment natural and worth while. Joyously they renewed the old intercourse. Their childish associations, their old jokes and by-words, their old mutual attitude toward people and things, and their undiminished fondness for each other, made their companionship a delight to them both. To the husband, in his quiet way, it was scarcely less. The three were at their best and happiest when they were together; and they were together for at least a half of each year. For the other half, an unfailing and intimate correspondence made large amends.

It was no wonder, then, that Jim's sudden marriage, after fifteen such years, nearly broke Helen's heart. She knew it meant practically the losing of him out of her life. He would be still the affectionate and faithful brother, but the core of his fidelity and affection would be elsewhere. The new wife was a stranger, living in a strange city. Her surroundings would be his, her interests, her friends, her associations, her life. The old days were over, and Helen knew it.

She was too wise and deep-hearted a woman to cherish any petty jealousy. She did what every loving and sensible sister would have done in the circumstances—made the bride heartily welcome, rejoiced honestly and openly in her brother's happiness, and shed her inevitable tears in secret, leaning on her husband's kind shoulder, and sure of his steadfast, though silent sympathy. She found much comfort in the satisfaction which this marriage afforded her sentimentally. Her sense of the fitness of things was gratified by this rounding out of her brilliant brother's existence—this fulfilling of its highest possibilities of happiness; for Jim's wife was, as she heartily acknowledged, a charming woman, and made his life and his home ideally beautiful. This was as it should be. Yet during the three perfect years of his married life, Helen continued to miss him keenly and constantly.

How keenly, how constantly, she acknowledged to herself now for the first time, as she sat looking out of the car-window, blurred

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with driving rain, and listened to the ceaseless clank and clamor of the car-wheels which bore her steadily westward toward the bereaved and grief-stricken home. The news of her sister-in-law's sudden death had come to her first as a bewildering shock—a thing that outraged all her sense of the natural, the possible, the right.

"I cannot *believe* it!" she cried out to her husband. "I cannot! It was all so beautiful, so right, so perfect every way—their home—their life—Jim was so happy—and now to have it broken off short like this—ended forever, in a moment! It seems like just some dreadful mistake—somebody giving the wrong order, and throwing a whole lovely design into woful wreck and ruin!"

This incredulous horror of the event, and her intense sympathy with her brother's grief, had filled her mind during her hasty preparations for leaving home. But now that she had leisure to think, long and quietly, lulled by the monotonous grinding and rocking of the train, other considerations crowded into her busy brain. The flashing thought, "This gives my brother back to me!" came again and again, throwing a curious brightness over all the haze of pain and grief that filled her heart.

"Well, it does!" she said to herself impulsively at last, after trying in vain to put down the climbing hope. "Why should I feel it a sin to admit the truth? His sorrow is mine, but who can comfort him as I can? Who understands him so well?"

Those other people—his wife's family—they were nothing to him, nor he to them. There was an aunt, a married sister, two or three cousins, perhaps. Helen had met them, but had found them uncongenial. There was nothing in common between her warm, impulsive temperament and the cold reticence of theirs; and she knew that Jim, good to them for his wife's sake, had never come to feel them a part of his life. Now that Katherine was gone, there would be nothing to bind him to them.

Of course there was a chance—just a chance—that they might claim the baby!

Helen smiled a little to herself. As if Jim would dream for a moment of putting that precious charge into any arms but hers! He would never give it up entirely to anyone. Jim was not that kind of man. Besides, during the two short months of its existence, he had grown exceedingly fond of the child, developing a capacity for parental affection which surprised Helen not a little. She did not herself care especially for children, on general principles; but Jim's child—Jim's little daughter! She would bring it up with her own Alice, and it should be a new and powerful link to bind her brother to her more closely than ever. Poor little motherless mite! It should never know the lack of a mother—she and Jim would see to that! And wherever his child was, there would be his home and his heart.

The smile upon her face as she gazed, unseeing, at the dizzy drops upon the pane, had in it tenderness, hope, pity, a touch of triumph.

The house did not look like the house of mourning. The blinds were all wide open. There was an almost cheerful air of order and freshness about the quiet rooms, and the wet leaves of a yellow maple flung gleams of mock sunshine against the western windows. The sister-in-law—her name was Mary—met Helen at the door. She had done everything there was to be done. She was very calm and self-contained, and Helen felt miles away from her, spite of their common sorrow. Her husband was there too, a very pleasant man, with strength and kindliness in his look and in the grasp with which he took and held Helen's hand.

The funeral was to be that afternoon; and just before it the baby was to be christened beside its mother's coffin. This was Jim's wish. He was upstairs in the nursery now, with the child.

Helen's heart tightened with passionate feeling. She longed to leave this quiet woman, sitting there, talking, with her unmoved white face, and to rush to those two whom she loved, to claim them—hers! But while she still sat, controlling herself, a step sounded on the stairs, and Jim came in.

"Why, Nell, you here!" he said, almost in his old voice. And Helen was ashamed of the sob which broke from her as she saw his face—so changed in these few short days—so worn as with grief and watching.

"Dear boy!" she said; "dear old Jim!" and knew by the close clasp of his arms about her that he answered her and was comforted.

Later, when they had talked things over quietly—Jim was very quiet, and unselfishly concerned as always for the comfort of everyone but himself—she asked if she might see the baby.

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Her brother started a little. "Of course, of course," he said. "I forgot that you had not seen her. She was just waking up when I came down."

He rang the bell, and the nurse—a rather dull-looking German girl—came in presently with the little thing in her arms.

It was a beautiful baby—fair, with brown eyes like its mother's, exquisitely dressed, as its mother's child would be sure to be, and wrapped in a white embroidered blanket with a lining of pale rose-colored silk, against which rested its downy head and its warm little cheek, reflecting the delicate color.

Helen took it from the nurse. "You may go," she said. "I will send for you presently."

The feeling of a baby in the arms—the soft, warm, helpless bundle, fragrant, smelling of violets and of fresh lawn and fleecy flannel, the yielding of the tiny limbs, the weight of the little head upon the shoulder—no woman's womanhood, perhaps, can withstand the mysterious influence of this appeal. Helen's responded to it with all the ardor of her impulsive nature. Her brother watched her as she stood looking down at the child with tears in her eyes. Then he turned away to the window.

"Do you want her, Helen?" he asked, very low.

"Want her? Of course I do!" she cried, passionately. "I feel as if she were mine already. O Jim! you need not give her up, you know—she will be always yours; but you will let me have her to take care of and keep for you! We will be so tender of her, you and I—we will never let her miss her mother's love——"

She stopped, uncertain how to go on, fearful lest in her eagerness she should say something to jar upon her brother's grief, a grief which was not, after all, her own, save through sympathy, so that she dared not wholly trust her instinct for the right word.

He did not reply for a moment. Then he spoke again, with something of an effort, and dully, his face still averted.

"Mary wants her, too!" he said.

Helen's heart gave a great leap, indignant, apprehensive, defiant.

"O Jim!" she said. All her protest was in the words, and in her voice as she spoke them. It was of no use to argue with Jim. Gentle as he was, argument had always made him obstinate. He would do as he chose. To ignore the question—not to admit that there was a question—that was the best way, with him. But even while she stood there with the child in her arms and the appeal still in her face, Mary entered the room.

She looked quickly, comprehendingly, at Helen, at Jim, who turned toward her and acknowledged the situation with a slight gesture of his hanging hands—at the child in the other woman's arms. Then she spoke, without prelude, her voice quiet, yet singularly breathless.

"We have no children," she said. "We have never had a child, John and I. We have always wanted one. And this is Katherine's child, and Katherine was my only sister. It would be like my own to me—what my own might have been——"

"But it is Jim's child," Helen broke in, quietly, too, her rising fierceness hushed by the sense of the shadow and the stillness which lay upon the house; "and Jim is my brother. I have a little daughter of my own, too, and she will be a sister to this one. They will be brought up together, in Jim's home. No one could be what I can to Jim's child!"

Unconsciously she pressed the little creature closer as she spoke. Its face puckered, and it broke into a sudden cry. The dull quiet of Jim's face changed and gave way. His hand clinched itself at his side. "Katherine!" he said, with a groan. "Poor little Katherine!"

His voice broke; and Helen, hearing that, and seeing in his face what she had not seen there before, the despairing anguish of a strong man whose grief forces itself through the iron bands of his self-control, forgot all else but him.

She laid the baby down hastily upon the sofa beside her, and ran to him.

"Oh, my *dear!*" she cried, passionately, and put her hands about his arm and laid her cheek upon it. He leaned toward her, his face working, and they stood together in the mute interchange of an intimate and poignant emotion.

But Mary went swiftly and stealthily to the sofa and gathered the baby into her arms. She hushed its whimpering cry, lulled and fondled and talked to it, with low murmurs and caresses of tenderness. Her delicate, grave face, bending over it, rapt and smiling, wore a look which kindled its plainness into an almost Madonna-like beauty. She was still hanging over the little creature, absorbed and unconscious of the others,

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Drawn by Sigurd Schou

"HELEN, YOU WANTED—ME; BUT MARY WANTED—THE BABY!"

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when Jim left his sister and crossed the room to her. She looked up startled, that expression still upon her face. "Give her to me!" said the child's father, almost roughly. And taking it in his arms, he carried it quickly out of the room.

"It is for him to decide," said Mary, simply, after a little pause.

"Yes," Helen assented. She was content to hold her peace after that. It *was* for Jim to decide; and she had little fear as to the result. They had come very close together in that moment of supreme suffering and sympathy. No words could go so far to show him that she felt—to influence him toward her wish. How could this other woman's claim compare with hers!

In the reaction from the strain of her intense emotion she felt a singular impatience with all this environment of strangeness and sorrow in which her brother stood. Aching in every fibre of her being for his grief, she longed ardently to take him away from it, to have him to herself and comfort him. She was eagerly confident of the power of time and association to make him forget this brief experience of joy and agony and to restore to him his old happiness and peace.

The baby!—what a help she would be! What a consolation and diversion! Her father would be interested in everything that pertained to her—in her growth and development, her education, her happiness. She would be an ever-increasing pleasure as the years passed. She should have every advantage—that stupid German girl must be got rid of, and a better nurse provided—Helen's active and practical imagination was busy already, as she moved silently about the stricken house, with hopes and plans for the future, vague, flitting visions of the things that should be in the years to come.

"We beseech Thee, for thine infinite mercies, that thou wilt mercifully look upon this child . . . that she being delivered from thy wrath . . . may so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally she may come to the land of everlasting life, there to reign with Thee, world without end."

The minister's low voice, the stately phrases of the baptismal service sounding solemnly in the silence, gave the last touch of unspeakable sadness and sacredness to the scene. The quiet room, with that gleam of yellow leaves at the window, against which the rain swept in windy gusts; the little group of mourners in their sombre garb; the dead mother, lying still and lovely, in her narrow white bed, with flowers in her folded hands, and no shadow of anxiety or distress upon her sleeping face—only a half-smile that floated there like a mist, mysterious and remote; and in her nurse's arms, the baby, rosy, dimpled, cooing in happy ignorance of this strange and tragic beginning of her voyage upon "the waves of this troublesome world."

"Wherefore, we being thus persuaded of the good-will of our heavenly Father toward this infant——"

Helen bowed her head, and could not see for tears. There was a little stir among the others. The child's father, very white and quiet, had taken her from the nurse and given her himself into the arms of the minister. He was an old man, dry and lifeless as a withered leaf, but there was a tremor in his voice as he pronounced the words of consecration above the unconscious child, and signed her with the sign of the cross. She gazed at him with wondering, calm eyes, until, seeing her father, she gave a little gurgle of recognition and delight and held out her tiny hands to him. He took her back, and turning, held her for a moment silently, with bowed head, above her mother's face. Then he went quickly toward Helen.

She caught her breath in a noiseless sob, and waited, leaning a little forward, all her heart in her eyes, her hands ready to be outstretched for the gift.

And in a moment it had passed her by.

Jim had gone straight to his sister-in-law—to Mary—and laying the child in her arms, stood there beside her until the last prayer had been said, and the last Amen had fallen with inexpressible melancholy and pathos upon the deepened hush.

Helen did not hear it. Her thoughts were in a tumult of disappointment and amaze. With characteristic energy and self-control, she hid her feelings deep within her heart, and showed, throughout the rest of that trying day, only a composure and sweetness which would have deceived any but those who knew her best. Within herself she was saying passionately that she should never forgive her brother. Her disappointment was too keen, her sense of all it meant to her too deep and bitter. But for the moment, she could but accept it silently, graciously, as she knew the other woman would have done in her place.

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When all was over, and, coming back to the empty house, the women had done what they could, with the moving of things back into their accustomed places, the lighting of lamps and drawing of curtains, to take off the first keen edge of desolation and dreariness for the lonely man, he and his sister were left alone together at last for a moment in the library. Then Jim went over to Helen where she stood drooping in sudden uncontrollable weariness by the fire, and took her hand.

"You are disappointed, Helen?" he asked.

She could not trust herself to speak, but stood looking down in a silence that was all too eloquent to the brother who understood her so well.

"You must forgive me, dear," he said, with something of the old masterful magnetism in his voice. "It was hard, God knows-but there was just one thing that settled it for me. I was thinking of Katherine—of the baby—and—I saw it plainly enough—you women cannot keep anything out of your faces, you know; Helen, you wanted —me; but Mary wanted—the baby!"

The unsparing, inevitable appeal of the truth went home to Helen's heart. She acknowledged it in silence, looking straight into her brother's eyes, sad, earnest, unwavering.

And then she broke down and cried, with her face against his arm, and, woman-like, forgave him.

Hidden Seas

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

HIS love for me, it hath a reticence—
Not even I may come too near, or know
The fulness of the mystery below,
Not even I may pass his gay defence.

Yet when a sea lies hidden underground,
Masked by a smiling land that gives no sign,
Still to the watchful comes a taste of brine,
An ancient and a solitary sound

Steals from the secret caverns like a wraith:
Then may the watchful, creeping close to earth,
Know of the restless tides that gave it birth,
Hearing their distant surges—and have faith.

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Heroes of the Hour

By FREDERICK NORTH

WE are accustomed to make a wide distinction between heroes and the ordinary run of mortals, as though the man who had done the great deed had a different order of blood in his veins and had been moulded of finer clay. Yet every day it is being proved that the hero is only the man with the opportunity; that any good American of able body and mind can mount into heroism at the cry for help. Innate manliness and a cool head—these might almost be called national characteristics; and they are all that man or boy needs to lift him up into the ranks of heroes when the chance comes.

LESLIE MATLOCK
The Paul Revere of Heppner.

Riot and flood and fire have offered many chances this year to the man who would step forward and take the responsibility of the occasion. The town of Heppner, Oregon, needed a brave man last June, when the flood came down the creek; and found him at the first call for help. Along the line of the creek 500 people were marvelling at the storm, taking comfort in the good roofs that gave them shelter. Thunder and hail might rage outside; within was Sunday night peace, early lamps for the darkness and children reassured in the safe bulwark of their mothers' skirts while the "voice of God" pealed overhead. The flood was coming down in one great, upright wave, sweeping up all that grew or stood or moved along its track, flinging its trophy upon its back and reaching eagerly for more. Someone must turn these bewildered beings out into the night and set them running—slipping, gasping, struggling—up the drenched banks while the little home met its fate.

The flood, sweeping into Heppner, licked up the nearest buildings and crushed them like paper. Their lamps went out.

It was too late to save the town, but all the country below cried out for help, and the call was answered. Leslie Matlock, a young stockman, watching the storm in Sunday night idleness, saw this strange wall loom up out of the creek. Part of a barn hung for a moment on its top and then was sucked under. The wall curled, then crashed forward, and there was a sound of rending timbers, and screams. Matlock ran blindly toward the homes of his people below, but he was too late. The grinding, seething mass swallowed them up beyond the possibility of help. Then his mind flew to the 500 other lives along the creek. There was

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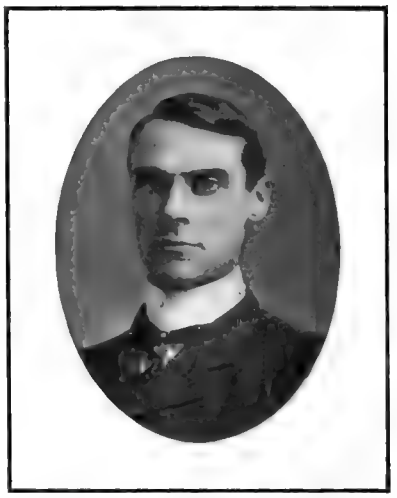
no time for personal sorrow now. The moment had raised up its hero. In less than sixty seconds he and Bruce Kelly, a comrade who had answered his shout, were mounted on the first horses they could seize and pounding through the storm to the rescue.

Paul Revere had at least a road to follow, but Matlock's course lay along the black windings of a creek with the devouring water at his horse's heels, wire fences to be cut through, and the blackness of rain and hail broken only by the ominous blaze of lightning. Perhaps he rode better for knowing that half his kin and friends had already been swallowed up in the wreck of their homes; but the knowledge must have been grim company on the ride. Every bend of the creek, every point of danger, was known to both men, and on door after door they beat their warning—"The flood is coming! Save yourselves!" then raced on, while the terrified people fled with bare heads and empty hands to the high ground. Behind the riders the water, seething with trees, buildings and cattle, would pile up in a gigantic wall, giving them their moment of headway; then the wall would burst through and a new destruction follow.

The hail bruised them like stones. Once Matlock's horse fell, throwing him heavily, so that he must remount with a strained knee. The wind and the slippery banks set the horses gasping and the men must ride with heads turned back for the clutch of the enemy that followed. At last, mud-splashed couriers, with white, set faces, they galloped into the town of Lexington and saw its citizens race to the high land. Then on through Pettysville to Ione, twenty-three miles from what had been Heppner. Three miles before the end, Kelly's horse gave out and he had to save his own life, but Matlock had secured a fresh mount and kept on into the town. Here a telegram had already brought the news—the Heppner operator's last earthly act had been to send warning—and now the telephone carried the tale down to the ranches below. Matlock, his work done, posted back through mud and rain to Arlington, to learn what he could of his own. It was dreary news of death and destruction: one uncle was dead, another had lost all his family, and the friends of a lifetime were in the dire list of the missing. But five hundred lives were saved because a man had in him the making of a hero.

A sheriff who gives a mob its lust, instead



ATTORNEY ANDERSON F. BYRD

Who has put an end to a Kentucky feud.

of the prisoner it has come to lynch, is a practical reformer as well as a personal hero. He is making headway against a national evil as well as fulfilling his position as sheriff, for each time that such a stand is made, the world learns with new amazement the innate feebleness of the average mob when it is confronted with righteous courage. Courage may even be single-handed, as it was in Danville, Illinois, last July, when Sheriff Hardy H. Whitlock stepped out on the jail porch and emptied his shotgun into the yelling, threatening mob: there were others to come to his help, but only one real man was needed. The mob was cowed, beaten.

The trouble began in the idle drinking with which the mob honors the Glorious Fourth. By night the lawless element was ready for trouble, and found its opportunity when a negro named Metcalf, without provocation, shot and killed Henry Gatterman, a young butcher of many friends. Metcalf was wrested from the police station, kicked to death, then hanged, shot, and burned. No one resisted for him, beyond a first futile attempt to hide his whereabouts.

Then the mob, inflamed with success, turned to the jail to repeat the performance with another negro, charged with assault. Sheriff Whitlock, who was in charge here, managed three times to quiet and dispel them; but each time passion flamed up again—the struggle had to come. Finally a steel rail swung by a hundred reckless hands smashed in the lower panels of the jail door.

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The sheriff, recognizing his moment, dropped on one knee and fired his shotgun through the gap straight into the advancing crowd.

They fell back: but they had tasted success that night and soon they were at it again, this time at the residence part of the jail, where the sheriff's wife and children were lodged. Before the rail could reach the door, Whitlock flung it open, stepped out in full view of the howling mob and fired into its face. A man fell, the rest drew back. When they gathered breath for another rush forward, there was another charge of shot, cries of pain, more men dropping and staggering. The deputies backed up their chief, but he ordered them not to shoot so long as he could hold the crowd, coolly choosing in the moment of peril to take the whole responsibility on himself.

SHERIFF WHITLOCK
Who, single-handed, defeated the Danville mob.

The mob yelled defiance: the porch was strewn with stones, and fifty bullets must have whirled past and over the defenders. The sheriff fired eight times in all, and held his post uninjured until, toward morning, the mob broke up and went away, sobered and taught a bitterly needed lesson that will never be forgotten. Whitlock had a harder task because the beast in them had been let loose by the horror they had committed and because their success at the police station had given them recklessness. Nevertheless, he won, and is now a hero in the eyes of all who respect the national honor. It is officers like this, not theorists and editorial writers, who will put down the crime of lynching in America.

A hero of a different opportunity is Anderson Floyd Byrd, attorney for the Commonwealth of Breathitt County, who has thrust himself into the centre of a Kentucky feud, and made a brave stand for law and order in a community where murder has long gone unpunished and unrecorded. In this case the feud was not the series of romantic and chivalrous duels fiction would lead us to expect, but a matter of promiscuous shooting in the back by hired assassins. And the price was not exorbitant. A popular witticism of Breathitt County typified the system: "Here is $5, go kill my man and bring back the change."

The famous Hargis-Cockrell feud, that gave Byrd his chance, had remote sources back in the sixties, and has cost some forty lives, coming to a climax in the murder of Judge James B. Marcum, last May.

The Jett-White trial that followed betrayed the state of the community; no one wanted to bear witness, to open his lips on the subject, even the newspapers showing plainly that they were intimidated. Marcum would have been put away with a perfunctory show of justice and no consequences if Prosecuting Attorney Byrd had not taken up the crime with so vehement a grip. That his life was in hourly danger he knew beyond question, but he took few precautions and went single-heartedly about his business of restoring the honor of his county. The supreme test of his character came when he stood up to arraign the prisoners at the bar, knowing that every vigorous word against them and their possible backers was a future

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bullet in wait for his own life; and he met it with a courage the whole country has risen to applaud. These were bold words to fling at powerful citizens:

"I want to give warning to you and all of your followers that your bloodthirsty duels must stop in Breathitt County. . . . God knows the day has got to come when the arch assassins, the men who are the controlling powers behind the Jetts and Whites, will be exposed to the world, and either sent to the prison or to the noose."

In his address to the jury, Byrd was tense with emotion, the righteous anger of a crusader against injustice:

"Gentlemen, you are on trial as well as Jett and White, and you must answer to the bar of public opinion as well as to the bar of the Breathitt Criminal Court. You have got to do your duty or be pilloried by public opinion. . . . I am not afraid of any threats, because I believe the men are guilty, and at any time I am ready to face my Maker with these words on my lips, 'Curt Jett, Tom White, you are guilty of murdering James Marcum.'"

GOVERNOR WINFIELD T. DURBIN

Indiana's vigorous defender of the rule of law.

One obstinate juror kept Jett from the rope. So far Byrd has failed to hang these two men. But, whatever their fate may yet be, daylight, the first element of reform, has been let into Breathitt County. Byrd may yet meet the penalty of his fine courage; but the day of hired assassins is over when they pay at the gallows for their work.

Byrd is not yet forty, the son of a farmer, who, with small opportunities, made himself school-teacher and then lawyer. Keen-eyed, blunt, eloquent in his sincerity, he is marked by nature "leading citizen," and has proved his title, to the lasting welfare of Kentucky.

It was in July that Governor Durbin, of Indiana, had a chance that has been offered to governors before, but has not always been taken advantage of. The town of Evansville came to serious issue with a mob, and at the price of a dozen killed and three times as many wounded, dispersed its rioters by a remedy since called "the Evansville cure"—a round of bullets from the militia. Simmering anarchism and race hatred, drink, and a negro who had murdered a white man were the causes, and, as usual, the city authorities are blamed for not stopping the trouble in the very beginning, when clubs could have dispersed the gathering mob. The militia, called out to defend the jail, were met with insults, which changed to missiles. Then they fired—that was the Evansville cure. The mob broke and fled, leaving the dead and wounded on the ground.

Governor Winfield T. Durbin took charge of the situation with edifying vigor. He filled the town with militia, threatened martial law if any further outbreaks followed, and made such trenchant declarations as the following:

"To all, regardless of color or conditions, impartial justice shall be meted out. Upon all guilty of crimes, the penalties prescribed by law shall be promptly visited, and he who goes to war in Indiana, no matter what his pretext, must fight under the red flag of anarchy."

The police force was increased, the saloons were closed, and citizens ordered to keep off the streets as much as possible. Under this vigorous "no nonsense" policy the town was startled back to order, and the rough element returned to obscurity. Governor Durbin's energy was endorsed by a personal letter from President Roosevelt.

There are daily heroes in the cause of property. The records of railroad history alone show thousands of instances when innate manliness and a cool head needed only opportunity to become heroism. High or low, man or child—the chance may come. Thanks to the clean, brave ancestors who gave us our traditions, the supreme unselfishness of heroism is possible to us; and when need calls, there is a man to answer.

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MR. LABOUCHERE'S COUNTRY PLACE AT TWICKENHAM—FORMERLY POPE'S VILLA.

Labby

By T. P. O'CONNOR

YOU have often seen on the stage how the socially smaller person becomes far more interesting than his superior. In "Othello," it is the soldier-servant of the Republic of Venice and not the Doge or any other of his most approved good masters that is the central and most momentous figure. In "Romeo and Juliet" the boy and girl lovers are more royal than the regnant Duke; Hamlet the young Prince, still far from a throne, is the real King of your interest, and not either the father who is dead or the uncle who still lives, upon the throne. And similarly it often happens that the interest which posterity takes in individuals is in inverse proportion to the parts they have appeared to play in the life of their own times and among their own contemporaries.

I am inclined to think that this is what will happen with Mr. Labouchere, or "Labby" as he is universally called. To-day he is but a private member of the House of Commons; he never has been—probably he never will be—a member of any Cabinet. There is an idea that he would have willingly joined the last administration that was formed by Mr. Gladstone, or the first that was created by Lord Rosebery; anyhow, he did not become a Minister in either the one or the other. Fate, more dramatic and perhaps more clear-sighted than Mr. Labouchere's own ambitions, willed that Labby should always remain the private member; for it is as the private member that he stands out from others; to have transformed him into anything else would have been to take away the real flavor, the true distinction, the harmonious note of his character and career. A being, solitary, unique, independent, and apart, he has been all his life hitherto—and such he should remain to the end; it is his highest glory and most permanent title to fame. And as such a figure he will be remembered many generations; probably after nobody outside a school-boy will know that many of the men who to-day loom large in the public eye as Cabinet Ministers and other high dignitaries, ever existed at all. One can see how delightful a figure he will make in the comedy of manners, that seeks to make the figures of the end of the nineteenth century live again; still more, how he is certain to fill space in the Memoirs that at present are locked up in drawers; how his sayings, witty, audacious, cynical, will be recalled as painting a character or a situation. He is so excellent a foil to so many things and persons; that biting commentary of his runs like a disturbing and haunting Greek chorus through all blaring music of the big conflicts and the potent persons of his time. Or shall I describe him as the Devil's Advocate, who will always appear in the Court of History, to recall posterity from hysterics of too much

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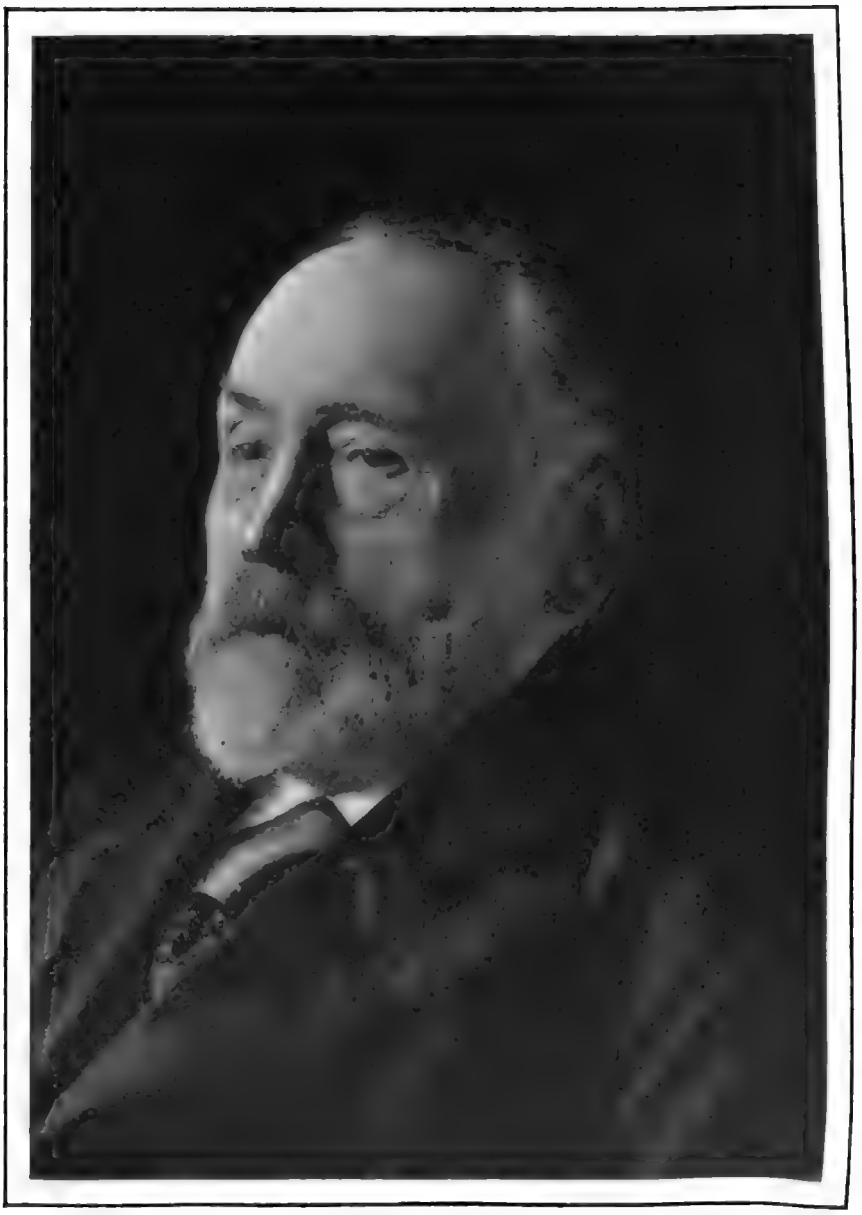

HENRY LABOUCHERE.

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admiration for figures that time will have magnified perchance from their mere humanity into the semi-divine. In that court, Labby will always be ready to represent the case for the prosecution; to repeat his particular message of "*Nil admirari.*"

The personality of the man, then, is sufficient to make him dramatic and picturesque; but fate—the dramatist—has contrived to make his career so dramatic and picturesque, too, as to give a fine background and stage for his peculiar talents and gifts. His life, indeed, began in one of the romances which are best calculated to delight his somewhat sardonic soul. The Laboucheres are a Dutch family; there is a branch still in Holland well known as manufacturers of the choicest delft of that country. In the beginning of the eighteenth century a young Labouchere was a member of a banking firm in The Hague. He was sent on a mission to England to the great house of Baring, then, as now, one of the mighty banking houses, whose transactions cover the earth. Young Labouchere promptly fell in love with a daughter of the house, and, with a courage and self-confidence which seem characteristic of the race, dared to raise his eyes to what might have well appeared an inaccessible beauty. When this young foreign clerk made his proposal, one can easily imagine the horror and indignation with which it was received by the haughty English banker; but young Labouchere had apparently the irreverence that is the characteristic of his distinguished descendant, and calmly asked in reply whether it would make any difference if, instead of being a clerk, he were a partner in the banking house which had sent him on this mission. The English magnate, with that eye to business which distinguishes the Englishman in every position, thought this was another proposition, and did not give a final answer. This was enough for the bold young adventurer; he went back to Holland, and there, somewhat reversing the proposition, told his employers that if they made him a partner, he could marry the daughter of the Barings, and become a member of the firm, and thus obtain for his Dutch house an invaluable ally. He was made a partner; he married the lady and the bank; and coming to England, he got into the heart of the city—made a huge fortune, and founded a family after the true fashion of the nation to which he had attached himself.

No man, however, can be said to have founded a family in England who does not put some of his fortune in entail, and take precautions that the eldest male of his descendants shall always have the first claim on the bulk of his estate; that is why primogeniture is still such an obstinate law, which, fated oft to die, still survives. The older Labouchere settled accordingly a sum of something like a quarter of a million of money in entail, and willed that it should go to the eldest male of his descendants. He had two sons: Henry Labouchere and William. Of the two, Henry must have been the man most after his own heart, for he entered politics, attained a certain degree of distinction in that career, was a Cabinet Minister, and ended in the odor of social sanctity as a Peer. A Peerage in the second generation of a foreign family was not doing badly. But here the dreadful entail intervened; the successful and pushing man of the world had many children, but there was no surviving son among them. I have heard the grim story that his first wife was found one morning dead in her bedroom with a dead male child beside her; thus robbing Henry Labouchere of wife, child, and the great heritage in one fell blow. He married a second time, and into a family notorious for its fecundity. His wife bore him several children; they were all girls; and Labby tells to this day, with a funny look in his glittering eyes, how he used to go and console the hapless lady after each new birth, which was a new disappointment.

Possibly there was nobody in the world to whom the older Laboucheres would have been more unwilling to leave the great inheritance than Labby. This race of thrifty and pushful worldlings, eager for titles and honors, and full of the true spirit of British gigmanity, had nothing in common with a man who, whatever his defects, has always had a scorn not merely for the conventions, but for the small social ambitions of life. Amid much that is sheer affectation in Labby, this contempt for petty ambitions is perfectly sincere and instinctive; it reveals itself in a score of ways—of which more, later on. His father was just as different from him as his political uncle. William Labouchere took to religion and philanthropy; was a great figure at Exeter Hall, the home of Evangelical piety; was a very serious person, indeed. Labby is a strange freak in this prosperous, pushful, God-fearing race. From his very boyhood he showed the same gibing spirit that led him afar from the haunts of the wise to those of

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the pagan. While still a mere boy he had become an *habitué* of all the weird haunts which were so common a feature of the London of the fifties and sixties—a London which knew nothing of Licensing Laws; which gambled, drank, amused itself openly and flagrantly, and from morning to night and night to morning. It was a London in which the Marquis of Steyne was still remembered; and where he had still some friends and some successors. I may illustrate the period by telling in a couple of sentences the story of one of the men who was a friend and companion of Labby's youth. He was Lord Dunkellin; and he was the son of the late and the brother of the present Marquis of Clanricarde. I remember seeing him in the town of Galway, which he represented in Parliament. It was the days when Irish constituencies, under the heel of the omnipotent landlord, sent to Parliament those it hated and dreaded. When he was but forty or forty-five years of age, Lord Dunkellin had managed to exhaust his vitality; and he died. It is said that when his physician told him he was going to die, he calmly asked how long he had to live; and when he was told half an hour, he ordered his valet to wind up the musical box, which was one of his consolations; and this was the prayer on which he was wafted to regions beyond the sky. Finally, one can form a picture of the London of Labby's youth by saying that it was the London of Thackeray;

A HALL IN MR. LABOUCHERE'S FLORENTINE VILLA.

that the Coal Hole was still a great and fashionable resort for the man about town; and that, in short, it was an up-all-night London, with no great luxurious hotels, no music-halls, few theatres, and many inns.

Into this world Labby plunged instinctively; and indeed he was equal to the best of them in stopping up all night; and so fond was he of the life that he actually lived in one of the hotels of Covent Garden, the hotel whose basement was a Hall of Harmony and an all-night inn.

It may be well asked how it comes that

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Labby is still alive, for he is the only one of his contemporaries who is. When sometimes I look on him, still sprightly and interested in everything that is going on, although he is seventy, I feel as though I were looking on one who, like Dante, had visited the Elysian Fields, and come out sane and alive; or, at some one of the heroes who rode into the jaws of Death in the Charge of the Light Brigade; so affrighting are the scenes and companionship of Labby's early days. But the cause is simple; Labby looked on at the wild mad game of orgies; but he only looked on. Epicurean in his philosophy, he has always been an ascetic in his habits. To this day he is almost a teetotaler; and his indifference to food has passed into a legend. He himself best describes his peculiarity in this respect by one of the many stories he tells with delight against himself. One evening he came home somewhat unexpectedly to his house at Twickenham; there was no dinner ready. "Go," said Labby to his horrified butler, "to the nearest ham and beef shop and bring me back some cold ham and beef." The food was brought back; he adds that it was conveyed in an old newspaper—but that is probably a little embroidery of his own invention—and he says that he seriously thought from that time forward of dispensing with cooks and kitchens, and having his food brought from the neighboring ham and beef shop every night. He certainly could have adopted this practice without any personal sense of deprivation. He used at one time to go about the country, speaking in all kinds of places, and, of course, accepting all kinds of hospitality. He tells how, in one place, the somewhat awed host showed his sense of Labby's superiority by presenting him with sandwiches made of ham and sponge-cake! Labby ate the sandwiches with keen pleasure; the prospect of telling the story was an additional condiment to the meal.

But while Labby, in his early life in London, was thus able to touch pitch and not be defiled, one can well understand the horror and terror which such a life as his was bound to inspire in the pillar of Exeter Hall, or in the political uncle. I don't know whether Labby felt as indifferent about it as he professes; but he speaks of the relations with his father with great amusement, at the bottom of which there may be a little bitterness. He was away from home for some three or four years once, and he drove up to his father's immediately on his return. His father looked at him somewhat blankly: Labby grasped the situation; and when his father asked him whether he had yet got lodgings—a notice to quit in very plain language—Labby immediately answered that he had already secured his rooms, and, when his father asked him to call in now and then, promised to do so with the same detachment from all human affection as his parent had displayed. Labby worships his own only child and has been her willing slave; but then she is a girl; perhaps it might have been different if she had belonged to the other sex. Anyhow, these were the relations on which Labby stood to his relatives; and this was the irreverent scapegrace who was to bag the glittering prize of a quarter of a million pounds sterling! Was it not enough to make the founder of the family turn in his grave?

Labby got the money in spite of the pious shakings of his father's head, in spite of the fecundity of his aunt; and he was thus able to start life with the advantage of plenty of money. And just as he was able to pass scatheless through scenes of riot, he was able to keep a tight hold on his money, through all the vicissitudes of his career. The old business instinct in the banker's blood, which he has inherited, has always stood to him; and though he has run the gamut of gambling, among other things, he has always been careful about money, and to-day is one of the richest men in England. Indeed his power of driving a hard bargain is proverbial; and he has the devil's luck in all his undertakings. *Truth* made money from the second number—a record then unknown in the history of newspaper enterprise; the *Daily News* was losing money until he invested some £10,000 in it; it began to earn large profits from that time forward; he ultimately sold his share in it for the huge sum of £90,000; the paper for a long time after he had left it ceased to make money. His capital is invested in the best securities; in lands, buildings, gilt-edged stocks; he is sparing in his expenditure; for he hates and despises ostentation of all kinds. That young daughter of his, who inherits his bright black eyes and some of his mordant wit, will be one of the richest heiresses in Europe.

Diplomacy was Labby's first profession. Never, assuredly, did the high and dry gentlemen who belong to that profession find

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themselves enriched by such an embarrassing possession as this young recruit. All kinds of stories are still extant as to the strange freaks by which he amused and bewildered his superiors. For instance, it is said that once he was instructed to come home to London from Constantinople. He wasn't heard of for some time; and was apparently lost in the midst of the Black Forest or some of the other lands that intervened between him and home. He was at last traced; and then calmly wrote that he was obeying orders, and was making his way homeward; but that as his chief had forgotten to send him any money to pay the expenses by the ordinary methods of travelling, he was working his slow passage on foot! But freakish though he was as a diplomat, Labby owes to this period of his existence experiences more valuable than those that belong to almost any other living man. He saw most parts of the world; and all the remarkable men in these different countries. When you look at the face of this perennial *gamin*, you find it difficult to believe your ears when he speaks to you of the America that existed before the Civil War; when he talks to you of Daniel Webster as of an intimate acquaintance; and when he recalls long evenings he spent in beer saloons at Frankfort with Bismarck when Bismarck was better known for the voracity of his appetite and the opulence of his power of drinking than for his more important gifts. This period of Labby's diplomacy synchronized with the last dying days of universal gambling on the Continent. Homburg and Baden-Baden were then only one of many Monte Carlos where everybody gambled freely, especially those of the upper classes. Labby tells to this day how he kept a horse to take him from the staidness and dulness of Frankfort —for this wondrous man remembers the

MR. LABOUCHERE'S TOWN HOUSE: WESTMINSTER ABBEY IN THE BACKGROUND.

days when the relics of the Holy Roman Empire still existed, and when the German Empire still lay hidden in the womb of time, when he kept a horse to take him from Frankfort to Homburg; delightful then, as now, in geographical situation, but then also the resort of all that was powerful and beautiful and vicious in Europe. Whatever Labby has done in his life, he has done thoroughly; and he had for some years, at this period of his life, the reputation of being one of the boldest gamblers in Europe. He himself has told me of staking £4,000 once on the turn of a single card. It is a singular instance of a man being able to entirely abandon what was once a master-passion, that Labby has not touched cards for perhaps a quarter of a century; and that he now finds them a bore, chiefly because he always wins. There is something weird—is there not?—in the life of a man who has seen so much of a Europe, and of a life that has passed as irrevocably away as though it were Noah and the Ark; who has himself lived so many lives and passed through so many phases and careers; and who yet to-day is young enough to be as deeply interested as the youngest M. P. in a General Election or a Parliamentary intrigue.

Even with diplomacy his phases were not ended; for when he finally retired to London, he took to theatre management. Most of the actors who to-day have great names were in his service—Irving, Wyndham, Ellen Terry, and a host of others. The second time I went to a theatre after my arrival in London was to the Queen's, which then stood in Long Acre, and the Queen's was then under the management of Labby. He has written a play or two as well; I think one of them was called "Creatures of Impulse." It is another testimony to the extraordinary shrewdness of the man that he left theatrical

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management without losing his fortune; in fact, he says that he came out even, which, considering what usually happens, was a big achievement. Before he finally settled down to serious politics, he tried his hand at stock exchange speculation. Here again he showed that extraordinary daring which had been his characteristic in all his doings. One day he made £50,000!

He became a member of Parliament for the first time as far back as 1865. It was in the days of open voting and open corruption; and he has many a curious tale to tell of the exploits of his friends and supporters. One man especially delighted him. He was dressed as a parson, and on the day of the polling he complained somewhat of exhaustion; Labby tenderly asked the reason. The honest fellow had been around the whole constituency, and had visited every polling booth, personating the absent and the dead! Labby's Parliamentary career was short-lived at this epoch; he stood several times, or was spoken of for several constituencies, but he was not elected again till 1880, when he was returned for Northampton at the same time as Charles Bradlaugh; and that constituency he has represented ever since, and probably will represent for the remainder of his days.

An event even more important in his life had occurred just before 1880—that was the foundation of his well-known paper *Truth*. *Truth* came into existence almost by accident. When the late Edmund Yates started the *World*, he asked Labby to write his City article—an article which, with his knowledge of finance, his confirmed scepticism, his whole "bear" temperament, he was very well qualified to write. The *World* proved a great success; and no article in it was more successful than that of Labby. It occurred to him that he might try his own hand at a paper, but he for a long time refused to entertain the idea; at last, however, he took his courage in both hands, and the paper was started. It was an immediate and a huge success; it paid handsomely from the second number—a record then unparalleled in the annals of journalism. Everybody knows the character and career of *Truth*. It has created something like a revolution in journalism. If to-day journalism in England has lost a good deal of its old pretentiousness of style—if the editorial and potential "we" has given place to the familiar and veracious "I," Labby must get most of the credit for having produced the change. *Truth* also was the first journal to make permanent war on swindles and swindlers. No newspaper has ever exposed so many rogues; and in this way Labby has been a greater guardian of the public purse, and especially of the charitable and the philanthropic, than all the Ministries and all the police forces of Great Britain.

The political opinions of Labby are well known. He is the greatest of the school known as the Little Englanders. In season and out of season, in days when the gospel was popular, in days when it was almost as much as a man's life was worth to preach it, Labby has stuck to his creed. He always hated and distrusted and fought the late Mr. Rhodes; and it was, perhaps, through the influence of Labby that the great pro-consul had to appear and stand cross-examination by a Parliamentary Committee. Talk to Labby, and he will deride his own politics and himself with the same unsparing scepticism as anybody else's; and this is so much the case, and the whole air of the man is so incredulous and mocking, that many people ask whether he really believes in anything or in anybody; whether there is anything serious in this Voltairian spirit, and whether his politics is not as much an affectation as anything else about him. I have always thought that this reading of Mr. Labouchere was profoundly false. His political faith is in accord with his whole temperament. That hatred of snobbery; that indifference to creature comforts—to ordinary social ambitions; that tendency to look on the "bear" side of every speculation—financial or political—all these things, which are at the very roots of Labby's being, also explain his political views. He looks at Imperialism practically as he would look at the prospectus of a new mine; he would be much more likely to see the weak than the strong sides of any such enterprise; he is a Little Englander by instinct—as much by the weak as by the strong sides of his mixed and vigorous character.

The habits of Labby are such as you might expect from this sketch of his character and career. Though enormously rich, as I have said, he enjoys few of the ordinary pleasures that are supposed to go with riches. He eats the simplest fare; he never touches wine except when he is bullied into taking a glass or two of mild claret by medical advice; and then he swallows it as though it were medicine. The only exception, I believe, he makes to this practice is when he

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MR. LABOUCHERE'S VILLA AT FLORENCE.

is abroad; then—probably from dread of typhoid-bearing water—he drinks a little wine daily. He has two weaknesses: one is his love of cigarette smoking; the other a certain desire—amounting, indeed, to something like a mania—for changing houses and redecoration and rebuilding. He is rarely without a cigarette in his mouth; indeed, this love of smoking amounts to something like a passion. In the midst even of a fierce debate or of a great speech, Labby may be seen rising from his seat in his lazy indolent manner; and he repeats this performance almost every half hour; he is going to one of the smoke-rooms of the House to have his cigarette. It is characteristic of him that he smokes very inferior cigarettes. Once, when things were hot in Ireland, he used to chaffingly ask Mr. Balfour, then Chief Secretary, whether he would be allowed cigarettes if he were sent to gaol. I asked him what kind he smoked: "As long as there is quantity," said Labby, with his usual sardonic smile, "I really don't much care about quality."

The love of decorating and rebuilding houses is a passion of a more expensive character. Labby himself always says that he is an architect *manqué:* whether he means that or not, it is hard to say; it is hard ever to know what Labby really thinks; the *persiflage* is so thick a veil—a mask that is so permanently kept on. But anyhow, he acts as if he thought he ought to be an architect. He changed houses three times in the course of a few years since I have known him. At last, however, he has settled down; for he has got the house which suits him above all others. Probably there is no more stately, or more convenient, or more pleasant house for a politician in all London than 5 Old Palace Yard. It is in a corner in the small row of houses that face the entrance to the House of Lords; it nestles under the very walls of Westminster Abbey; it is so short a distance from the House of Commons that Labby could reach the floor of the House from his library almost within the three minutes which elapse between the call for and the taking of a division. Labby intellectually is one of the most active of men; physically he is one of the most indolent. His walk is slow and indolent; his movements are slow and indolent; he talks with something of a drawl; probably this is due to his being always under the influence of the cigarette, that great solvent of physical energy. A house, then, which saves him even a little walk to get to the House of Commons, is just what he would ask Fate to bestow; and Fate has been kind enough to do so. The room in which Labby will most frequently be found, in his house, is his library. He is a tireless and an omnivorous reader; and he has a memory that retains all

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he reads as though it were cut in steel. He once told me that he thought he could tell every event that took place at almost any hour of the day during the years of the French Revolution; a feat which is alone proof of marvellous memory. He works after a fashion one would not expect from his general indolence. He sits down usually before a note-book with perforated leaves; beside him is a bundle of stylographic pens. It does not matter to him whether there are people in the room where he is writing or not; that steady hand goes straight on—hour after hour, apparently without the slightest effort—with no sign of fatigue or of hesitation, even for a word. In this way, columns are turned out by the dozen; I have heard that his staff sometimes have complained that he has written as much as would fill the paper twice over. The marvel is that the writing thus produced is always lucid, vigorous English, readable by everybody, incapable of misunderstanding.

In addition to his house at 5 Old Palace Yard, Labby has a residence on one of the prettiest parts of the Thames. He owns the historic villa in which Pope once lived. This is at Twickenham, is built on a lawn that goes down to the river-side, and is within a few miles of London, in the very heart and centre, indeed, of the part of the Thames which the London public makes its playground on summer Sundays. The grounds of the villa extend to the other side of the road. Between the two lawns there runs, under the road, the famous grotto in which Pope is said to have made love, amid her screams of irreverent laughter, to Lady Mary Montagu. It was in these grounds that Mrs. Labouchere gave, perhaps, the most beautiful representation of a "Midsummer Night's Dream" that ever gladdened the eyes of man.

Labby has always loved the sun; and regularly every year has gone to Cadennabbia, in the Lake District in the north of Italy, to bask himself in its rays. This is the reason why recently he has bought one of the great historic villas of Florence, and that he there has a place to which he can escape when the bitter winds of London are freezing his less fortunate Parliamentary colleagues.

To complete the idea of his character, one should show that this mocking spirit, whose laugh resounds through his time, in derision of all things, who has broken more knaves and more shams than almost any man, who has figured in a hundred fights to the death in law courts, and has never, or rarely, been worsted, is human, like the rest of us. He is considerate to all those around him; sometimes even he is shy and timid. It is said that when he rings a bell for a servant with any impatience he runs out of the room before the servant has time to appear. And I have often seen this spirit of almost sardonic mockery blush like a girl.

The physique is eloquent of the spirit; Labby has been fashioned in his person by nature just as he should be. He is somewhat small of stature, his face is pallid, but he is strongly built, and if it were not for a stern control of what he eats and drinks, avoidance of all sugar—he carries saccharine with him everywhere—he would be stout. The face shows the contradiction of the character, and if it be studied closely, in spite of its habitual impassivity, is a very clear glimpse into the complex soul. When first you look at it, you are conscious only of its mockery. The eyes—black, cold, penetrating—are made even more quizzically funny by eyebrows that twist and turn, as though they were prepared by some theatrical *coiffeur* for a barytone about to play Mephistopheles. But the mouth, with its fulness, and with thickish underlip and its compression, reveals that other side of the spirit; it reveals the man of iron resolution, of inflexible opinions, of enmities that do not die. Napoleon used to be called Jupiter-Scapin; I might sum up Labby as Scapin-Cromwell.

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ALLEGORICAL DESIGN ABOVE THE PROSCENIUM—THE LAST WORK OF THE LATE ROBERT BLUM.*

The New Amsterdam Theatre

A Triumph for the New Art

By THEODORE WATERS

ONE day in the early nineties, a group of artists sat in a Paris café much frequented by students of the Latin Quarter, discussing the one absorbing topic—Art. They were all young and enthusiastic, gathered from many corners of the world, and of the temperament that sacrifices much to ideals. This day their enthusiasm was boundless, for a new doctrine had just been expounded—a doctrine which if accepted would cause a revolution in the world of art.

"It will create a furore," declared one. "We shall be fiercely criticised."

"Naturally," replied another. "Was there ever a radical opinion, however sane its premises, that was not harshly criticised?"

"The time is ripe for it," said the one who had broached the idea. "I have observed the work of many artists, not only in Paris, but in England and America. They are unconsciously trending away from the old standards. A little concerted effort on the part of a few will crystallize this scattered tendency and give it the dignity of a movement."

"Then we shall be that few. Pioneers of a new art movement. Good."

"Let us recapitulate," said the one who had first spoken. "Let us adopt a mode of argument. First there is the condition which exists."

"No," replied the man with the idea. "First there is history. Each age has produced a definite style of art. We all know that the various periods—Greek, Roman, Romanesque, Gothic, Empire, etc.—may be recognized by characteristics as distinct as the colors of the races. One style was replaced by another as soon as artistic sentiment demanded a change. But with the passing of the Empire, no new style was evolved in its place."

"You forget the plush horrors of Louis Napoleon," interrupted a furniture decorator.

"For over eighty years artists have been content to copy old ideas, to reassemble hackneyed forms," continued the other. "Nineteenth-century art has been a jumbled replica of worn-out methods. True, here and there an artist of strong character has sought to express his individuality in his work, but the general sense of direction seems to have been lost. No one has had the courage

* The winged figure of Poetry is seated in the centre; at the right is the figure of Truth—whose foot crushes the snake-entwined head of Falsehood. At the left is the hooded figure of Tradition bearing the scroll. Immediately below her, seated at the foot of the pedestal, is the figure of the Jester, and at the left of him the Lion and Love. At their feet, lying prone, is Melancholy.

In the left side of the composition the Supernatural and Superstition are represented by the fairies, the babes in the woods, and the enchanted deer.

At the right of the pedestal the King kneels to Death, who takes his crown from his head. Chivalry, the knight on horseback, is being crowned with a laurel wreath.

In the lower right-hand corner is Romance—the young knight rescuing the Princess from the Dragon. The two figures in profile at the extreme top of the canvas are the Greek Gods of Poetry and Song.

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"FAUST," BY PERRY. ONE OF THE LOBBY PANELS.

openly to deny the classics and start out in a new direction."

"But if we cast out the classics, what shall we erect in their place? You have not told us that."

"That cannot be determined in a moment. First let us resolve never in the slightest particular to follow in form or style what has been done before our time. Let us draw inspiration from the works of our predecessors, but copy them, never. Let us be ourselves. Let us seek the expression of our own individualities. It may be a propaganda of negation, but out of our concerted effort must at last be evolved something definite, a movement toward a fixed point. At least we shall have thrown off the shackles that have oppressed art for nearly a century. In a few years we shall see."

"Yes," cried one preparing to leave. "We will eschew the classics. We will burn our bridges behind us."

"Let us rather burn the classics," cried another as they all followed out of the café.

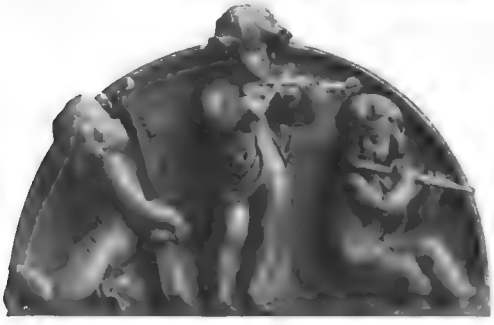
"Good," cried several. "We will burn the classics."

And that evening the Latin Quarter was edified by the spectacle of a number of students throwing some old books into a bonfire and dancing around what they gravely declared was the funeral pyre of a dead art.

In this informal manner was begun the rudimentary crystallization of the movement which has since attained such vogue under the title of L'Art Nouveau.

But it was one thing to discard the old ideals and quite another to define the full scope of the new. Naturally there was nothing to go upon, not a tradition upon which to base the evolution of the new style. The result was a succession of crudities calculated to invite the ridicule of the unsympathetic. Yet the movement flourished, for the promise of originality is alluring to

Declamation.



Music.

The Dance.

THREE GROUPS FROM THE FRONT OF THE THEATRE, FORTY-SECOND STREET ENTRANCE.

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HEADS SURMOUNTING THE

PILASTERS IN THE VESTIBULE.

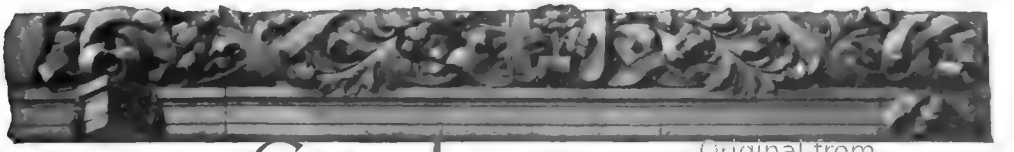
the artistic temperament, and after more than a decade of groping, a general principle of procedure has now been fairly well defined.

The new art attempts to express in design the constructional requirements of the object to be executed. Thus, in furniture, the decorative lines follow the natural grain of the wood and as far as possible indicate the nature of the material and the manner in which the different parts are put together. So there are no contortions, no unnatural twists, no cartouches, or other so-called decorations, entirely out of keeping with the practical requirements of the object adorned. On the contrary, the constructional necessities are accentuated and serve as a starting-point for the decorative scheme. The use of veneer has been largely abandoned and the artists themselves, discarding conventionalities, have turned to Nature and sought inspiration from the beauty of flowers, foliage, and animal life.

The world heard of the movement when the greater artists concerned began to put their ideas into material form. George Gray Barnard, the sculptor, went into the Salon in 1893, with his remarkable group, Me," and won highest honors. That Museum of Art, New York. Constan- aroused a storm of criticism. His with a Hoe." Indeed, it was held François Millet were but the precur- of the moderns, like Manet and or less directly in their footsteps. Bing devoted his attention to furniture and Lalique took up jewelry. Mucha became famous for his posters. Artists who had won notice before the movement took definite shape, and who had been unconsciously trending in the same general direction, began to participate. Puvis de Chavannes and Besnard did New

A MOULDING IN THE VESTIBULE.

"The Two Beings that are Within group is now in the Metropolitan tine Monnier made statues that "Puddler" might be another "Man that Corot, D'Aubigny, and Jean sors of the new movement, and several Claude Monet, sought to follow more



A TERRA-COTTA BORDER IN THE VESTIBULE.

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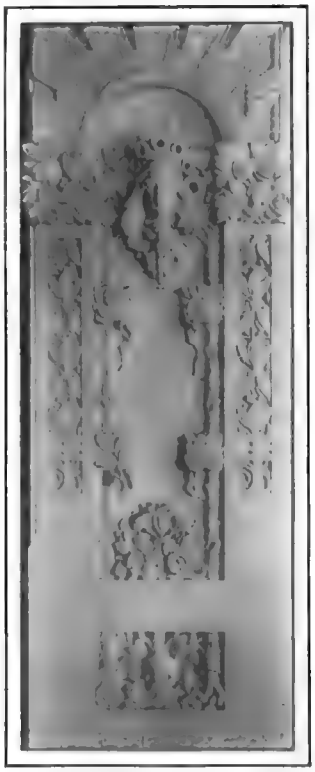
"PROGRESS," A PANEL IN THE FOYER, BY HUGH TALLANT.

Art mural decoration in the Hôtel de Ville, expressing the suggestion of the novel propaganda. In Germany, Max Neumark decorated three of the North German Lloyd steamers in terms of the new idea. His brother, Fritz Neumark, did the mural decorations for the Exposition of Düsseldorf. Bruno Moehring designed the ornaments for the Berlin elevated railway and is even now working on designs for the German division of the St. Louis Exposition. Thorbjorn Bassoe, of Norway, applied the idea to architecture in London. Of course, there was much difference of opinion concerning the different means used to achieve the common end, and much antagonism, for the old classic element in art circles was not for having its ideals torn down without a protest.

Until the present time, however, most of the work done for the new movement, while important, has been scattered. Painting, sculpture, decoration, a bit here, a bit there, but no combined example of what might be done by concerted effort in every line. But it has so happened that several of the original group of men who lived in the Latin Quarter in the early nineties —architects, painters, and sculptors—have become associated during the past year in the construction and decoration of a New York theatre in which they have been given full opportunity to illustrate the principles of the New Art. In the group is Henry B. Herts, who as a Columbia College student won the national prize of $10,000 offered for the best design for a Columbus memorial arch erected during the celebration of 1892, and who, with Hugh Tallant, a Harvard scholarship winner, went to Paris in time to take part in the movement here recorded; George Gray Barnard, the brothers Neumark, Bassoe, G. D. M. Peixotto, R. Hinton Perry, Robert Blum, whose recent death has been widely regretted, and others who have joined the ranks from time to time.



A PANEL IN THE FOYER, BY FRITZ NEUMARK.

This theatre, the New Amsterdam, is therefore the first concrete example of L'Art Nouveau, and as such it must attract the attention of artists the world over. Incidentally it is not less remarkable from an engineering point of view, being in this respect an example of the

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THE DECORATION OVER THE BOXES, BY MAX NEUMARK.

new art of theatre construction. There are, indeed, two theatres—one directly above the other—the upper in every respect as complete as the lower, having galleries, pit, and stage as large as any ordinary Broadway house and reached by elevators sufficiently large and numerous to convey an audience to or from the street in less than five minutes if necessary.

This double theatre is built of steel, and is planned like a tall office building in that the walls have little or nothing to do with supporting the floors. The lines of construction run up and down and the lines of decoration necessarily trend in the same general direction to accord with that principle of the new art which demands that the constructional necessities be accentuated and serve as a starting-point for the decorative scheme. Thus there are no cornices, so typical of almost all buildings erected during the last century. In the opinion of the architects, cornices are perfectly well suited to Grecian temples, since they are proportioned to the height of such low, spreading structures on which they carry the gutter out free from the wall, but are out of proportion on tall buildings, where they have no constructive meaning, and where they are generally made of tin painted to resemble stone.

So, in the interior also, there are no meaningless columns or entablatures encumbering the proscenium arch and the boxes, as in old-style theatres. The decorative lines flow continuously from the floor of the auditorium to the summit of its dome, closely following and accentuating the iron structure beneath. In other words, "the ornamentation expresses the construction, accords with it, and is therefore a true decoration, in refreshing contrast to the masses of meaningless plaster and marble work with which interiors are usually encumbered."

A SECTION OF THE MOULDING ROUND THE PROSCENIUM ARCH.

There are no fat Cupids carrying impossible garlands, no classic masks representing the traditions of a drama extinct twenty centuries ago. On the other hand, the detail is based upon actual flower, plant, and animal forms newly studied and conventionalized. In the place of the Cupids are portrait heads representing the great characters of drama and song. In the words of the architects, "all the wealth of the forest and plain, all the fancy of Midsummer

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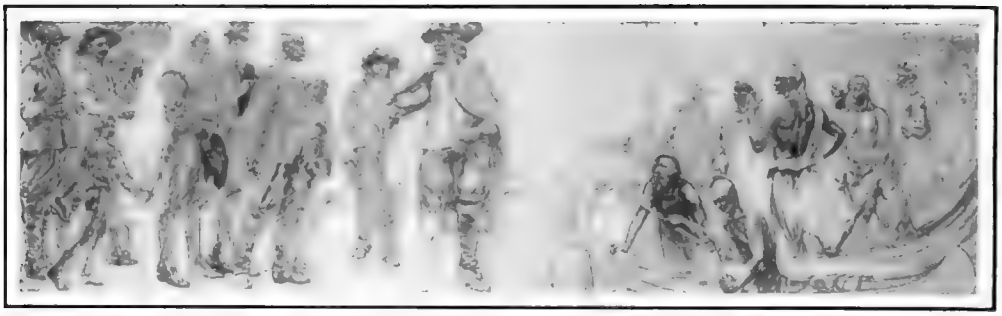

"THE BARTER FOR MANHATTAN ISLAND," A PANEL IN THE NEW AMSTERDAM ROOM, BY PEIXOTTO.

Night's Dream,' all the romance of Boccaccio and the 'Nibelungen Lied,' have been lavished on the walls of this theatre."

Since the new art despises all tricks and shams, it follows that there are no veneered woods, no stucco-work facings, no false marble stairways in the building. The panelling is of true wood with the natural grain developed to its fullest beauty. The stairways are real stone to their foundations, and the fruit and flower modelling of the balustrades still shows the marks of the sculptor's fingers in the clay, for it is considered very bad taste to have "smoothed away" such evidences of his personal touch after the pieces come back from the kiln.

The large group of statues over the main entrance of the theatre exemplifies the general theme of the decorations within and without. The group is by George Gray Barnard, one of the greatest of American sculptors, and a pioneer of L'Art Nouveau idea. The subject is The Stage. Drama is represented by a heroic size figure in the centre of the group, a mask in one hand, a mirror in the other. The face of the figure is absolutely expressionless. The idea meant to be conveyed is that the actor is but the vehicle of the emotions called up by the part he plays. His own personality is repressed. A draped baldachin above Drama represents the stage, and from the feet of the figure stretch entwined garlands of flowers and fruit, among which may be seen disporting the dim creatures of folk-lore and fairy-tale. Pierrot, on one hand, kneels before the goddess, violin in hand, ready to do her bidding; Cupid, on the other, glides through the air, a tambourine at his feet, a warrior's helmet in his arms. A harp hangs in the foliage by his side, and thus he represents the gay and happy spirit of comedy. To the right and left of the composition stand a knight and his lady. The knight's sword is entwined with flowers, and a falcon is perched upon it. Cupid has his helmet. In his hand is a lily. The maiden holds a scroll and a distaff, and is a finely conceived figure.

Beneath this group is the key-stone of the building in bold relief. Garlands of oak, ivy, and laurel surround a Florentine shield, on which is carved the escutcheon of the theatre. To the right and left of the portal are columns of yellow Sicilian marble foliated in gray and white and belted with bronze. The caps are also bronze, modelled by Miss Enid Yandell. They support heads typifying the several ages of the drama.

Higher up on the façade are three groups representing the Dance, Declamation, and Song. The façade rises 150 feet and is treated as a tower, in vertical lines. The color of the building is warm gray. The roof is peaked, tiled in red, and surmounted by two figures, Drama and Music, holding a shield silhouetted against the sky.

The color scheme of the auditorium is delicate green relieved by shades of mother-of-pearl and mauve. There are lobbies, promenades, staircases, reception and retiring rooms, in each of which the scheme of decoration is individual, and yet in harmony with that of the theatre as a whole. This followed naturally upon the general desire to be guided by the central principle. Thus, what Herts and Tallant sought to accomplish in architectural construction, Barnard has sought in sculpture, Blum and Peixotto in mural decoration, St. John Issing in electrolier design, Richard Anderson in draperies and furniture. Under such conditions, the richest effects have been obtained without once marring the general proportion. As

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"DUTCH TRADERS AT THE OLD BROAD STREET BRIDGE," A PANEL IN THE NEW AMSTERDAM ROOM, BY PEIXOTTO.

far as possible, American subjects, material, and workmanship have been used.

The foyer is surmounted by a leaded glass dome, the design representing "The Song of the Flowers." Here are three remarkable panels in relief. Those entitled "New Amsterdam" and "New York" are by R. H. Perry. That entitled "Progress" is by Hugh Tallant. They depict ancient and modern New York. In the New Amsterdam panel the houses are low, the burghers slow-moving, the smoke from the chimneys sluggish. There is the sleepy old town as depicted in history. In the New York panel the buildings are all very tall, the cars and the cabs and the people are all hurrying, somewhere. Even the smoke is ascending swiftly. There is NewYork as we know it to-day. The Progress panel is an allegory of the city's growth.

Friezes and panels everywhere record historical fact or demonstrate poetical suggestion. The long frieze in the lobby illustrates the Shakespearian and Wagnerian drama. Panels illustrate the Greek, Roman, and even the so-called Prehistoric Drama. The reception-room is done in green below the frieze, which is in gold and deep-toned colors to harmonize with Peixotto's decorations. The New Amsterdam room has columns, frieze, and fire-place of Caen stone, floor of Welsh quarry tiling, wainscot of nut-brown English oak, and furniture especially designed to accord with the *motif* of the apartment. The frieze decorations by Peixotto depict the historical development of the city of New York. The ladies' retiring-room is in tones of the tea-rose, with decorations and carvings of conventionalized roses with leaves and stems entwined. The staircases leading from the Amsterdam and retiring-rooms are of delicate cream-colored Maryland marble veined with green. The balustrades, modelled in the round, present masses of vines and flowers with mythical animals passing between the rails. On the way to the auditorium one reluctantly leaves the work of Robert Blum for that of Wenzel, Wenzel for Peixotto, Peixotto for Perry, for Barnard, for Tallant, for Yandell, for Ostertag, or for Anderson. Each turn of the passage reveals additional possibilities of the New Art idea. In the auditorium one may scrutinize the New Art chairs near at hand, or determine from afar the harmonizing quality of the velour draperies trimmed with cloth of gold which hang round about.

The interest this superb auditorium inspires is not confined to the value and beauty of its coloring. An engineering principle is embodied which seems to aid and abet the artistic principle in that it provides extraordinary means for presenting the latter in its most favorable aspect. Too often the full effect of decoration is lost on an audience because of structural interference with the lines of sight. This is the case in European houses which are built on the horse-shoe principle. Modern auditoriums in New York at least are made to form an ellipse, and the lines of sight are thereby made clearer. Yet gallery-posts still remain to obstruct the view. In the New Amsterdam Theatre the posts have been excluded. The galleries are held up by great cantilevers which extend under the flooring, and thus there is not an interrupted sight-line in the house.

This arrangement gives the lower auditorium the aspect of an immense shell. Yet there is another auditorium on the roof of this shell planned upon similar lines. In order to give sufficient support to the upper theatre, there was constructed a remarkable steel girder made up of laminated plates.

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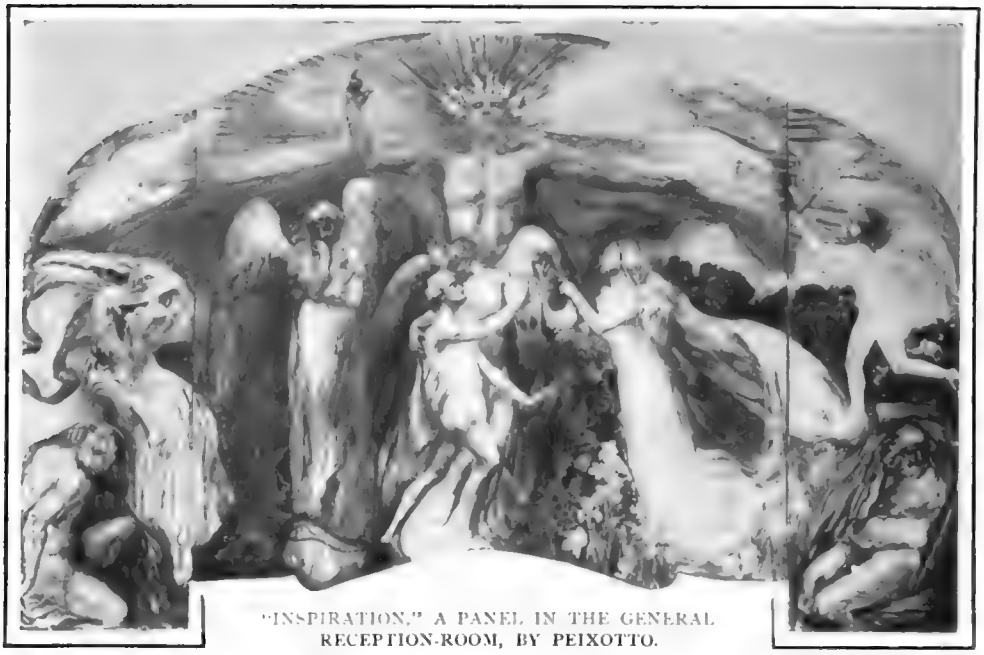

"INSPIRATION," A PANEL IN THE GENERAL RECEPTION-ROOM, BY PEIXOTTO.

This girder is ninety feet long, two feet thick, and fourteen feet high. It is the largest ever made, and extends across under the upper auditorium and over the lower one, forming the backbone of the double structure.

The building laws governing theatres in New York are most strict, and the problem of erecting one theatre on top of another, and at the same time to conform to the letter and the spirit of those laws, was a formidable one. So, while everything in the structure has been fire-proofed, and while the elevators for the removal of the audience are numerous, the additional precaution was taken to surround the auditoriums with two walls, with a space of fifteen feet between, carrying fire-galleries. The interior of this house within a house might be blazing fiercely, yet the audience would be able to pass down safely between the walls.

The comfort of the audiences is safeguarded by systems of ventilation, remarkable in that the air of the theatres is completely changed every two minutes. It is drawn in from the outside to a large air-chamber, where it is strained through silk and washed with fountain sprays of water, gently warmed by steam-coils, and projected through ducts to all parts of the theatres. In warm weather the air is cooled by a similar process. After being used in the theatre the air is sucked out and expelled from the building, so that none of the audience breathes the same air twice. Dirt and dust in the theatre are absorbed and expelled through the agency of compressed air.

On the stage everything is operated at the touch of an electric button. The scenery is heavier, and consequently more unwieldy than that of the old-fashioned theatre. It is manipulated by electric motors, which the stage manager may control from his station in the wings. And thus the waits between the acts will be shortened. The stage itself is really a succession of elevators, any one of which can be raised or lowered at a moment's notice. Thus a whole scene can be disposed of instantly.

There are many engineering contrivances which will appeal to the mechanical turn of mind, but it is upon the score of its art pretensions that the structure will attract most notice. As the first substantial outcome of the New Art movement, it is a basis whereby the truth or the absurdity of that movement may be judged. If the verdict is unfavorable it cannot be excused on the ground of lack of resource, for no expense has been spared to achieve the New Art ideal. If, on the other hand, the verdict be favorable, then the New Amsterdam Theatre will mark an epoch in the history of art.

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Twilight at Florence

By MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON

AGAIN the fiery fingers of the scarlet creepers write
Their brief Autumnal message on the wall of Eremite,
Of villa and of vintage, and again the orchard sees
A low white moon entangled in her mesh of olive-trees.

Down the slopes of Bellosquardo the grape leaves hold the sun,
Though through the inner cloisters wan the purple shadows run.
And wide-horned oxen, homeward turned, stride rhythmic, cheek
to cheek,
Fit for the sacrificial pyre of beauty-loving Greek.

Somewhere a sudden bursting of pomegranate-hearted song
Such as to sultry lover-throats of Italy belong!
Ere o'er dome and palace night wraps her silken husk,
Fiesole's enchanted lights come twinkling through the dusk;

The Arno yields another day to dreams of afterglow,
And by the open Roman gate the westering hours go.
Climb, climb, my lusty lion on the grim Bargello vane,
You will not reach the sky in time, be you however fain!

Already die the distant fires behind the cypress-trees—
The vesper bells fall silent as the sleeping centuries;
While empires sink to ashes in the ragged sunset bars,
O'er Galileo's tower swing Galileo's stars.

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Ancient Corners of Modern London

Sketches by Vernon Howe Bailey

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THE THAMES NEAR LONDON BRIDGE.

IT is the master of bold strokes whose work has been most heartily appreciated by American magazine readers. Mr. Vernon Howe Bailey's vigorous pencil is making his name prominent among the younger American illustrators. Mr. Bailey has had some years of experience as a newspaper illustrator in this country, and has but recently returned from London, where his street sketches have made him known to art critics and readers through the pages of the *Studio* and the *Daily Graphic*.

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A FOGGY DAY NEAR THE NEW LAW COURTS.

The accompanying London sketches, give an impression of architectural detail and exactness of perspective, conveyed without a laborious or unnecessary line. His knack of catching the outdoor color of the teeming metropolitan thoroughfares and the musty atmosphere of Old London is shown in the sketches of Staple Inn and the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, where he has cleverly contrasted these venerable remnants of Merrie England and the present-day street life which tides about them.

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CLOTH FAIR.

Cloth Fair, the only relic of Bartholomew Fair, the great London Carnival, is the centre of the most picturesque quarter of the great metropolis. It still contains many houses of Elizabethan and Jacobean date and some which have stood since the time of Henry VIII. The "Dick Whittington" Tavern, with its grotesque brackets, still stands—a toppling relic of jolly days. Cloth Fair was once the centre for the Flemish and French merchants in London. Here the famous "Pie Powder" (Pied Poudre) Court was held annually for the sorting and correcting of weights and measures.

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CHURCH OF ST. MARY-LE-STRAND.

This ancient church, built in the reign of Queen Anne, has, by the widening of the Strand, been given a peculiarly prominent position. Originally on a side street, it now appears to stand alone directly in the centre of the busiest thoroughfare in the world. In front of the church once stood the famous Maypole about which gathered four thousand school children to sing the praise of Queen Anne as she passed to St. Paul's to return thanks for the Treaty of Utrecht. Thomas à Becket was rector of old St. Mary-le-Strand in the reign of Stephen.

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STAPLE INN, HOLBORN.

Staple Inn, a queer old house with quaint projecting windows and steep gables, follows the bend in the street, and has long been one of the most picturesque sights in London. It received its name from having been originally a hostelry of the merchants of wool staple. It became an Inn of Chancery in the reign of Henry V., and after the time of Henry VIII. was a dependency of Gray's Inn. One of the most beautiful passages in "Edwin Drood" is devoted to a description of Staple Inn, where *Dr. Grewgious* had his chambers. It was here that Dr. Johnson wrote "Rasselas" to pay for his mother's funeral.

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The Reign of Queen Isyl*

By GELETT BURGESS and WILL IRWIN

THE BANQUET

How the Chamberlain conspired to see the Queen's ring privily, and enticed her into captivity. How she was succored by Sir Tomas the Scallawag, and held in hostage. THE TALE OF LOVE RECUSANT.

KIT WILKINSON, the Chamberlain of the Fiesta court, was in private life a lawyer and politician. His entire patronage depended upon his association with Bob Almeric, whose creature he was. And so, when the county boss came to him at seven o'clock that evening, with a scowl on his face, the Chamberlain, dressing for the court banquet, knew that something serious was the matter.

They had talked before, that day, on the subject of Norine's disappearance, but her continued absence had made Almeric's anxiety greater every minute. So far, he had spoken of it to no one except Kit Wilkinson and Isyl, hoping that she might return at any minute. But by this afternoon the rumor had grown that Norine was not at home. Several persons had seen her at the window of the Star Hotel, and gossip was busy. The boss had succeeded in mystifying the newspaper men, but the thing was worrying him. He was anxious and furious at once.

"Now see here, Wilkinson," he said to the Chamberlain, "do you think I like this? Isn't it enough for her to go back on the 'Drag' without making me worry whether she's safe or not, away all night like this? How'll it look in the newspapers?"

"Oh, Norine's all right, I guess. It's only one of her larks," said the Chamberlain, in a conciliatory tone.

"Yes, you'd think so if you saw what I saw to-day," said Bob Almeric. "You know that Shea girl; well, I'm hanged if she ain't wearing Norine's sapphire ring! What does that look like, hey?"

"Norine's ring!"

"It looked mighty like it when I saw it on her finger this afternoon, and when she wouldn't let me see it, I was sure."

"Well, what can we do about it? I don't see how we can force her to show it."

"I'll tell you what we're going to do. We're going to put on the screws—and to-night, too!"

"I'd make sure about the ring before I did that."

"That's exactly what I have got to have done. And you're going to do it," said the boss.

"Me?"

* SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: On the opening night of the Fiesta, a red-headed stranger came to Golcher's road-house and hired it for the night. Bob Almeric's daughter had been elected Queen of Youth and Beauty, and the supporters of her chief rival, Isyl Shea, not consoled with her appointment as Maid of Honor, had vowed vengeance. On the eve of coronation, Miss Almeric disappeared. To crown Isyl in her stead was the only alternative. A red-headed stranger tried in vain to help Isyl find the true queen. Riding in the procession, Queen Isyl saw the face of Norine Almeric at a window; but investigation was balked by an Englishman, Montgomery Lee, who swore Miss Almeric was not there. Isyl, accused of having made away with her rival, enlisted the Knights' aid and discovered that Norine had been staying at Golcher's—possibly as a prisoner—though she was now gone.

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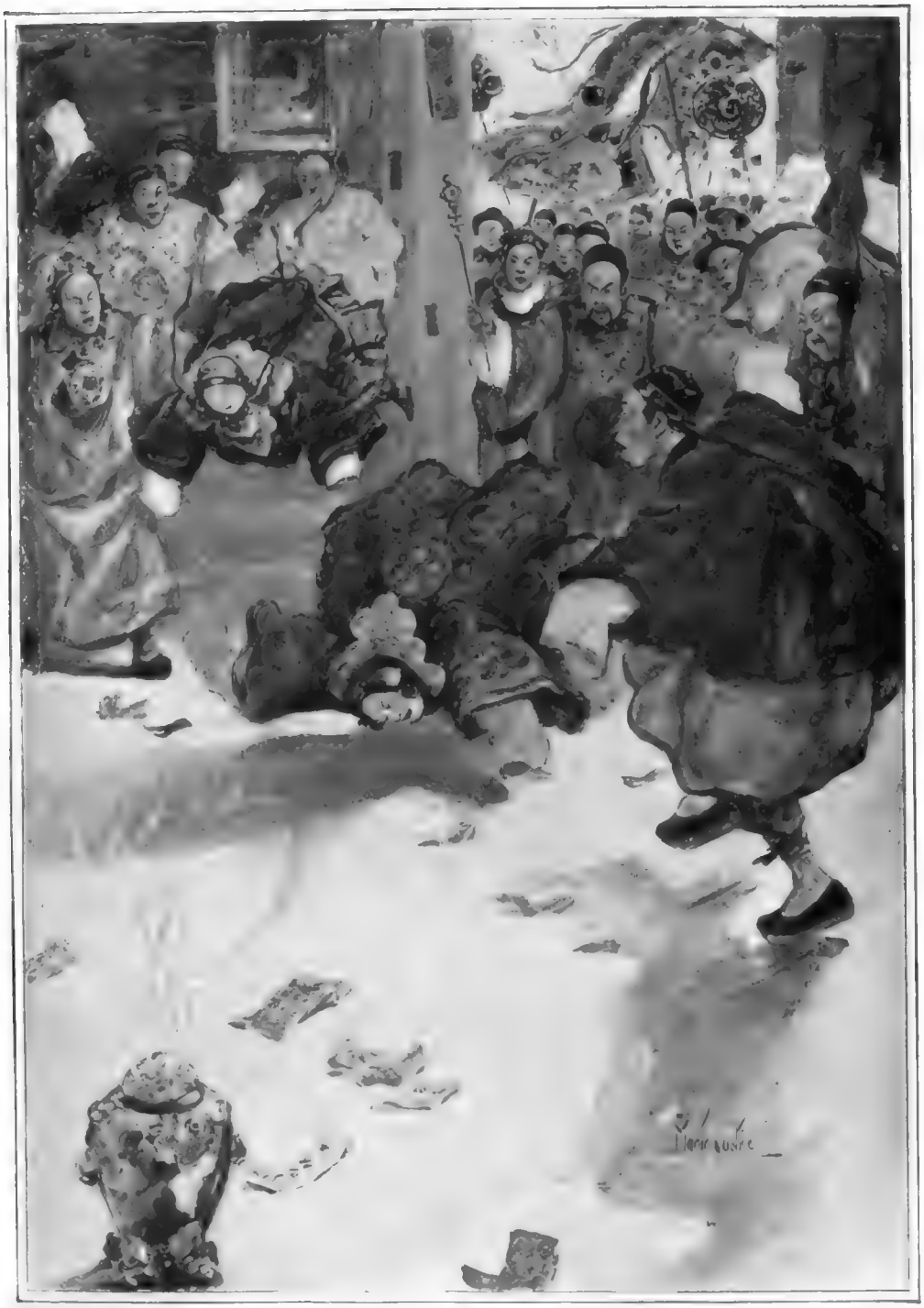

Drawn by Martin Justice.

THE OLD LADY STEPPED INSIDE—AND TUMBLED ALL OVER HERSELF AND THE LITTLE BRIDE.

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"You," said the boss, with a gesture peculiarly his own. "You find out about it to-night, see?"

The Chamberlain saw, and what he saw was not pleasant to contemplate. He would lose his influence with the "Drag" if he refused.

"It's a hard job," he said.

"You've done harder ones, Wilkinson. Remember—sapphire with red gold setting, and Norine's name. It's your business to get a look at the inside. And after you've made sure of it, this is what you're to do."

The instructions that followed put a frown between the Chamberlain's eyes; but before Bob Almeric left, his henchman had bowed to the rod of power, as the boss's henchmen always did. He promised to obey, even to the letter. Under the circumstances, he looked forward to the banquet with little pleasure. Only the fact that he had been able to place beside himself at the table one of his favorite Maids of Honor reconciled him to the prospect.

When the Chamberlain reached the Hotel Vendome, court and guests were assembled in the waiting-room. The Queen had not yet arrived. All were chatting in the lively manner of people who have gone together through a common excitement. This was the only number on the Carnival programme where the court was not on show for the public, and it promised to be a merry evening.

The Queen came; the Chamberlain, after arranging the order of precedence, offered her his arm; the band struck up a march, and the dinner was on.

The disagreeable encounter with Bob Almeric faded from Isyl's mind; so, for the first time in their twenty-four-hour-long acquaintance, did Tom Parrish. Even the mystery of Norine's disappearance did not disturb her, although the knights, returning from their unsuccessful quest, had reported the sensational episode at Golcher's road-house.

For the court's good humor was contagious. At the head of the table, her Lord Chamberlain beside her, she felt the coldness of her courtiers melt into good-will. She felt almost as if she were really reigning over her play kingdom, though it belonged to another. Now and again the thought of Tom Parrish did indeed cross her mind, and with it came the disagreeable recollection of a coarse-looking girl in a red flannelette waist. She thought, too, of the lies she had told for the sake of this mysterious stranger. When this came she plunged back into the gayety of the scene more desperately than ever, by way of proving that she did not care.

Gradually she became aware that the Chamberlain was paying her more attention than usual. Before, he had virtually ignored her, except when he had to address her in an official capacity, but to-night, as the dinner progressed, he seemed to go out of his way to interest and amuse her. Although he divided his attentions with tact, the girl on his other hand seemed to notice an unwonted devotion to Isyl also, and struck up a lively flirtation with her next-door neighbor.

The dinner was growing merrier. They toasted the Queen, the deposed Norine, and one and another of the court functionaries. The enthusiasm spread to other tables; talk and laughter drowned the music of the orchestra.

The Chamberlain opened another story on the Queen, and the Prime Minister on her left dropped out of the conversation. Then the Chamberlain nerved himself for the trial.

"Do you know anything about palmistry?" he began, in the time-honored way.

"No, only a few of the lines. Can you tell my fortune? Do!" said Isyl.

He took the proffered hand, and looked at it wisely.

"I can't read your palm unless you take off your rings," he said.

"What nonsense!" said Isyl. "Of course you can! I never heard of that before!"

"It isn't professional to allow anything to be carried on the fingers during a reading. I'm strictly scientific, and if you really want to know the truth, you must take off your rings! You see, for one thing, I can't tell the shape of the fingers or the spaces between, to know whether you're extravagant or not."

Isyl drew off two rings, and then came to the sapphire. It was too large for the finger on which it had been placed by Tom Parrish, and she had put the others over it for guards. When she came to it, then she stopped.

"I can't take this off!" she said, with decision.

"You must!" said the Chamberlain.

"Indeed, I won't. You can see if I move it up to the first joint, so!"

"Well, I'll try," he said, seeing she was determined. He began a rigmarole, inventing as he talked. He held the ring between his thumb and finger, turning it slightly as he spoke. It fitted so loosely that he caught

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sight of a word engraved inside. Then he bent more closely, pretending to examine some of the fine markings that diverged from the heart-line.

"You are in love," he said; "don't deny it! But you have had several minor affairs before. This is serious. Yes, you'll marry —only once, though. Now bend your fingers up a little. Heavens, what luck! You'll be engaged very soon!"

He had seen what he wanted, for, fingering her hand, the name "Norine" was for a moment visible, as the light caught the inside of the ring.

The dinner was followed by a general reception, during which the Queen's mind was kept too busy remembering names and faces for any connected train of thought. One thing, however, occurred to draw it back to the problem of Norine and Tom Parrish.

A throng of people was entering the room where she stood, being presented, and passing on to the refreshment-rooms. It was a heterogeneous collection—persons of all sorts—arrayed in every kind of costume from evening dress to negligé or outing garb. They were brought up in pairs by the Chamberlain, made inane remarks, and went on. The Queen and her Maids of Honor stood at one side, welcoming their friends, bowing, shaking hands, smiling. It was in a rapid glance, shot between an approaching and departing couple that Isyl saw the Grand Commander on the opposite side of the room.

He bore on his arm a girl of some nineteen years, rather handsome, with a swarthy complexion and black hair. She was dressed, with a fine disregard for the formality of a court presentation, in a red flannelette shirtwaist. The Grand Commander bent over her in absorbed attention. Indeed, so conspicuously did he adore his partner, that it was evident he wished to be noticed by Isyl. The Queen smiled; the fact that this girl was with the Grand Commander and not with Tom was pleasant. The pair did not approach to be presented, but, as soon as he noticed that he was observed, the Commander escorted his inamorata away.

At about ten o'clock, after the tide of visitors had ceased to flow, the Chamberlain approached the Queen and said:

"Any time you care to leave, Miss Shea, I can take you home. I have a carriage ready whenever you say to go."

"I think I'll leave now, then," Isyl said, in relief, longing to get away from the crush, the odor, and the noise. A few minutes after, she descended the stairs to the door. Here was a carriage waiting and the Chamberlain helped her in. After speaking a few words to the driver in a low voice, he entered the carriage himself, and sat down beside her, starting an animated conversation.

She had begun to feel herself of consequence, an important part of the Fiesta, and was delighting in the loyalty and homage of her chief adviser, when, glancing out of the window, Isyl noticed that they had passed the street where they should have turned off to go to the Willows, and were still driving south. She interrupted the Chamberlain in the amusing story he was telling, and called his attention to their route. He answered, with an attempt at carelessness, that he was forced to see the Prime Minister for a moment in regard to the exercises next day. Isyl thought it a bit cavalier to take her out of her way in this manner, but, supposing that she also was to be consulted as to the program, said no more until they passed the Post-Office.

"Where are we going?" she demanded, now suspicious for the first time.

"Why, he's waiting for me at the City Hall." The Chamberlain's voice did not sound quite natural.

Isyl was now really alarmed. "I'd rather not go," she said. "Please take me home first. Tell the driver to turn round, Mr. Wilkinson."

He said nothing, and the carriage kept on its way.

"What do you mean by this?" Isyl demanded, angrily.

The Chamberlain kept silence.

Isyl now attempted to open the carriage door, not daring to guess what his intentions might be. But she immediately realized that it would be impossible for her to jump out with safety in the train she was wearing. Instead, she pulled down the window to scream. A man in an Inverness cape was standing under a lamppost, lighting a cigar. As she was swept past, the flare of his match illuminated his face and red hair, and Isyl saw that it was Tom Parrish.

"Tom! Tom!" she cried to him.

The driver pulled up his horse, but the Chamberlain put his head out of the other window and called for him to drive on. Isyl looked back and saw Tom start into a run behind the carriage. The Chamberlain touched her arm.

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"I beg your pardon, Miss Shea, but I'll have to ask you to keep still."

"How dare you!" she cried. "Stop this carriage immediately, and let me get out."

"I'm very sorry to have to appear so ungentlemanly, Miss Shea, but there's no use in deceiving you any further. The fact is, I have to take you to the office of the Chief of Police. It will only be necessary for you to answer a few questions. You needn't worry about it. It's a mere formality, I assure you!"

"What do you mean—the police?" Isyl asked, frightened at the ominous sound of the word. "What do they want of me?"

"It's about Miss Almeric. Of course you can easily explain that satisfactorily. I didn't want to cause a scene, so I took the liberty of bringing you here this way. You must forgive me, for I had to obey orders."

Isyl made no reply, as it was useless to assert her innocence then. She alighted with him at the front entrance to the City Hall and went up the steps. Just before they entered she looked back, but Tom was nowhere in sight. With more anger at the trick that had been played on her than dread of the approaching ordeal, she accompanied her escort into the office of the Chief of Police.

The Chief, in uniform, was sitting at his desk, talking with Bob Almeric. The two men arose and greeted Isyl with formal politeness. Isyl was pale, but aroused in every fibre at the sight of the boss who had so insultingly accused her.

"I hope you'll forgive our method of getting you here, Miss Shea," said the Chief, "but we thought you'd prefer to have this matter kept quiet, and it will take only a few moments for you to clear it up. Now if you'll just tell us all you know about Miss Almeric's leaving the Pavilion last night, and where she is now, you can be driven home immediately, and nothing will be said about this."

"I have told Mr. Almeric all I know already, and I have nothing further to say," Isyl answered, proudly.

The Chief drew up a chair and said, kindly: "Miss Shea, you don't seem to realize that this is a rather serious matter. Miss Almeric has been missing since last night, and her father is very much concerned about it. You were the last one seen with her, and naturally we have to question you. You may know where she is, and you may not, but would you mind telling how you happen to be wearing her ring?"

"What makes you think it is her ring?" Isyl asked.

"It has her name engraved inside, for one thing," the Chamberlain volunteered.

"Oh, that's why you talked palmistry, was it? But I didn't know it had Norine's name in it before." Isyl partly removed it now, and looked for herself. Not having taken it off before since she received it, she had not noticed the name inside. To Bob Almeric, however, who knew nothing of this, it seemed like the height of impertinence.

"Are you trying to make me believe you didn't know what was inside that ring?" he said, sneeringly.

"You may believe it or not," she answered.

"Do you mind saying where you got it?" the Chief asked.

"I decline to tell," Isyl said.

The boss looked at the Chief; the Chief looked at the floor, uncertain what step to take next. At that moment Tom Parrish, in evening dress and Inverness cape, walked into the room.

"Well, sir, what do *you* want?" said the Chief.

Without answering, Tom walked up to Isyl, saying, jauntily: "Well, Your Majesty, are you needing a champion to defend you? Which one of these three shall I kill first—the dragon, the magician, or the craven knight who stole you?"

In a moment Isyl's courage returned. She had absolute confidence in his power to master any situation. So she smiled at last, and held up the sapphire.

"These gentlemen are trying to make me tell where I got this ring," she said.

"And you wouldn't answer?"

"Of course not. How could I?"

"Well, then, it's largely up to little Tommy to put on the black cap and noose." He bowed, sweeping an opera-hat with a bombastic gesture. "Gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you the wonder of the criminal world, T. Parrish, Esquire, Author and Illustrator of the Great Sapphire Ring Robbery, the Mystery of the Twentieth Century. I done it. Now, do your worst!" And he struck an attitude which succeeded in drawing a grin from the Chief of Police.

"You're a swell gonoff, I don't think!" he said. "You are Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman, I suppose! Well, if you really pinched this ring, I'll send for the handcuffs. If it's a joke, you'd better wake up and get onto yourself, or we'll have a scandal in high society."

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"I cannot tell a lie, I took the ring," Tom asserted.

"Where did you get it?"

"Ah, I pass. But I'm glad you are intelligent enough to argue from effect to cause."

"Do you know where my daughter is?" was the next question.

"I might dare to guess," was the answer.

"That's about enough of this foolishness," the Chief interrupted. "You tell what you know, or I'll have to hold you."

"It strikes me you're rather short on evidence for that. You'll invite a suit for false imprisonment, if you do. We don't allow a man to incriminate himself, where I come from. As one professional to another, I wouldn't advise it, really."

"See here, young fellow, talk sense a minute. You have got Miss Shea into a scrape. It's up to you to square it. It's no joke; she's found in possession of stolen property."

"Stolen?" said Tom. "I didn't catch that. Who says it's stolen?"

"You did yourself."

"Pardon me, I said nothing like that. It's too ugly a word. I said I took it. If I should give you a short-arm jab on the chin, would you say you stole it?"

"Well, what do you propose to do about this, then."

"I'll tell you. If you'll whistle off your bloodhounds, and keep your paws off me, I'll promise to bring a note back from Miss Almeric within an hour by the clock. Unfortunately, this is not my secret, and that's the best I can do, even for the Queen of the Fiesta. Miss Norine is of age, though I say it as shouldn't, and she has a right to take a vacation if she wishes, I suppose. Your Majesty, do you mind waiting while I remove this slight blot on the 'scutcheon?"

Isyl nodded, and the others, cajoled, in spite of themselves by his airiness, allowed him to depart. Indeed, they all welcomed the hope that he might, as he promised, relieve their curiosity, and were content to wait. The men, with the Queen's gracious permission, lit cigars and began to talk.

They had sat thus and gossiped of nothings for some minutes, when the Chief of Police remarked: "I wonder if I ought to have had that chap followed? Of course there's no evidence against him, and he looked all right to me."

"Funny how we all fell down in front of his bluff," said Bob Almeric. "He came out to interview me the night that Norine left. Said he wanted to know if she was at home. Lord, I had to take a stick to get rid of him. He's got a nerve."

"He had you all hypnotized, that's what's the matter," the Chamberlain offered; "that's the kind of a fellow he is!"

"I wonder if he will come back in an hour. How are you betting, Mr. Almeric?" the Chief asked.

"I'll back him for a $100 easy," said the boss. "He's the kind that delivers the goods, or I'm no judge of men. Say, Jack, I'll bet I could use that boy! I need fellows like that in my business." Then, looking up at Isyl and, fearing that she might have some understanding with Tom, he changed the subject.

The Chief, now thinking it necessary to entertain his involuntary visitor, began to show her his pictures of rogues and criminals. Isyl shuddered at the display, until he came to what he called his "civil section"; then became more interested. Presently she came to a photograph of three Chinese in long, ceremonial jackets and red-button caps, surrounding a keen-faced white man, dressed in the fashion of ten years ago.

"That's Frank Powell and the Chinks that married him off—his matrimonial bureau, we used to call them. It's a pretty good yarn, that—want to hear about it?"

"If there are no murders in it," said Isyl.

"Only six," laughed the Chief. "But they were all Chinamen, and don't count. They don't have anything much to do with the story, anyway."

"Then you may tell it," said Isyl.

The boss and the Chamberlain tilted back in their arm-chairs and the Chief began.

The Chief of Police's Story

THE CHINESE BRIDE; OR, LOVE RECUSANT

The more you know about the Chinese, the more you don't. There was this fellow, Frank Powell. He had the name of knowing them and getting on with them better than any other man in California, and he got into trouble because he thought he knew

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a little more than he did. It was this way:

Frank was attorney for the Chinese Six Companies. His best client among them was the Hip Suey Tong, the richest and swellest Chinese society here in San José or in San Francisco. They were principally merchants and bankers and gambling-house keepers. Had three millionaires among them, and precious few that couldn't raise $5,000 bail money any day of the week.

Now, the Hip Sueys have an idol that is supposed to be the luckiest thing this side of Canton. It is as white as a ghost, all but the face and breast, which are dripping blood; and it holds a mandarin fan that money won't buy. Any gambler in Chinatown would give his father's soul and his mother's to get hold of the joss, or even the fan of the joss. Every single Chink of them believes that if he could steal it, he would be able to beat any fan-tan game, win in any lottery, or get any woman. That's why the Hip Sueys keep the joss locked up in a fireproof vault, except at their big Festival of the Dead, which comes off every three years. Then they bring it up into the joss-house, but then they don't dare trust any Chinaman to guard it. They get two white men to stand by it with guns and clubs.

The hatchet-men have made all sorts of attempts at one time or another to steal the joss, but no one ever came anywhere near doing it till Ng Poo decided to take a hand. Ng Poo was the President of the Mok Sing Tong of highbinders, and he was about the toughest citizen that ever used chopsticks. His Tong scraped together $2,000 by blackmail, and Ng Poo used it to bribe the two white watchmen. They agreed to play into his hands on the first night of the Feast of the Dead.

The Hip Sueys were doing the thing in style that year. They were keeping open house; the alley was filled with bands of music and decorated with paper flowers and colored electric lights; priests and chanters on the ground floor singing night and day, fire-crackers and a free dinner for all comers. Half Chinatown was there in Spofford Alley, besides dozens and hundreds of white visitors.

So, following his plan, Ng Poo waited until the club-rooms and the stairs were packed, and then emptied his gun at the entrance to create a panic and draw off attention from what was going on in the joss-room. So far it worked all right. The Chinese and tourists rushed up and rushed back, and then jammed in a wedge on the stairs.

Frank Powell happened to be on the second floor landing with some ladies, showing them the sights. In a flash he guessed what was up. He piled over a dozen Chinks, threw open the window, and climbed out on the fire-escape. There, at a window above, was Tom Bourke, one of the white watchmen, passing the big white joss down to a highbinder who was standing on the very platform with Frank. Just as it fell into the man's arms, Frank grabbed him by the pigtail, yanked him back, grabbed the joss, and sat on it till help came. If Frank had been a Chinaman, they would have stuck him like a pig; but they know better than to touch a white man. Every mother's son of them knows that it would be all up with Chinatown if they ever did; for people would tear the place out by the roots.

When they had the idol locked tight in the vault again, the Hip Sueys arranged for Ng Poo's disappearance by the hatchet-route. Then, of course, the Mok Sings came back at them, and there was a big feud on. There was some characteristic Chinese repartee, and when the Six Companies got in and stopped the fight the score stood at three dead on each side, and honors easy.

The Hip Sueys had an all-day and all-night banquet to celebrate, and Frank Powell was guest of honor at the biggest feast he ever went up against. Consul-General Bee, who was there, managed to get himself telegraphed for after eight hours, but Frank had to stand for it, chop suey, birds' nests, boiled bamboo, duck-eggs, seaweed soup, rice, brandy and all. It was something fierce. The everlasting gongs, squeaky fiddles and tomtoms were making him so sleepy he had to smoke cigarettes to keep himself awake, when the President of the Tong got up and made a speech of gratitude, flowery hot air and endless friendship. Then he presented Frank Powell with a souvenir of the evening.

It was a carved sandal-wood egg as big as a foot-ball. Frank opened it to find another inside, and he kept opening eggs and eggs till he'd taken off twelve layers and came to the real chicken. It was a check for $3,000, signed by the Treasurer of the Hip Suey Tong.

Now this was a pretty neat little gift, but

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Frank's stand-in with the Chinese was worth a good deal more to him than that. Besides, he didn't exactly like to take money that way. He saw the chance for a grandstand play. So he said to the interpreter:

"Tell the Tong that I saved the great white joss for friendship alone, and his bloody face will bring me good luck and honorable success. I am paid enough by the friendship of the honorable Tong, and no money shall pass between us for this trifling service!"

The Chinks jabbered awhile, seeming to be impressed, and finally the President came over to Frank and said:

"All-light, Flank, you no like-em take money, Tong catch-em heap nice plesent pletty soon. You like-em one nice China lady wife for plesent?"

Frank laughed, and then said:

"Much obliged, Li Hong Fook, but you know I have a wife already."

"Tha's all-light," says Hong Fook. "Maybe Melican man have two wifes sometime, wha's-a-malla that?"

"Oh, sometimes they play they have two wives, but it's against the law, sure!"

Now there never was a Chink who had the least respect for American law; it's only made to beat; and there never was one who didn't have the biggest respect in the world for a lawyer, because he can always side-step the courts of the "white devils." It never struck them that Frank Powell, who had fooled justice for them a hundred times, would have any trouble getting round a law for himself. So Hong Fook said:

"All-light! You play, too. You catch-em one fine China lady pletty soon, maybe one year, two year!"

Frank thought he understood a Chinese joke by this time, so he laughed a little and then forgot all about it. He lived through the banquet somehow, and when they got to throwing fingers for the gin, and weren't noticing, he got away and slept for nearly two days.

He never thought of the joke again until next China New Year's Day, when two swell Chinamen came to his house with lilies and a bolt of fine blue silk, and a homely old vase that was probably worth its weight in gold to anyone who knew about such things.

"Plesent flom China wife," said Hong Fook.

Even then, Frank didn't guess what they were doing. He thought it was just their keen way of passing off a present on him, so he couldn't refuse it. So he thanked them with a straight face, and when they left he bought a phonograph and got a Chinese actor to sing into it, and sent it round to the Tong house, addressed to "Mrs. Frank Powell, Canton, China."

Next Christmas he received a mandarin gold dragon ring and a piece of jade that would be worth anywhere from a hundred dollars up. He sent back a cuckoo-clock next New Year's; and so it went on back and forth that way for a matter of three years.

Then one day the President of the Tong paid him an official visit. The minute Frank came into the room he knew that something was in the wind. Hong Fook had on his swellest dress clothes—long green silk coat, lavender breeches tied in at the ankles, embroidered shoes and red-button cap, complete—sitting up straight with his toes turned out.

The President began by inquiring about Frank's health, the weather and all, and then gradually let out the object of his visit. It nearly took Frank's breath away.

The Chinese wife was no joke at all. The Hip Suey Tong had taken Frank in dead earnest, and had bought a girl for him in Canton. She was a small-foot, merchant-caste woman, and they had been educating her for three years in all sorts of queer accomplishments. They had held a formal marriage by proxy, and, according to Chinese law, she was Mrs. Frank Powell No. 2.

But the Tong was getting impatient because Frank didn't send for her. It appears that people in Canton were talking about her because her husband wouldn't have her live with him, and they thought there must be something serious the matter with her. The family was in disgrace and losing caste, and her parents were furious. Something had to be done about it.

Well, if ever a man was hit on both sides at once, it was Frank Powell. He didn't know what to do with her if she did come over, and if he didn't send for her he would lose all his Chinese practice. The only thing he could do was to play for time. So he said:

"This is a very inconvenient time for me, Li Hong Fook. Would you mind waiting for two months, and then I will attend to it?"

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Well, there he was, with a good chance of losing about seven thousand dollars a year if he didn't square himself somehow. He told the story to Mrs. Powell, who was a good deal of a fool, and she made it worse than ever. She insisted that it was all Frank's fault, and he had been deceiving her, and threatened to go home to her mother's.

It was some time before he thought to ask Jim about it. Jim was a Christianized Chinese who had worked for the Powells for eighteen years, and was almost one of the family. You know what a good Chinese cook is—there are none better—and Jim was one of the best. He wasn't the kind that gets mad after three days, quits, and puts a devil-hoodoo-mark up over the kitchen door, so you won't be able to keep a China boy there until you've had the whole house painted. Jim had run the Powell place ever since he went to work for Frank's mother. He not only bought all the provisions, jewed down the butcher, bossed the second girl, and fixed up the bill of fare for all their swell dinners, but he was really Frank Powell's silent partner in his law business. Jim always kept Frank posted on Chinese ways and the inside politics of Dupont Street. Frank would never have got into this marriage scrape if he'd only told Jim about it.

So, one day, Frank went out into the kitchen where Jim was having the time of his life, because there were seven extra guests for dinner, and he had a chance to spread himself on fancy dishes. Just then he was icing a big cake, and printing the words "God is Love" across the top in frosting. He'd learned that in Sunday-school, and it struck him as appropriate to almost any occasion. He pretended not to listen to Frank's tale of woe, and said:

"Velly busy now. No good talk when wolkin'. You wait. To-mollow, maybe. Velly busy now."

The next day Jim came in, all starched white linen—you know how everlastingly clean a Chinaman can look—and he said:

"How much money you give me I lose-em China wife?"

"Oh, 'most anything. How much d'you want, Jim?"

"Oh, maybe one thousand dolla', maybe two thousand dolla'. No can tell yet."

"You go ahead and do the trick, and I'll stand for what it costs," said Frank, for he had a big lot of confidence in that China boy.

Jim began to look over the room and handle the things on the mantel. Finally he took up one of those pink-and-gold china shepherdesses and showed it to Frank.

"You like-em this one pletty good?"

"Rotten!" said Frank. It was one of his wedding presents—we all have our troubles that way—and he hated the sight of it, but he hadn't dared put it away because his wife's mother's second cousin had sent it, and she was expecting money from that end of the family. He said the same thing about a number of other things, including an onyx clock and a brass stand. Jim smiled and didn't explain, but agreed to take on the job.

Next week Frank had to go up to Portland on a big deportation case for the Hip Sueys. It took him about six weeks to get things straightened out. Before leaving, though, he had given Jim permission to do anything he wanted with the house, and he had notified Mrs. Powell not to interfere, if she didn't want a second wife in the house.

When he got back, she was as mad as a hatter. Jim had been boring holes through the partitions, stringing wires everywhere, hammering nails in the walls, and what-not. She hadn't dared to say a word, but she was mad clear through. Frank himself was puzzled till Jim explained his scheme. Then Frank laughed like a fool.

In a day or so Jim came to Frank and said:

"China wife, she come on stleamboat yesterday. Li Hong Fook he bling-em to-mollow. I fix-em!"

Frank was feeling pretty anxious when, the next day, sure enough, the Hip Sueys drove up in hacks. The first carriage stopped, and out came an old, fat Chinawoman. Behind her was a Chinese girl, a little doll of a thing, not a day over fifteen. She was all bundled up in red silk and embroidery. You could hardly see her hair for the gold and jade ornaments, nor her face for the rouge; and under her green pantaloons were the littlest pair of feet in the world.

She jumped on the old woman's back; and Frank saw that his bride had come, sure enough, for every Chinese wife has to be carried into her husband's house the first time she enters. If she walked herself, she'd be no more high-toned than an ordinary big-foot woman, and if she should happen to touch the threshold, it would bring seven years' bad luck.

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Frank grinned, as though he were glad to see her, but he kept his eye on a piano wire that was stretched about an inch above the threshold. The old lady stepped inside, and then tumbled all over herself and the little bride. In the confusion the wire and Jim disappeared together.

If there wasn't a row then! The Chinamen jumped on the old woman and pounded her until Frank had to pull them off. The girl cried like a waterfall, and Hong Fook swore till he was black in the face. There wasn't any need to tell the Tong men that she was going to bring bad luck! They jabbered over it awhile, and then put the wife back into the carriage and drove off.

Frank was feeling pretty good about Jim's success, but the affair wasn't over yet, by any means. The old lady told the Tong men that a devil had caught her by the toe when she started into the house, and so, in about an hour, the Hip Sueys sent up a band and an outfit to drive the devils away.

The priest and the six musicians proceeded to the moral fumigation of that house in a way that drew crowds. They sat in the Powells' front parlor playing two-string fiddles and hammering drums and brass cymbals till Mrs. Powell had to leave and go to her mother's. Then they burned punk-sticks and incense all over the place, and pasted red papers up over the walls and on the front door, scattered prayer papers out of the window, and set out a roasted pig on the stoop. After they had kept up the racket for about four hours and fired off about twenty thousand fire-crackers in a barrel in the dining-room, they went away. Frank's house by this time had become an Object of Interest to tourists, and what the Chinks didn't do, the hoodlums outside did on their own account.

Next day Frank was notified that his wife No. 2 would make another triumphal entry into his house that afternoon. Jim told him it would be all right, and both of them prepared to open on the show from their masked batteries.

The little girl toddled in alone this time, followed by the Chinese committee. Frank was formally presented to his new wife. The girl had never been in a white man's house before, and she sat staring, smiling like a wax figure. Frank tried to be polite, and showed her his things. She seemed to be most interested in the big onyx clock, and he took her up to it, to let her see the pendulum ticking. She reached out her hand to touch it—and smash! the thing toppled over and went all to pieces on the floor. The girl sat down and cried, and the Chinamen were so excited that they had no time to notice the hole in the wall where Jim had pushed his stick through. Frank told them it didn't matter, but they all looked pretty glum.

Then Frank led her to the window to show her the view of the Bay, and as she passed a brass stand it tipped over, carrying a glass globe of gold-fishes with it. The next minute the carpet was covered with water, broken glass, and flopping fish.

Then the Chinks talked about having the band back again, and more fire-crackers and punks, but Frank put his foot down hard. While they were discussing the situation, a chunk of plaster fell from the ceiling and just missed Frank's bald head. That made the Chinamen splutter worse than ever. Then a picture dropped off the wall with a bang that finished scaring them to death. Frank now considered that the time had come to put the thing to a vote.

"You see I can't have this woman," he said. "She's unlucky, and I'll probably catch the bubonic plague and die in four days if she stays with me!"

Then Hong Fook got up and surrendered. He said that the Tong washed its hands of her, too; that she was unlucky from her birth, and might her evil reputation blast the sacred memory of her grandmother and grandfather for a thousand weary years.

It was a deadlock and nobody knew quite what to do, till Jim came in and took a hand in the game. And then Frank tumbled to the true inwardness and capacity of the Chinese mind when adulterated with Christianity and civilization,

"I fix-em!" Jim said. "You gib me China lady for my wife. I not aflaid of debble. Debble no can touch Clistian boy, saved by blood o' Lamb. I mally China lady, what you think?"

It seemed to be a pretty good way out of the fix, and everybody agreed, especially the little China girl, who had been watching Jim pretty hard. If I'm not mistaken, she had seen him before, and the thing was fixed up between them.

Well, that was the way the Hip Suey Tong paid Frank Powell for saving the white luck-

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joss, and how Frank Powell kept his Chinese practice. But, what's more to the point, that was how Jim, the Christian cook, got a $5,000 small-foot woman for a wife, free, and made about $2,000 to boot, just with a few gimlets and wires!

Yes, the more you know about Chinamen, the more you don't!

THE PLAISAUNCE

How Sir Tomas the Scallawag sought for La Beale Norine and encountered the Grand Commander. Of the mystic maze, and how Sir Tomas was sought to be enmeshed therein, while the scholard talked with a chapman. THE TALE OF LOVE LOQUACIOUS.

IT was near eleven o'clock when Tom Parrish ran down the City Hall steps, and walked briskly toward the northern part of town. On First Street the city was still gay, and, to dodge the crowd, he had to walk in the roadway. From St. James Park floated the last strains of the open-air band concert, and the crowd broke as he entered the leafy, shaded paths. On every hand the white costumes of frolicsome merrymakers glimmered through the dusk. Gay groups marched past, singing as they went, peddlers cried their wares, social parties of young folk shrieked and giggled on the lawns. The carnival spirit was wide-awake this soft, starry May night, and the revels were boisterously happy. In the open spaces the ever-shifting crowd came and went under the electric lights, but the shadows of the spreading trees hid affectionate couples enjoying themselves after a more quiet fashion.

Tom threaded the crowd, reached Second Street, and walked toward the railroad. Here the houses were larger and more pretentious, set about with well-kept lawns and gardens. Into one of these he turned. Running up the front steps, he rang the bell. A maid answered him.

"Is Mr. Lee at home?"

"No," said the girl, "he went out about an hour ago."

"Any word for Mr. Parrish?"

"He said he'd be at the Midway."

He thanked her, and started on a jog-trot for the street-fair. When he reached the place booths were beginning to close, but there were still visitors enough to warrant the more popular attractions in keeping open for another half-hour. The street, on either hand, was lined with cheap amusements and catch-penny shows. Men in front of tents were shouting slangy, picturesque invitations to view their marvels, venders of refreshments cajoled the crowd, while up and down, couples and groups of boys and girls promenaded, gawking at the painted posters. Women predominated even at this late hour; women and girls from the country, brawny, sleek, and jocular, exchanging cheap badinage with roaring, prowling, grinning youths who carried toy whips and fancy canes.

Tom looked up and down, right and left, but caught no sight of a familiar face. He then started out to make a comprehensive tour of the fair. Some shows he entered, looked hastily about, and left, to scan the street again. Some he investigated through the open entrance, parleying the while with the outraged ticket-taker. Some he passed by without a doubt.

Norine was not in the Abode of Mystery, nor the Haunted Swing, nor the Dutch Bier-

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stube. She was not in the Acme Shooting Gallery of Costly Prizes, nor. the Monster Caligraphic Studio, nor the home of Lolez, Wonder of the Universe. Nor was she riding on the Toy Railway, the Microscopic Miracle of Modern Times. The crowd diminished; the passers-by all made reluctantly in one direction now, the girls munching California Fruit Tablets, the women dragging tired children, the youths still sportive, but yielding to the panic of retreat.

He was standing on the platform of the Palace of Sweets, gazing down a side alley which led to the rear of the row of tents, when he saw a couple pass and disappear. The man was tall and blond, dressed in gray tweeds; the lady was heavily veiled. Tom whistled a call. They reappeared for an instant. He jumped down to follow them, and fell almost into the arms of the Grand Commander of the Knights of the Golden Gate, who had also been watching what Tom had seen.

Tom Parrish apologized, and was off down the alley in a hurry, when, glancing back, he saw that the Grand Commander was coming after him. Tom turned in exasperation; for it was no part of his plan to have Norine seen by this inquisitive school-master. So he barred the road, saying:

"Hail, Right Worshipful, whence goest thou?"

The Commander attempted to pass him with dignity, but it was impossible. "I've had enough of your impertinence, young man, and where I'm going is none of your business!" he said, stiffly.

The couple having now disappeared, Tom's one thought was to keep the Grand Commander away from the pursuit, so he passed over the remark, and said:

"I hope you don't really bear me a grudge for our little tourney this A.M. If you do, you can have your revenge by knowing that my machine was shipwrecked and had to be towed home, limping slightly in her off hind wheel."

Now the school-master, too, was in search of Norine. Having failed at Golcher's, he had been turned from his quest for a time by the seductions of the fair unknown, and now, at a loss for any definite clew, had happened into the Midway. The glimpse he had caught of Norine was his reward, and he did not wish to share the glory of discovery with this impertinent red-haired youth. The same thought flashing across both minds, therefore, they dropped their quarrel by tacit consent. The Grand Commander summoned up a grin. The expression was poorly manufactured for the occasion, but it did service for a symbol of amity.

"Oh, I guess we're quits on that, then, for my buggy was smashed to pieces," he replied.

"If you've nothing particular to do," Tom suggested, "let's take in the show together."

"Why, I think I've seen nearly everything worth seeing. Isn't it about time to go home?" said the Grand Commander.

"Go home! Nonsense! 'Ah, what hath night to do with sleep?' Never go home when you can go to a better place! My pockets are reeking with gold which glitters. Come down Fakir Row and pretend you believe all you're told, and I'll show you things as they were in the Paleozoic age. Come and see Flub-dub, the human pterodactyl, wallowing in slime! Come to the house of Abdomida, the hootchy-kootchy queen! Why, I'll bet that there is material for seven thoroughbred nightmares that you haven't peeped at yet! Go home? Marry, no! Look at this abode of magic—the Mystic Mirror Maze! Have you been in, to see yourself reflected at forty-seven different angles of incidence? Come in and get tangled up with your counterfeit presentments!"

They stopped in front of a square shed, where a large, dark man lolled at a ticket desk, viewing the few remaining sight-seers with an impassive gray eye.

"The Mirror Maze—really, I haven't cared to investigate. Some ingenious adaptation of the common laws of optics, I suppose," said the school-master, wondering how in the world he could get rid of his garrulous companion.

Then a thought struck him. Perhaps he might go in with the lad, manage to lose him there, and come out alone—that would enable him to hurry off in the direction Norine had gone. He recalled the classic myth of Theseus in the Cretan labyrinth finding his way out by means of the clew of thread which Ariadne gave him. He might do the same ancient trick, and leave the unwitting Tom in the lurch.

"It must be a curious and interesting place," he said, taking a step toward the door. "Suppose we do look in for a little while. Allow me to pay, I beg you! It is, indeed, strange to find such a modern replica of the old-world fancies. Quite interesting, I'm sure! Quite. Yes, I would like to see

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if we are not astute enough to avoid the intricacies of the passages and gain the interior. It should be easy, I imagine, to anyone familiar with the rudiments of plane geometry."

So saying, he led the way in, and Tom followed with alacrity. Each of the two had the same idea—to give the slip to the other, then escape and look for Norine alone. But, while Tom expected to avail himself of nothing but his common-sense and quickness of wit, the school-master's method was characteristically elaborate.

As soon as they entered, he allowed Tom to go ahead. The young man darted forward and was soon lost behind a glittering angle of the mirrored walls. The school-master drew a Fiesta programme from his pocket, and, tearing it to bits as he walked, threw the scraps one by one behind him. Up one passage and down the next, he left his little white trail, like Hop-o'-my-Thumb. At last he had gone as far as he thought necessary, so he stopped and listened. All was still. He wondered at not hearing either Tom's footsteps or his voice, but the matting might muffle one and the many intervening walls the other. Tom was undoubtedly, he thought, wildly striving for the central chamber.

The place was lighted by electricity with seemingly an endless number of lamps. The Grand Commander, thanks to the mirrors, was enabled to catch a hundred full-length pictures of himself. He stood, like a figure of Conceit, entirely surrounded by Himself, front face, back view, three-quarters and profile. He lifted a hand, and a hundred twin brothers mimicked his motion. He smiled, with a placid satisfaction at his intelligence and good looks. A hundred other Commanders, equally Grand and Worshipful, endorsed him with smiles of approval.

Then, for such happiness cannot last forever, he started to retrace his steps to the entrance, and, thanks to his classic lore, succeeded. The manager of the Maze was awaiting him with impatience.

"All out!" he said. "I'm going to turn off the lights! Your friend has gone, hasn't he?"

For a second the Grand Commander hesitated, and then summoned the lie. "Yes—he left a few moments ago; he said he couldn't wait." Having thus committed himself to the deception, he was anxious lest Tom's voice should be heard within, rising in protest when the lights went out. He hastily made his exit, and went directly for the alley where he had seen Norine disappear.

From here he saw a carriage waiting, some two hundred feet away, a tall blond man standing beside it, speaking to the driver. The Grand Commander recognized the gray tweed suit of Norine's escort and was about to approach him, when the man jumped into the carriage and drove off at a smart trot. To follow it was hopeless, and, disappointed, he returned to the Maze to discover what had happened there. The manager was at his ticket desk, lingering about in a way that made the discovery of the school-master's ruse probable at any minute. The Grand Commander found a balm to his injured feelings in a sudden hope that he might make Tom's detention in the trap permanent, and he thought with relish of the lad walking up and down the cold glass passages till morn relieved his torment. Hoping to give his enemy such a night, he approached the manager with unctuous affability.

As he did so, a last band of revellers swarmed past, yelling a street song, making noise enough to drown the cries of any victim imprisoned in the crystal prison-house.

"Wouldn't you like to have a bite of something to eat?" suggested the Commander to the manager. "I'd like to talk with you about your remarkable enterprise. I was much interested in its construction. I suppose it is copied from some of the celebrated labyrinths of antiquity, or possibly the maze at Hampton Court, for instance."

"Hampton nothing!" the manager replied. "I hired this outfit ready-made at Sacramento for the week. It ain't such a much. I don't go much on the Maze business. It's too slow. I don't mind having a drink, if you say so, and a ham sandwich, maybe."

"As you like, though I don't indulge in intoxicating liquors myself," said the Grand Commander, and, taking the man by the arm, he led him gently away, conversing learnedly the while.

"May I ask what your business or profession might be?" asked the Maze manager, awed by the talk. "You ain't a preacher, are you?"

"Oh no," replied the Grand Commander. "I am a scholar—a pedagogue. I am called a Professor, though I can hardly claim a University chair. I am a teacher of Latin in the Santa Clara High School."

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The manager became much interested. "I tell you what, an education is a great thing, I've always said. It puts ideas into a man's head, and ideas are good in any business. I'm a commercial orator, myself."

"I beg your pardon, I don't quite follow you," said the Latin teacher, puzzled at the term.

"A commercial orator—what is sometimes called in common a spieler—a barker—and sometimes even fakir, though we do no more faking than any merchant does every day of his life. Commercial Orator is the official *and* correct designation of my line of business. This here Maze racket is only on the side to catch the Fiesta trade. I took it off a man's hands that owed me something."

"Oh, I see. Yours is a curious profession, indeed. I have heard that you men become shrewd judges of human nature."

"Human nature!" cried the Commercial Orator. "Why, that's nothing but the a b c of the business. And the rest of the alphabet is talk, *or* conversation: the use of a dignified and entertaining argument or lecture to convince them that don't think for themselves. My business consists in being able to tell a man what he wants when he don't know himself. And what does it? Talk, *or* conversation."

"What do you sell?" the Grand Commander asked. By this time he felt quite safe, for they were turning in to a refreshment booth, too far away for Tom's screams to carry.

"My line is the Chinese Herb and Root Rheumatism Specific, a sure cure for coughs, colds, gout, neuralgia, lumbago, and all affections of the nerves *and* internal organs. I also carry the Little French Detective, which enables you to look over the top of a transom or round a corner. But it don't matter what it is, I've tried about everything, and I can sell 'em all. I believe I could pick up a cobble-stone off the road and sell it to somebody, for it's our creed and theory there's a sucker born every minute. Talk is my real profession—what I sell don't count much. But I do miss the advantages of an education!"

"Yes," said the school-master, "an education is a great boon. It enables a man to rise to higher things."

"Right! Think of the new words and ideas you can get in a college! Think of the useful and entertaining facts you get next to, you can please an audience with! Why, look here! If I can make $10 a day selling the Chinese Specific, what couldn't I do with the advantages of a college education? Why, I would run into hundreds, thousands, maybe! But, Lord! people never seem to realize what they could do with the knowledge and information they get. I've heard Ingersoll, and Horace Platt, and W. J. Bryan—all educated talkers, and when it comes right down to selling gold bricks I could beat any one of 'em out to-day."

"Certainly, knowledge is power," acknowledged the school-master, as he ordered beer and a sandwich for the manager and ice-cream soda for himself; "an education enlarges a man's conversational gifts greatly."

"Conversation! Thunder, no! Hell, no! There's nothing in it. It's a waste of good material. Why give away what you can sell? The best job I ever done was to change a conversationalist into a straight business talker."

"Yes? And how was that, may I ask?"

"Well, they's so confounded little talking necessary to this Maze graft that it may relieve my feelings and keep my hand in if I tell you about it. Here goes!" And he plunged into

The Commercial Orator's Story

THE DEMONSTRATOR'S ROMANCE; OR, LOVE DISCURSIVE

When I first met Susan Handy, she was working in a Beauty Contest at the Chicago World's Fair, and I was selling the "Little Giant Wart and Mole Eradicator" just outside the gates of the Midway Plaisance. They being short of good blondes, she was doing the Albanian Beauty from the Circassian Mountains, but later, when the Finnish Paragon ran away with the ticket-taker, Sue had to change her wig and flop the job. I don't know just which of the two costumes it was that nailed my heart to her, but I hadn't seen her many times before I caught the Handy complaint, which happened to be about the only disease I haven't sold remedies for, that are guaranteed and testified to be efficacious

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and reliable. I got the hankering for Sue Handy, and I got it as mad as it comes—chronic, with alarming symptoms that usually predict a general collapse, ending inevitably in marriage. It was incurable; I had to have her; the fatal affection worked in through my system like malaria.

But it wasn't the togs, nor the hair, nor the fact that she was such a favorite as to be able to guarantee at least forty votes a day in the contest—it wasn't them that laid me out. There was another factor in her general get-up that welded my heart to hers, the way you hypnotize a Rube from Milpitas with a Patent Pain-Pill. It was the fact *and* circumstance that here was a woman, and a good-looker at that, who was perfectly happy to sit in a chair for fifteen hours a day without indulging in the art and science of Talk. It was her superhuman power of holding her jaw—her resistance to the most harassing of female complaints—Conversation. A woman possessed of them qualities of mind and heart that will bless a home with beefsteaks mingled with peace, and home-made bread served in quiet and silence when a man wants to smoke and think—that was the brand of female I was after.

You know what I think of language. As a general thing, and as a commercial proposition, it's as much better than silence as night is more attractive than day, to most high-spirited folks. But talk is one of them things that can be overdone, and, handling it as I do all day long, working it so as to pay on an average of four dollars a thousand words, I hate to see it wasted. I have use for every word I speak, and when it comes to living in the same house with a woman who thinks that guff is nothing but something that makes the pendulum of the clock go, why, it just naturally jolts me.

I've suffered from free and extravagant talk in my time, and I know the evil effects on the human system of being subject to too much language. It was my luck to have to live for twelve years with an aunt that spent twenty-five hours a day trying to convince me by argument that two and two was four; I accepted the truth or axiom the first day, but the theory had to be applied to everything under the sun. Her mouth positively leaked night and day. I left, and for a while I considered myself talk-proof, but incidents happened which showed me that superfluous and unnecessary words applied to the human ear out of office hours still lamed and bruised me. In my business, as Daniel Webster has said, talk is capital with a big C. And I wanted to control all the assets if I married.

So, having found a woman that could bottle her instincts to make heedless remarks, I was for marrying her. But, before I had the chance or opportunity to even make her acquaintance outside of the show, the Beauty Contest busted, and, while I was selling the Eradicator, Sue Handy vanished into the great unknown, as Robert J. Ingersoll says.

But I had bought a picture of the Finnish Paragon, and many a time nights I'd stand it up on the restaurant table and think what a great and good thing it would be for me if I had a live one like that to do the loving and tender, getting supper for me the way mother used to cook it, and nothing about how Mrs. Higgly's chickens were all over the turnip patch, and how many men went by the house that afternoon, the story of every new baby, and how did I like her go-to-meeting gown, and if not why not? And sometimes W and Y.

When the Big Fair closed I worked north, doing the Indian Doctor in spectacles and long hair, selling the Herbs of Life, a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, and all affections of the Throat and Bronchial Tubes. I done a great business, and hired a colored Jubilee singer to do turns on the banjo.

When I struck Minneapolis, there was a Seven Northerland Sisters' Hair Remedy outfit in a show window, with a commercial orator on the outside, giving a good talk, as I soon acknowledged, though, as a rule, I'm hard to suit when it comes down to a high-toned and dignified sidewalk lecture. I admit I got some points, and, though I was of course listening more than seeing, it wasn't long before I became aware and conscious of the fact that the third Northerland Sister, counting from the tall end, was remarkably similar in form and figure to Sue Handy. They stood back-to, and of course hair ain't so much of a proof, but after awhile the row turned round front to demonstrate the treatment, and it really was Susy, all right. And as usual she had her mouth shut, a circumstance or incident that I didn't fail to notice *and* observe. She was still the silent charmer, and her stock in my heart jumped up to about 405 bid.

After the cappers had started the selling, I hung around to see if Sue recognized me, but she was mighty careful not to show signs of life, and I had to brace the orator for an

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Drawn by Martin Justice.

"WOULD YOU MIND WRITING THAT DOWN, JAMES?"

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introduction, but he was leary of me, partly from professional jealousy—I'm known as a household word all over that country—and partly, Sue tells me, owing to the fact that wigs are hot and you can't get a demonstrator to keep them on when they're not working. So I waited for a better chance.

Soon I heard the Northerland Sisters' concern was going to Milwaukee, and it was just my luck that I had covered that section with the Herbs of Life. But I was determined to follow the silent beauty, and so I sold out my stock and bought up a lot of novelties, among which the best seller was a combination instrument that would do thirteen different things besides being an ornamental pocket-knife, and containing a small microscopical view of Niagara Falls by moonlight. Happy Sam, the Plantation Banjo King, having been caught helping himself rather too freely to my small stock of snake medicine, I fired him and secured the services of a good reliable glass-eater for a side attraction.

Well, sir, we made a flying finish into Milwaukee, cleaning their pockets and leaving the dusty remains all along the line. When I scrubbed up at the hotel and asked a few questions about the Northerland girls, I found the concern had gone to pieces on the way, and where Sue was, the Lord only knew. But I calculated that she'd be somewhere in town, and so I made a tour of the shop windows. Pretty soon, sure enough, I found her. You'd never guess her graft this time. She was demonstrating mackintoshes. Understand now?

Why, a guy had bought up a line of damaged rain-coats from a fire sale, in a job lot, and he had hired a store, and was taking advantage of the rainy weather to close them out. He had the window rigged up with a tank bottom, and it was my Susy's job to stand there all day, dressed in a rubber coat and hood complete, with only her eyes showing, while water ran over her from the nozzle of a hose hitched to the ceiling. The thing took fine, and she had a crowd in front of the window all day long. She didn't move, only her eyes, which turned regular every half-minute, like they were clock-work, and she had the whole town guessing whether she was a real live woman or only an automaton. It wasn't so comfortable as the Northerland work, and I never saw why she didn't catch her death of cold, but she did have on what was probably the only mackintosh in the lot that didn't leak. The fellow sold them like hot waffles.

Sue stopped her eyes for a half a second when she saw me, and I took that as an encouragement. But she kept her jaw shut, as usual, and I says to myself she won't escape me this time. Nothing venture, nothing have; a coward never made a fortune, as E. P. Roe says, and a faint heart never won a fair lady. So I decided to strike while the iron was hot.

I went in, and found out that the proprietor was an old friend of mine—Riley, who used to handle a line of automatic indelible pencils all through Ohio—and I says:

"Hello, Bill, now's the time to get goods cheap, I s'pose, while they're going fast?"

He grinned. "Want a rubber coat?" he says. "I guess I can pick you out one in the back room that ain't too full of holes, seeing you're one of the family."

"No coats for me," I says. "You ain't got but one thing in stock that suits me, but I've got to have that!"

"Name it," he says, "and I'll give you the trade discount."

"The name's Handy now," I says, "but if I have my way, it'll be changed in about two hours!"

"Oh, you won't get *her*," Bill says. "She don't go much on men noways."

I was mad, kind of. I says, "Well, if she don't like travelling in my wagon better than spending her life under a leaky hose-pipe, making a wax-works dummy of herself for the yaps to stare at," I says, "then there ain't no virtue in my powers of persuasion. See here, Bill," I says, "you know me by name *and* reputation. You know what I've done in the business. You know I can talk the money out of a yahoo's pocket or the whitewash off a board fence equally as well. What in thunder did heaven give me the gift of gab for, if I can't remove the objections from the heart of a young and wishful female?"

Well, he introduced me that night, and I put up my talk without losing no time.

"Look here, Miss Handy," I says, "Henry Clay has said that a man without an object is like a ship without a rudder. I would not have permitted myself to come and gaze upon you on sundry and numerous occasions, nor would I be standing before you here and now, if I had no object. My acquaintance with you is short, but my powers of observation are large, and I have detected and remarked in you a true and loving nature or character that fits like a dove-tail into my

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own. I offer you an honest heart and a willing hand, and a bank account that never fails, for it lies in a jaw that has power to charm and beguile, also a life interest in the Jack-of-all-Trades pocket tool-chest, combining in one and the same instrument thirteen distinct and separate useful and helpful tools for the workshop *or* household, not to speak of the view of Niagara Falls upon the inside. For references apply to my friend and contemporary, Bill Bledsoe. An early answer is requested, as we move out of town tomorrow."

She told me to call next day. I did so, and she took me. When it comes to an argument I always win. At 9 A.M. I got my answer, and at 9.50 we were in the wagon moving toward Duluth, and the Justice of the Peace at Milwaukee had ten dollars in his pocket, and Bill Bledsoe a box of Superior Key West Cigars.

Marriage was one blissful dream for about two hours. It took about that long for the new to wear off of it for her, and for her to realize that now she'd struck a job that didn't require her to deprive herself of the pleasure of speech.

Then I discovered that I had married a conversationalist. Wasn't that a package to hand out to a man for a wedding present? It put icicles in my boots for the whole honeymoon. I was married to the exact and particular brand of woman I had been avoiding for a lifetime. She lifted up her voice, and I had to stand for it. What d'you think of that?

Along toward night I saw I'd have to do something about it, or go crazy. I sat down alongside of her and put my arm round her in the way I had acquired a legal and proper right to do, and I voiced sentiments that pained and wounded her.

"For the Land's sake!" she says. "Why, I only married you mostly to have somebody to talk to! I thought you had to use your voice so much in the street daytimes, you'd be glad to listen! I've been working for three years," she says, "on jobs where I wasn't allowed to say a word in business hours, and you have no idea what a relief it is to have somebody to talk to by daylight!"

And then she burst into tears, which is about the only form of argument I ain't able to meet. So I passed it up, and let her go, and bore it as well as I could.

All the unspeakable thoughts and ideas she had saved up and suppressed while she was working in the Beauty Contest, and demonstrating for the Northerland Sisters, and at the Mackintosh Sale, and for Heaven knows how many years before that, she begun to let them out. It was like the leaking of a big dam. First would come out a few words at a time, like drops, then sentences, then chapters, then regular novels, and finally whole Public Libraries of talk. She didn't stop except for meals; I know she talked in her sleep. She seemed determined to cover the whole range of subjects that man's experience and wisdom has discovered, and she done it in a way that struck me as being durn fool.

Otherwise, I can venture to assert without fear of successful contradiction that our married life was what a noted American poet has called "one long, sweet song." It was something like living to eat her cooking, and have your duds packed where you could find them when you moved, and Sue's looks were the kind that stand wear, tear, and rust in any climate.

But to have to come at night and find her all swelled up with talk like a pink balloon got to be so trying I couldn't stand it. Yet she would have busted if she didn't let the conversation out of herself. She used language till I had to go to bed and sleep it off. If she couldn't tell a story four or five different ways, she seemed to feel that it wasn't done justice to. It was the extravagance of it that hurt me. Why, that woman used as good hot talk on me as if she was selling Alaska diamonds to a farmer! It is a curious and instructive scientific fact that one female mackerel or codfish lays upward of a million eggs a day. Sue was that way; for one idea, she'd produce about a million words. Gosh! It was awful.

I reasoned with her all I could, but it was no use. She only cried. Then I got so sick of it I didn't answer her when she asked me questions, and let her run on alone. Then I used to stay away nights. It begun to look considerable like divorce.

Finally, one day, Sue said she had a sore throat. Next morning she claimed it was worse. I wanted to call in a doctor, but she wouldn't have one. She grew hoarser and hoarser, till finally, she couldn't talk at all! Then I was scared. She was as dumb as if she had been born without the power of speech. I thought it was a judgment upon me for complaining. The first two or three days it was a blessed relief to have her so shy of conversation that they was plenty of room

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in the air for the atmosphere; when I found she couldn't talk I was just unreasonable enough to pine for her voice. That's the fool way men are built. Reminds me of the song happy Joe used to sing:

"As a rule, man's a fool:
When it's hot he wants it cool,
When it's cool he wants it hot,
Always wanting what is not;
Man's a fool!"

So I called in old Nat Hermistone, who happened to be in town selling the Marvellous Puritan Buchu Panacea and Liver Liberator, for, besides being one of the profession and as such to be encouraged, he was a regular doctor, graduated from a Correspondence School of Medicine in Iowa, and had effected some marvellous cures. He was a friend of mine, and it's safe to say he didn't prescribe Buchu Panacea. He looked Sue over, tapped her lungs, and said it was a partial paralysis of the salivary glands and the mucous membrane, combined with an inflammation of the epiglottis, or words to that effect. He give me a drug-store prescription in Latin and refused to charge. He said Sue'd come round all right if she got good nursing.

Well, as I say, I didn't seem to experience the sense and satisfaction of relief I would have expected had I known she was going to be struck dumb. I worried a heap, and when I got home nights, first thing I did was to go up to her and say, "Can't you speak yet, Susie?" and every time she just shook her head and smiled patient-like, and I'd kiss her.

I tried Dr. Sanger's Electric Treatment on her neck, but it was no good. She begun to complain of pain in her throat. I was just fool enough to buy a magic talisman of a band of gypsies we met going through the town, and for a while I thought it helped her some, but she got worse again. It went on so for four weeks, till, finally, I couldn't stand it. It nearly broke me up in business, for I couldn't seem to keep my mind on my talk while I was on the street, thinking of Sue there at home, not being able to tell me how fond she was of me and all the little fool things a man don't miss till he can't get them any more. I didn't burn much gasoline on the corner them nights, but put right back home at sundown and tended on Sue, telling her funny stories and trying to brace up her spirits.

Well, one night I was pretty blue, for Sue was coughing hard, and I knelt down by her chair and put my arms round her and says:

"Oh, Susy, if I could only hear you speak again I'd be happy all the rest of my life!" And I meant it.

Then, all of a sudden Sue up and says, as loud and natural as if she hadn't never had nothing the matter with her:

"Would you mind writing that down, James, so that I can keep it by me?"

Then I see the game. You talk about the power of the human will! Think of a woman holding her tongue for four weeks on purpose to bring a man round to his senses! I tell you, we don't half know about women yet. We'll never learn, neither. Women are certainly curious folks. We can't get along with them, and we can't get along without them!

Of course I was mad, but I saw the point, and I admitted my share of the blame, and it did me good. She never had to show me that paper I'd written, you bet. But I didn't lose anything. I just took them conversational powers of Sue's and I educated them by careful training so they could be used as a means of livelihood, instead of merely making the clock go, for amusement, you might say. Susy's the best female commercial orator in the business to-day, bar none. She makes a house-to-house canvass for the "Boon to Womankind Needle-Threading Device" and the "Marvel Exerciser," while I handle the Chinese Specific in the street. We got the other outfits skinned a mile, and when we leave a town it means that every stocking's emptied and the tin banks shook out.

Say—what d'you think? I got a wonder of a youngster. Do you know, that kid could talk when he was five months old!

(To be concluded.)

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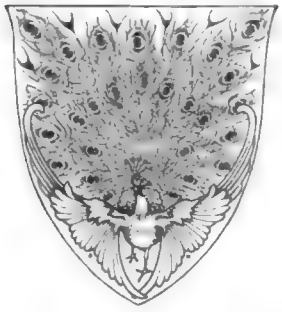
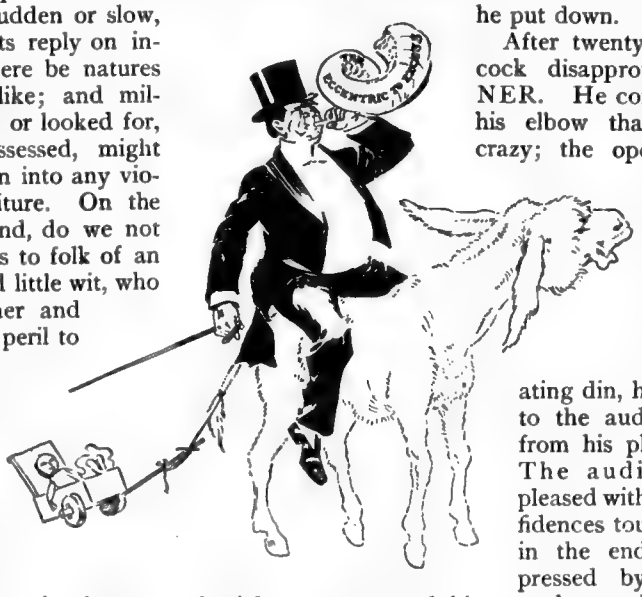


The Madness of Much Money

By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

GREAT wealth is often as deep a deliriant as opium, and there sometimes goes a madness with much and sudden money. Your poor man is held in the safe harness of his needs; he is fixed in his position by the gravity of roof-tree, food, and raiment for wife and babes and self, and the grinding call to earn them. There may come the removal of that necessity by millions made in a day. Whereupon your poor man, late so staid and sure and fixed, too frequently bursts upon one as the horse without a bridle—the dam, breaking to sweep the valley of another Conemaugh.

Doubtless the question of delirium born of riches, whether sudden or slow, will depend for its reply on inborn traits. There be natures dull and dough-like; and millions, unexpected or looked for, late or long-possessed, might hardly warm them into any violence of expenditure. On the rushing other hand, do we not bear daily witness to folk of an urgent energy and little wit, who go crashing hither and yon, a grotesque peril to themselves and all about, when now the blazing touch of hot new millions sets fire to their impulse? Nor should one marvel thereat. The most tremendous test of man is the test of riches. Poverty is easy, and the weakest will wear its yoke with something like success. But he who saves himself in some sudden hurricane of money, and keeps his proper feet, may write himself a man indeed.



There is a gentleman whose name is Peacock—Peacock, of Pittsburg—Peacock of twenty millions—Peacock of American Steel. This worthy man is round, thick, short, fervent, and forty-five. To the casual eye he might occur as commonplace. Folk should beware of the cheat of tame appearances. What should be more trivial or more commonplace than the plain egg of the nightingale? And yet it holds within it the music of the moon.

It was grand opera, and the bill was Wagner. Peacock was in his box, for he was a "subscriber." He was present earnestly; for he had not "subscribed" in any spirit of facetiousness, but meant every dollar he put down.

After twenty minutes, Peacock disapproved of WAGNER. He confided to folk at his elbow that Wagner was crazy; the opera was like a boiler-shop gone mad. Being ruffled, and the fur of his sensibilities rubbed wrongwise by Wagner's exasperating din, he said as much to the audience generally from his place in the box. The audience was not pleased with Peacock's confidences touching Wagner; in the end he was suppressed by the management, and his remarks cut short.

Peacock, at the close, the opera being over, contended for it as for a principle, that the Peacock carriage have precedence beyond other Pittsburg carriages. The contention was overruled by the police, and the Peacock carriage came last.

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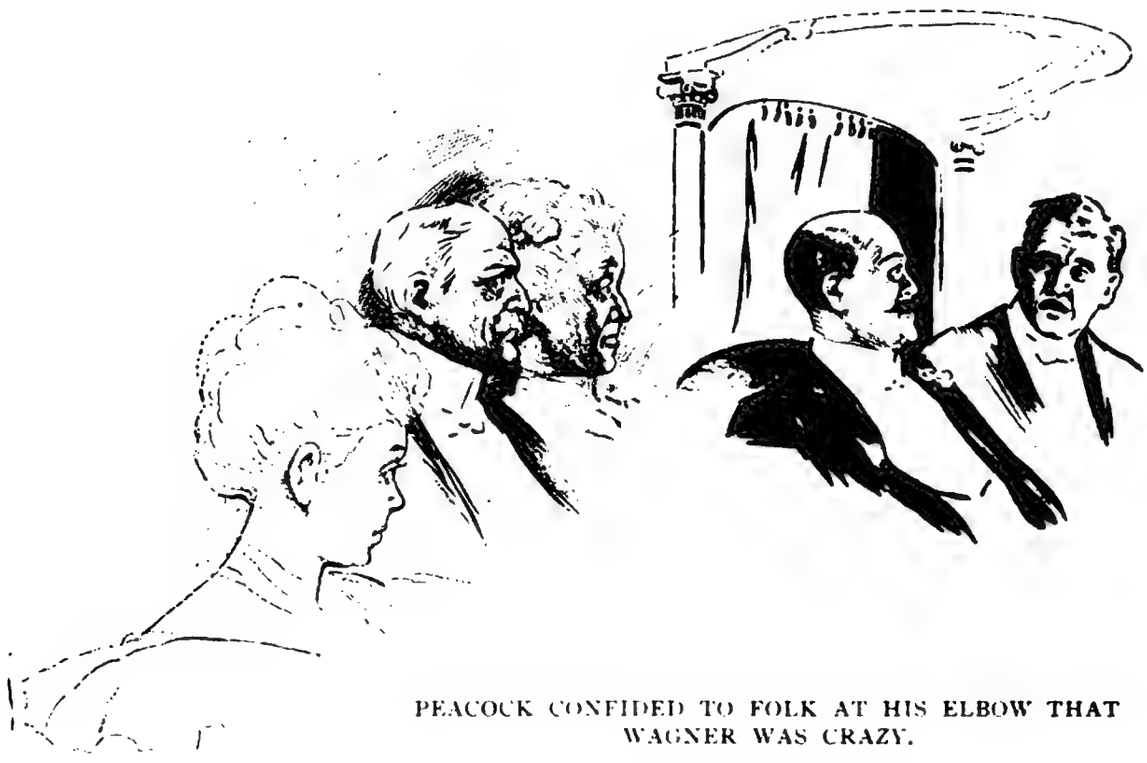
Unquelled by this disaster, next day, by telephone, Peacock notified the management that for the balance of the season he desired a box which, while it permitted him to be seen and admired of men, would be so far withdrawn as to shield him against the offensive Wagner's highest note. He would attend an opera, but he would not hear it. And Peacock did these deeds of precedence for his carriage and condemnation of Wagner, the reboant, because he, Peacock, was worth twenty millions. In a former, dollarless day Peacock was a modest man.



PEACOCK CONFIDED TO FOLK AT HIS ELBOW THAT WAGNER WAS CRAZY.

Peacock's elevation—if elevation be the word—is one of Pittsburg's wonders. Any fifteen-year-old boy can recall a day when his belongings would not have brought a hundred dollars in any auction room. Now, to guess conservatively, his wealth might scarce be measured with twenty millions. Peacock, for his fortunes, is one of the many incidents of the money up-growth of Carnegie. There be a score of these: the Fricks, the Abbotts, the Phippses, the Fleischmanns, and the Lovejoys, all multi-millionaires by commercial grace of that Carnegie, who began as the ragged boy of Dunfermline, to become Laird of Skibo and the host of kings.

Fifteen years ago, Peacock invited fortune as a commercial traveller—he was among your trade-scouts, who drink deep with village merchants at taverns and vociferously sell them more wares than they should buy. In this trade of "drummer," the Peacockian address was fashioned, and our hero's manner given added point for what it lacked of softness.

Also, it was as such salesman of cloth that Peacock had his first meeting with Carnegie. The Carnegie butler sought to exclude the volatile scout, who came bearing a triple armful of Scotch plaids. But Peacock would have none of his exclusions. He retorted upon the Carnegie butler with a torrent of invective in which contempt for that household officer was only equalled by a contempt for Lindley Murray. The butler was swept away; Peacock strode into the presence of Carnegie and spread before him every clan-color to gleam in tartan between the Orkneys and the Firth of Forth.

This masterful zeal, courage, rude address, and ruder grammar smote pleasantly upon the fancy of Carnegie, not at all drilled to fineness. He not only took the plaids, but Peacock; the latter zealous gentleman was put to tasks for the steel companies; in the end he was handed a bundle of stocks which, nourished of tariffs and under the husbandry of the Trust system, has since borne as harvest those twenty millions chronicled.

On a recent bitter day in London, Andrew Carnegie had a deal of sour things to say of "Raw Pork, Jr.," and those of our gilded idlers who make up American aristocracy. Carnegie was too hard on "Raw Pork, Jr." In defence of Peacock and others of his new and gaudy feather, it should be said that the

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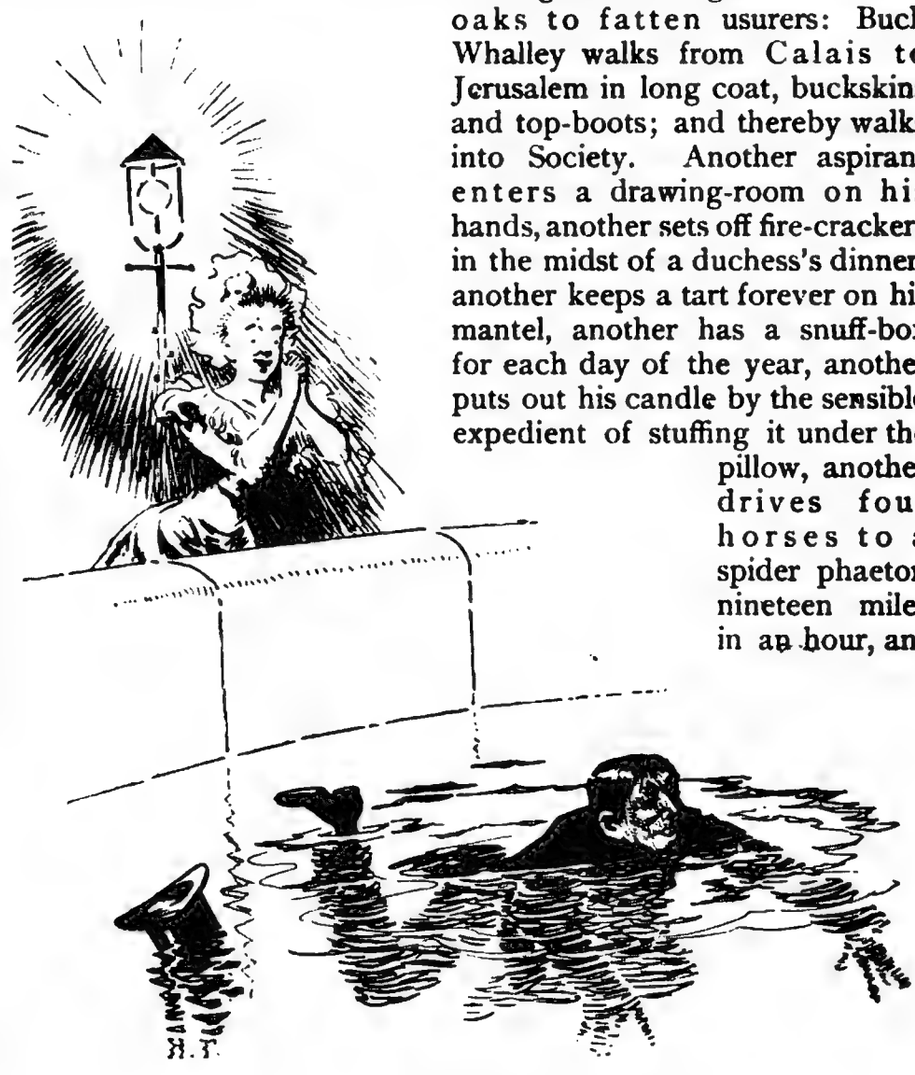
pushing imbecilities of "Raw Pork, Jr.," are no more imbecile than be those of folk—not many, but some—most thoroughly smoked, or most utterly sugar-cured among the bluest of Fifth Avenue's nobility.

These things be written to encourage Peacock, who is in present training to join our foremost circles. And why should he not deem himself an eligible? Peacock has his millions; and do not millions spell that leisure without restraint, and that freedom of head and hand and foot and morals to be the rudiments of a society which, living like unto White Indians, works not at all, owns no pleasure not of the physical, reads no book save a bank-book, chops its year into seasons of Europe, Country, Newport, and Town, and filling its days with polo, paper-chases, bridge whist, single-stickers, and golf, resorts for relief to anything and everything that may furnish its jaded nerves a thrill, from an automobile to a divorce?

And Peacock, climbing, should reflect that the pass-word to take one within the social gates is "The Eccentric to Excess!" That is the ram's horn before the blasts of which the walls of Society's Jericho are to crumble and fall. So that in some one thing one proves himself a perennial exaggeration, one is socially safe. One may be true or false, or solvent or bankrupt, or dull or bright, or good or bad, or vulgar or refined, or ignorant or learned; if he but cling to his eccentricity, society will cling to him.



DEFENDED ONLY BY DRESS CLOTHES, HE FORTHWITH WALLOWED IN THREE FEET OF WATER.

The story of the ages displays this. Cæsar makes himself the fashion by the eccentricity of his extravagance. He pairs 700 gladiators in combat to be the basis of a single show; he owes $5,000,000 before he is twenty-one. Wherefore Cæsar was in Society. Lucullus, given money and idleness after his wars, digs lakes, builds islands, hangs gardens in the air, makes pies from the tongues of mocking-birds, dines with himself at a cost of $10,000, and brings cherries into Italy. Wherefore Lucullus was in Society. Apicius expends a fortune of $4,000,000 devising new dishes, and then takes poison. Wherefore Apicius was in Society. Cato, the Censor, in opposition to these, dwells poor and hard—since a meagreness of cheer is to be his eccentricity—and says: "It is difficult to save that people from ruin where a fish sells for more than an ox." Wherefore Cato was in Society. Yes, forsooth! the eccentric is the socially potent.

Come to the England of a century and a half ago—to an age which felled oaks to fatten usurers: Buck Whalley walks from Calais to Jerusalem in long coat, buckskins and top-boots; and thereby walks into Society. Another aspirant enters a drawing-room on his hands, another sets off fire-crackers in the midst of a duchess's dinner, another keeps a tart forever on his mantel, another has a snuff-box for each day of the year, another puts out his candle by the sensible expedient of stuffing it under the pillow, another drives four horses to a spider phaeton nineteen miles in an hour, another loses 11,000 guineas on one hand of hazard and wins them back on another; and each of these, by virtue of his peculiar grace, is seized on by Society. Wherefore, it is not too much to say that our Pittsburger, in his ingenuous disapprobation of the thunderous

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Wagner and his claim that his carriage should come first, is in the right way; such should prove as good a method to pull the social latch-string as any other.

As an inspiration, our hero might read of folk who have won social prominence in our own pale day. There is that young person of cosmetics, painted brows and lips, so lately wedded by a woman of station and wealth. Sir Thomas Lipton took his first step toward the heights of trade by driving two pigs—harnessed and richly caparisoned—about the streets and making them haul a cart. The young person of cosmetics and ambitions to socially rise, resolved to profit by the Lipton idea. He owned no pigs to drive; but since amazement and resultant gossip were the objects sought, he would as easily approach them by another trail. After deepest thought the young person threw himself into the basin of a park fountain on a wager of gloves with a girl. It was midnight; the young person with a gay party was returning from a ball. Defended only by dress clothes, he—apropos of nothing save the wagered gloves—forthwith wallowed in three feet of water. In a moment the inner circle knew his merit; it spread wide its arms and his status was fixed. And he showed his appreciation. He appeared later in the thoroughfares of Newport carrying a gigantic rag-doll; and later still he gave a dinner to a group of lapdogs and thereby emphasized his fame.

Nor is the young person of cosmetics either unique or alone; he comes to be nothing better than a specimen. There was that other male person, not so young, who, as seemed natural enough, had for his intimate friend a monkey from Borneo's wilds. And then, too, there was that dinner given by one of Society's queens with the Borneo monkey as the guest of honor. Besides, do not folk flourish with horseback dinners at two hundred dollars a horse? Have we not cotillions whereof the favors are cats and rats? Are there not receptions at which the unwilling animals of the barn-yard are made to mingle sorrowfully with their brethren of the drawing-rooms? These should burn like beacons to guide all on a hunt for the socially eminent, especially Peacock, who—with those twenty millions and that fine fantastic frankness which gained such vindication at Grand Opera—owns every attribute to make him celebrated among certain of the socially elect.

Machiavelli once said that men are born evil and become good only by necessity. Our Pittsburger, as a poor man, that is a man pressed upon by necessity, lived within compass, and the currents of his existence never wandered beyond their narrow, normal banks. Since the advent of those twenty millions, however, there has come a flood. Peacock first got his bridle off in Los Angeles. That score of millions had been his own for several months; but he waited for this California occasion to thoroughly arouse mankind to the fact. He called for a special train, ordered the tracks cleared and switches spiked, and then threw himself across the continent like a shooting-star. Certainly, whether Peacock was on the Pacific or on the Atlantic slope, in Los Angeles or in New York, would be unimportant. But it provoked ink and gave a cord or two of those twenty millions to the torch, and Peacock asked no more.

That fifty-thousand-dollar flash across the country from west to east should be set to the social credit of Peacock. Are not those journeyings of Schwab, that other product of Carnegie, quoted in his favor, when he goes fuming through the Alps with an automobile, or tears up and down the Swiss lakes in his personal steam-boat, with engines driven until they leap from their bed-plates? By the way, will some philosopher of motive tell one why a very rich man commonly expresses his riches in a mad effort to travel a mile in half the time which humble folks must grant? It will not be once in a century when the matter of the rich man's whereabouts, and whether at this end of a railroad or at that, is to affect the scales of events for the value of a copper farthing. And yet he would arrow himself through space to mock the speed of planets! However, one may suppose this to be the mere calling cry of that rich man's money, and meant for challenge. The more, since our millionaires in their pride of fortune will frequently and for sole motive of battle bell to each other like bull moose.

Those interested of Society, who have fol-

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lowed thus far with this opulent hero of ours, may be still further put at ease concerning his social qualifications. He has built himself a habitat, upon which and the sight of it visitors

THE UNWILLING ANIMALS OF THE BARN-YARD ARE MADE TO MINGLE SORROWFULLY WITH THEIR BRETHREN OF THE DRAWING-ROOMS.

are wont to exercise their awe. With the hour when those twenty millions were placed within his hands, life for Peacock ceased to be a pent-up Utica, and boundaries became intolerable. Wherefore, when he would uprear a house, he began by buying an entire Pittsburg block in a quarter where a foot of land is valued at a fortune. In the middle of this block the Peacock mansion tosses its turrets as a steer tosses its horns. It is a marvel of

a house, albeit for architecture a bit drunken and dissolute. Still that taste would be hard to suit which found nothing good in that house to dwell upon. Purists might rave, for that every school from the Doric to Queen Anne finds presentation. Narrowists would hate it, for its contradictions. What then? Wide minds and liberal souls, recognizing a catholicity, will love it for the enemies it makes. And then, too, the edifice offers such a study in materials, which include everything from ebony to white pine—from Carrara marble to Milwaukee brick.

The grounds about the Peacock house are

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laid out in walks, and sown with trees and spangled with beds of blooming flowers. In one corner is a conservatory—iron and French glass—spacious as a union railway station or Arthur's banquet hall. And, in his gardening, our millionaire has waxed ingenious. Because a city block would not offer a sufficient theatre, he has had recourse to miniature. As one pokes about one finds dwarf lakes, dwarf rivers, dwarf cascades, dwarf trees and shrubs; one fancies one's self in Liliput. No; the stables, servants' halls, and offices are not in the block with the house. Another city block to the rear, and across the street, is given to these. Peacock—who revels in round numbers—has a hundred horses and a hundred servants. These dwell, with the score of roofs that shelter them, like a little city by themselves to the rear. A sad-eyed statistician considered the value of those two Peacock blocks, with their buildings, and the statues and paintings and tapestries and gold and silver plate and cut glass and carriages and horses, and all furnishings and belongings, to be a fair four millions of dollars.

What has been told, however, marks not Peacock's whole claim for recognition. He has his yacht—an ocean goer. Also, while crossing to England on the steam-ship Wilhelm der Grosse, he was fleeced by sharpers of $15,000 as readily as though his millions were inherited. Then, too, it was Peacock, when some vainglorious cockney on a return voyage declared himself the agent for a London syndicate to wager $300,000 on Lipton's yacht and against the Columbia, who came vigorously forward with a like amount and offered to cover the British money. The bumptious cockney was driven into a corner; he had no coin, stood for no syndicate, could make no bet. Peacock became the unmuzzled hero of that steam-boat hour. On the matter of the yacht race, quoth Peacock:

"I'll take the Yankee end, and England can go as far as she likes. And I'll bet a million that I bet England to a stand-still—give her all she wants!—back her plumb off the place!"

Thus spoke Peacock in the warmth of a spirit for sport; for it is a gallant millionaire—our Peacock!

Lest maiden fair and debonair, excited by these annals, issue forth to the spreading of any matrimonial net, it must be told how there is a Mrs. Peacock—a lady true and good and high and thoroughbred. Nor has she escaped the magnificence of Peacock; for he has so roped her with pearls and clasped her with diamonds and decked her with emeralds and set her ablaze with rubies, that by comparison a Maharajah at a Durbar becomes a thing of dim and tawdry tinsel.

Peacock, as an American nobleman, owns a coat-of-arms. He worried no College of

HE GOES FUMING THROUGH THE ALPS WITH AN AUTOMOBILE.

Heralds with its production; he evolved it himself. Simple, appropriate, suggestive, this coat-of-arms is a peacock, displayed, on a field vert. This Peacock coat-of-arms—strutting with wide tail—stares from every corner. It is set in mosaic, carven on furniture, woven in table napery, painted in windows. And outside, a great gaudy flock of peacocks perch on the balustrades or flaunt about the lawns.

As was said at the outset, there would

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sometimes seem to go a madness with much money. With one it will be a madness to squander, with another a madness to hoard. Doubtless the economy of our social and commercial existence calls as loudly for a Peacock as for a Sage. The examples of such —one gathering, one scattering—may instruct or amuse; or they may disturb one's mood into gusts of wrath or gales of laughter. Seriously: One understands, while considering these folk of addled whiz and whirl and inane glitter, that aphorism of The Beggar on Horseback, and one is inclined to rejoice because of the beggar's destination. We've seen a lake, once the open joy of thousands, bought and fenced to be a play-space for one rich man; we've beheld a rich man building a shelter for his crazy frame and body, and borne witness while he bought brick concerns, stone quarries, planing-mills, lumber-yards, and lime-kilns to hasten its construction. These deeds are the merest brag and bluster of wealth. Our money bullies in those raving, frothing, foaming expenditures which serve only to exhibit their lean souls in all the poor nakedness of a natural savagery, come with the last of it to make the better sentiment of better men fair loathe the name of dollar. Such folk of a vapid yet reboant vulgarity, dollar-loose and dollar-mad, frame disgrace for manhood and for money both. And yet it is but a sickness. They suffer from a rickets of riches—a St. Vitus dance of new wealth!

Sonnet

By ROSINA HÜBLEY EMMET

AND if, my love, we cannot live in peace
  At least, depart in peace, we can and will;
So here and now let all contention cease,
  Still we our beating hearts, our lips be still;
Turn back to back and each take separate roads.
  You to the east and I unto the west,
And heavy weighted with our empty loads
  Of nothing, let us pray 'tis for the best.

What, footsore and alone upon the plains!
  Is this the best that life to us can loan,
No more to share the bliss of wedded pain,
  The deepest joys on earth to live alone?
Nay—take my hand and give our love new birth,
  That we may walk united o'er the earth!

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Mrs. Bassett's Squash Pie

A Monologue

By Winifred Arnold

(*Mrs. Hepsey Bassett speaks*)

WAL—howdy do, Mis' Robbins; how're all your folks to-day? This is pretty tryin' weather for us old folks, but I manage to get along middlin' well—for me. I've been sort o' scairt, though, about your ma—she's lookin' real peaked this summer—just the sort to wilt right down under a hot spell like this.

You don't mean to tell me that she's goin' with you over to the Ta'nton Cattle Show next week! I call that dretful resky—her in such feeble health, too.

Wal—yes—a cattle show is a dretful interesting place, certain sure. We all on us went over to it last year, but I ain't been before since—why, I don't know when—it must have been the year that Lyddy fell down the suller-stairs. You see, she was plannin' to plant some dahlia roots, an'——

Huh— Oh! who went over? Why, all our folks, and sister Sally and her folks, an' Hiram John an' his folks, and Sarah Bell Ann—she ain't got no folks, but it's all her own fault, because John Henry Allen, he——

Oh, yes, it was a family party, sure enough—Si Bartlett, he fixed up seats for us in his old milk-wagon, and took us over. Land, I felt as if I was goin' to school again in that old school-wagon t' pa used to run. I sort of expected Hime and Benny to get to picking at each other, the way they used to, or to go to throwin' spit-balls at Sarah Ann an' me, or to put their feet in the dinner kittle and spoil the squash pie. An' that would ha' been a loss sure enough, as it turned out, though, land knows, I never thought of such a thing when I put it in. What! hain't you never heard tell about my squash pie 't I took for our dinner over to Cattle Show? Mercy me! Why, I thought everybody in two counties had heard about that. Folks seem to be such awful hands for talk nowadays.

Wal, as I was tellin' you, Si's horses, they went along pretty smart, though they ain't so handsome as they might be—not by a long shot—won't never be hung for their looks—though, for that matter, neither will Si; them Bartletts' faces always did look like the edge of the Stater Maine—way it's down on the map. I s'pose, though, that ain't neither here nor there, seeing that the p'int is that we got to Cattle Show good and early, afore they'd gin out any of their prizes or Reward o' Merit cards.

Wal, the men folks all went off 'long o' Si to see about puttin' the horses up somewhere, and so we women folks started right off t' see the women's work. I always do like to see what lookin' things some women will have the face to bring to a fair, and put on show for all the other women to see. This time, though, there was some real good-looking things, though some others on 'em did make you as sick as if you was goin' round Pint Judy Pint in a schooner. Wal, the first thing my eye lit onto was a great blazin' bedquilt. It was handsome, I will give in. It must have took sights and sights of gumption, as well as yaller cloth, to figure that out, and it must 'a' made the stars in the heaven above feel meachin' to look down on it. Why, there isn't one on 'em could hold a candle to it!

Wal, as I was a-sayin', I was lookin' at that bedquilt and tryin' to take the pattern of it off so't I could make one like it for our best bedroom, when up stepped Hitty, and punched me in the side, a good, strong punch, and says she: "Ma, do come over here an' look at these squash pies a-settin' up for prizes. Land," says she, "why, I wouldn't send such pies as them out to feed the hogs with. They'd say: 'Give us a squash, and we could do better than that ourselves.'" Wal, with that, I went over to see them pies, though I did hate to leave that star bedquilt—and, lawsy me—they was a sickly lookin' set. Wal, says I, Hetty May, I do presoom to say that that pie I brought over for our dinner is a enough sight better-lookin' than any of

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these, if your pa has kicked the kittle round all the way from 'Sonet here. With that, up stepped a dapper-lookin' young feller that was walkin' around sort of lookin' out for

"THE FIRST THING MY EYE LIT ONTO WAS A GREAT BLAZIN' BEDQUILT."

things. "Excuse me, marm," says he, takin' off his hat with a great flourish of trumpets, "but I overhearn what you just said, and if you've got any better-lookin' pie than these 'ere along with you, you'd better bring it in," says he, "for the judges are just gettin' round to set on these pies."

I brought that pie for our dinner, says I, and I don't know as 'twould improve it any to be set on by several men. It was all I could do to keep pa from trompin' all over it as we come along this morning.

The young feller laffed, and said he guessed they wouldn't hurt it any, but I felt sort er dubersome; Hetty May, though—she kep a-nudgin' me and a-sayin', "Do, ma, do! Oh, say, ma, do"—till finally, ruther than be drove clean out of my seventeen senses, I give in. Wal—all right, sez I. You run and git it, Hetty May, an' 'f t' ain't all stove to flinders a-flouncin' around in that kittle, you can bring it to this man, and with that I walked off, real unconcerned, to look at the pickles and jells. I wa'n't goin' to have that feller think I was set up any by puttin' my squash pie in Ta'nton Cattle Show.

Bimeby, Hetty May came runnin' up to me all nerved up. "It's in, ma, it's in," sez she, "an' it ain't spoiled a mite, an' it looks real han'some." Wal—sez I, cool as a cowcumber—I guess it looks full as well as these Ta'nton pies. Let's go and look at the garden sass. Over by the cabbage-heads we run across the rest o' the folks, an' I ain't the one to say there was anythin' cur'us in that. Then we went around and saw all the rest of the things, and the men folks got so sorter intrusted in some hoss-racin' that it was along quite late when we got round to go and eat our vittles. On our way to the wagon, Si sorter hung back with the women folks, and sez he: "I'm in hopes you've brought one of them squash pies of yourn, Hepsey; I've got a hole in me big as a woodchuck, an' seems to me one of them would taste real good." I was goin' to sort of pass it off, but Hetty May spoke right up: "Ma put it in the show," sez she. I could 'a' slapped her with a good will. Wal, you ought to have heard the howdydo—all the men folks turned round and pitched in—they was a good rod ahead, but trust men folks for hearin' when you're talkin' about vittles an' sich. Land, you'd have thought I was goin' to starve 'em to death and that I hadn't brought a single other thing to eat but that pie.

Wal—the upshot on it was that I finally give in an' promised to go back and take my pie out, providin' them judges hadn't set on it and made it more squash 'n it set out to be. So back we all trailed—Hetty May hated to like a dog, but I made her, for I felt as if she got us into all this fuss—I leadin' off an' the men folks taggin' on behind, to see that I didn't back out when I got there. I wanted to stop a minute when we got to that blazin' star quilt, but the men folks wouldn't hear of it; you'd 'a' thought they was about to starve right in their tracks. An' so we got to the row o' pies, an' there,

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right in the middle of 'em all, set my pie, marked full and plain, "Mrs. Hepsey Basset, 'Sonet, First Prize." You could 'a' knocked me down with a feather, I was that beat, and Hetty May, she looked for all the world as if she'd been made a queen, or President of our Sewing Circle. Even Sam yelled out: "Bully for you, ma! Bully for you," and I could see that all the folks was impressed. So I turned around sort o' majestic-like, an' I sez with a grain o' sarcasm: Wal, I guess you won't get that pie for your dinner this time, after all your traipsin'. They didn't say nothin', but the men folks turned round pretty sudden an' travelled off towards the sheds. I sorter waited a minute just to see how my name looked with "First Prize" tacked on to it, an' just then up stepped that same young feller, smilin' as a basket o' chips, an' sez he: "The judges didn't seem to spile your pie very much, did they? Of course they had to take one piece out to sample it."

Wal—sez I—I don't know as they did, and I don't know as they did not. I can't reely blame 'em for takin' a small piece out for a sample, though if they was my men folks they wouldn't have stopped off short of the whole thing. Why—they're out there now, mad as hornets to think they can't have that pie for dinner. You'd think they couldn't relish any other vittles at all. At that he sorter laffed, and looked at Hetty May, an' then walked off and talked to another man that was standin' near by. I took Hetty May by the arm and walked her across to the bedquilts, for she's real sharp at takin' patterns, Hetty May is. We hadn't been there mor'n two minutes when I felt somebody a-touchin' my arm, an' land sakes ef there wa'n't that same spruce young feller again—smiliner than ever—ef so could be—an' with my pie in his hand. He made a regular dancin'-school bow, an' stuck out that pie towards me, an' sez he: "It seems a great pity that nobody should enjoy this delicious pie," sez he, "an' if you're in a great hurry to go, why I guess we can oblige you by lettin' you take your pie just a little early." An' then he made another great bow, and handed me over a spick-and-span new two-dollar bill, an' sez he: "I'm real proud to present the prize to you, Mrs. Bassett."

At first I scarcely sensed it, but then I grabbed Hetty May by the arm an' marched her off to where our folks was. I wished afterwards I'd a-asked the young feller to come too—he was so polite—but I was so flustered I didn't think.

Wal—at any rate, there sot the men around the wagon, gloomy as anything, gittin' ready to eat the baked beans and vittles the other women had brought. You'd orter seen Sam laff: "Wal—if it don't take ma," he sez. "First—she takes the prize, and then she makes 'em give her the pie back for dinner. That is the beateree!"

It ain't hurt it any, sez I—an' I guess it wasn't, by the way those men fell to on it an' cleaned up every crumb.

Then Si tackled up, an we started for home, but not before all of us women folks had been down to the village an' laid out that whole two-dollar bill on good yaller caliker. An' Hetty May an' me, we pieced a bedquilt this winter that was as far beyond

SEZ HE: "I'M REAL PROUD TO PRESENT THE PRIZE TO YOU, MRS. BASSETT."

that Ta'nton one as that was ahead of the stars in the firmament above, as Scripter says. You step right up to the north chamber an' take a look at it; but don't mention it

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around, for it's to be in Hetty May's settin' out—trossoo, they call it—when she marries that Ta'nton feller—come Thanksgivin', an' I ain't only just told two or three to the sewin' circle, an' Deacon Blodgett's wife, an' A'nt Sophie Pierce, an' one or two others.

It's a dead secret. Step right this way.

A Guide to Shopping

An Uncrowded Profession for Women

By MARIAN WEST

OUT of the increasing complexity of the department store has grown the institution of the store guide, a factor in shopping that is of endless benefit to the hurried or the bewildered or the ignorant, or to those who must buy from a distance. Her profession is a many-sided one, for she is, in a way, a domiciled shopper as well as a hostess in behalf of the firm. Moreover, she must secure to herself a goodly personal following, a list of names that figure on the firm's books because she is there, and that would follow her to a new place if she went, having learned dependence through her tact, energy, and common sense; these names are her assets, the proof of her worth.

If she has friends who spend money, she must make it pleasant and easy for them to spend it under her auspices. If she comes from an adjacent section of the country, then all her fellow-countrymen must realize that, when they come to town to shop, their safest and best course is to get everything from the firm where their own Mrs. Guide stands ready to help; and their satisfaction must spread through the outlying districts to other towns and States in an endless chain of recommendation. She must know the stock and the fashions, and she must be entirely candid in her opinions, even if it is apparently at the firm's expense, keeping always on the side of the buyer.

"That rug is more expensive, but, I tell you frankly, this is more artistic," she says, and so the less expensive is sold; but the delighted shopper comes back again and again, won by this novel sincerity, and the firm does not lose.

The guide's day begins with letters, dozens of them, addressed to her personally, and postmarked anywhere from Maine to Florida. One woman is to be in town just one day, and wishes to achieve a week's shopping, setting forth in six rambling pages what she wants. Out of this the guide compiles a neat list of the required articles, looks up the dubious ones, sets aside in readiness selected porch-chairs, water-coolers, sets of crockery and taffeta coats, that choice may be made quickly, and is ready at the appointed hour to put her customer through in short order. Some of the things on the list the shopper need not even look at, having faith in her guide. In a few hours the list is checked off, and the purchaser goes home to await the boxes, complacent at having done a week's work in a day.

Other letters call for the newest veils or the most fashionable thing in belts, or an exact match for an end of lace, or enclose pencil drawings of side-combs that are to be duplicated. "You remember the blue hat you sent me last year? I want one exactly like it, only white," one will write; and the clever guide is she who has carried that blue hat in her head, and can duplicate it without

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further instructions. There is the keynote of her success—her personal interest. She must remember and also she must sympathize. A dowdy little woman comes in from Backwood Corners, and wants the guide to help her to a ready-made suit. All the tradition of her town is back of that purchase, and it must not be outraged with extremes of fashion beyond its ken; nor yet will the familiar suit that has long been current at Backwood Corners satisfy. The guide, understanding her and her town, finds the happy medium, and makes a note of when the fitting is to take place.

"Remember, I want to see it on you," she says, earnestly—and could anything be more endearing to the anxious feminine heart? At the appointed hour she joins the conclave of saleswoman and fitter, and gives her serious attention to set, and slope, and length, and the little woman goes back to the Corners rejoicing in personal importance and an excellent fit.

Perhaps the same day a young woman comes down in a carriage and orders a dozen gowns to take South with her, any one of them worth a year's wardrobe in Backwood Corners. The guide knows the models, even to the rare and fresh ones that are brought out only for the few; she knows, too, what is being overdone and will soon be "common," and what is on the verge of favor and about to be pre-eminently "the thing." She predicts the hour of the scarlet hat and the passing of the velvet blouse. She saves the anxious young man from the colored shirt of the past, guiding him firmly to the present white, or white with a touch of black. She helps furnish the house, and selects the curtains, and picks out the most suitable grades of huckaback and linen. She is, in short, your personal shopper, working without commission, and well worth her salary to the firm.

Usually, the guide's clients come to her through personal knowledge, but sometimes she is called on to fulfil literally her title for some bewildered shopper to whom "Three rooms over, first aisle to your right" is meaningless jargon. She pilots the novice from floor to floor, economizing steps for her, and securing an attention that the timid do not always receive; or steers an unhappy suburbanite through the mazes of his wife's commissions, changing "matching" from a lucky accident to an exact science. Now and then some shopper who has a charge account at the store forgets to bring the metal coin that proves this and allows the goods to be handed out to her without investigation; in that case, the guide who knows her will accompany her from counter to counter, since a guide's word is as good a guarantee as the formal token.

If a purchase is to be returned, the guide's followers hand it over to her, and so avoid the tiresome machinery of such a transaction, knowing that its value will be placed to their credit without further trouble on their part. She is short-cut and enlightenment, two valuable aids for a shopper to have at hand. Sometimes, too, she is scape-goat, for there is no one more prone to unreason and bitterness than the shopper who does not like her purchases when she undoes them in the sober light of home. Much tact and patience are needed for this post, a ready sympathy, a capable brain, a good physique, and a philosophical spirit. Given these, and a personal following that may be counted on, and a woman has the materials for entering a good profession, one that has dignity and a certain independence, and is not as yet crowded.

It was Wanamaker who first took up this system of guides, and he has made extensive use of it. His New York store has now three women guides and a couple of assistants, as well as a man who speaks foreign languages. The guides have a central office in the building, and, when one is wanted, a little silk flag of his or her color is run up in the rotunda as a signal. Any system that makes shopping in a big department store quicker and easier must be considered as a free gift of time and strength, a reform for which anyone who has struggled with the complications of this modern Noah's Ark cannot be too grateful.

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A Jubilee Junketing

By AGNES DEANS CAMERON

"WE'LL have the cover down, driver; this air is too delicious to lose." It was the Archdeacon who spoke, and his voice had a holiday ring to it, not the remotest suggestion of, "Brethren, let us weep!" "Ah, that's good," appreciated the School Inspector. Wedged in between Church and State sat the school-ma'am, past the first bloom of youth but "comparatively well preserved," a twinkle in her left eye (the other was peering into a package of chocolates the Inspector had brought), hinting that examinations, irate parents, and the eccentricities of trustees had not yet quite quenched the fire within.

The School Inspector asked the school-ma'am if she objected to smoke, and she, casting to the winds the words of wisdom and warning regarding "tobacco heart" in "Pathfinder No. 2," said honestly that she didn't, and the Archdeacon and the Inspector blew beautiful spirals into the piny air.

Their mission was a novel one. In a country district in the South of Vancouver Island, in the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, there lived a loyal Englishman who between the early and the latter rains conceived an idea which, in this outpost of the Empire at least, shall send his name down to posterity indissolubly linked with that of his beloved sovereign.

Mr. Grassward was a trustee of a little country school in Indiantown, and one day filled, like Æsop's frog, with a desire to be great, he evolved a scheme. He would have a local artist paint a picture of the Queen, and this should be the "Grassward Trophy"—it should be competed for by the schools of all the districts in that section of the island. The Grassward gauntlet had now been duly thrown down some six weeks, and five country schools, Indiantown, Silverstream, Esquimalt, Knollwood, and Craggy-Points-by-the-Sea had taken up the gage.

SHE GAZED UP AT THE CARRIAGE HALF WISTFULLY.

This rare June morning, heavy with the scent of wild roses and with bird-song everywhere, was the day fixed for the slaughter of the innocents, and, in this gay and worldly trio in the landau, see the judges hasting off to the arena. To the school-ma'am's pro-

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phetic vision the expedition had all the fearful attraction of an Indian raid or a gladiatorial contest. Along a bitter and thorny path had she learned how country people quarrel.

And now on the cross-roads ahead, a little lonely figure was descried. As they drove up nearer, it proved to be a wee girl of perhaps ten or twelve. In one hand she carried a lunch tied up in a little checked hanky, and her step, although determined, was somewhat tired; she was a winsome little body with rosy cheeks and big round eyes that looked you fearlessly in the face. She gazed up at the approaching carriage half wistfully, and it was the Inspector's voice that offered her a seat.

The small one was off to the contest at Indiantown. "You see," said she, in her dear little serious voice, "each school was to send a pupil to try for the prize, and my teacher sent me."

"Why, where is your teacher, or your mother, or your father, or *anybody*!" demanded the teacher, in a teacher tone. "Why didn't they come with you?"

"Well, teacher has gone to Victoria to see her mother, and my mother is ill, and Dad is busy, and the boys will meet me at the cross-roads coming home; I live at Craggy-Points-by-the-Sea," bravely answered the little one, as if it was the most natural thing in the world for ten-year-olds with their lunch in a hanky to trudge up to the Olympic games, even from Craggy-Points-by-the-Sea to Indiantown, through eight miles of pine forest.

From that moment half unconsciously did the hearts of the triumvirate yearn toward Dorothy Hastings Hamilton. She was sweet and brave and wholesome, and they but human.

The Grassward in his dress-suit, wearing radiantly a sweet-pea and a smile, was at the school-house door to greet them, and the crowd fell back respectfully on either side. Inside the school-room the conditions of the combat were explained; pens and paper lay on both sides of a long table, high-backed benches flanked it, and a Crosse & Blackwell pickle-bottle full of ink stood midway between the sides.

The contestants were each to write a composition and recite a poem; the composition was to come first; at half-time, lunch, then in the afternoon would follow the recitations, and the public presentation of the Queen's picture. Mr. Grassward had decided the list of topics for the compositions: "Our Queen," "My School," "How to Make Home Happy," "The Temptations of a City Life."

It was the school-ma'am who smiled a sardonic smile as, in the bold Spencerian hand of Mr. Grassward, the last title appeared upon the blackboard.

And then the competitors were solemnly called in. Knollwood had sent a boy who chewed gum, a little half-breed in a long coat and golf-stockings; Silverstream was represented by a pale young lady with bangs and a haughty air; a youthful Grassward, treading proudly her native heath, carried in her hand the fate of Indiantown; Dorothy we have met; the fifth gladiator, a lassie in a sailor suit, represented the constituency of Esquimalt.

It was explained to the children and the pale young lady with bangs that the time-limit for writing the composition was forty-five minutes, and that each candidate might make his choice from the subjects on the board.

They got to work in a business-like way, and soon all was quiet save for the buzzing of a big blue-bottle on the window pane and the scratch, scratch of the pens telling of Queen, and school, and home, and the yawning pitfalls of city life—it was Silverstream's sylph who chose this last awesome theme.

The school-ma'am malingered. Through the blue-bottle's pane catching a glimpse of horses, and men, and fond mothers, all the stir of interested excitement, she tiptoed out into a human ant-hill—two hundred relatives and sympathizers. And as the school-ma'am saw the mothers carrying into the adjoining room the baskets and teapots, the men unhitching and feeding their teams, the small boys playing leap-frog and foot-and-a-half, and the Esquimalt teacher, gorgeous in flannels and a blazer, teaching the village soprano to mount a bike, her heart within her gave a great throb of delight. On a day like this it was treat enough to be alive; the resinous air from the pines was intoxicating. What if the other two examiners *were* doing the work! Somehow she couldn't make herself feel guilty.

And all this time within the Hall of Fate the blue-bottle droned, while five pens dipping deep into Crosse & Blackwell were proceeding to prove that the rules of Lindley Murray and the efforts of their teachers, even at this tender age and thus early in life, had taught

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them "to express their thoughts correctly in spoken and written language."

The Archdeacon, stop-watch in hand, called "Time," and Grassward gathered in the trophies. Then out filed the contestants, each to be received at the door in triumph and hurried off by a coterie of leal henchmen to some secluded corner where she was made to yield up for public criticism what she could remember of her literary outpourings.

Jimmy Douglas, he of the Hiawatha-tinct and golf-stockings, sat in the fork of an oak tree, his coat-tails dangling, and held forth on, "*How to Make Home Happy*." "Told 'em homes was the heart of the nation; give a boy a dog and a gun an' 'ncourage him to shoot an' fish 'n' provide for the table, and ended up with, 'Mid pleasures 'n' palaces tho' I may roam'; wrote big, too, vertical writin' and ruled red lines. My Uncle Jim, in Edinburgh, promised me a game bantam if I won."

"Gee! our Jimmy's wrote poetry; I bet we got it!" and, as boastfully the news is carried into the hostile camps near by, off to the sanctity of the church glides the Committee to mark the composition papers.

"YOU BURIED UNCLE JOHN AND I DIDN'T EXPECT *THIS* OF YOU."

The Archdeacon entered the marks in his note-book, and the compositions were wrapped up and sealed with the great seal of the Education Department, for dead men tell no tales.

"But we mustn't go back too soon, or they'll think we scamped our work;" so the mural decorations were duly admired. Here a pink Prodigal fed sky-blue swine in a saffron landscape; and on the opposite wall a little woman and a tall boy in a tail-coat and a bell-crowned hat pirouetted off down a shining lane. "In Heaven's name, what is that?" ejaculated the Archdeacon, and the school-ma'am read with unction the legend,

Hagar, with Ishmael, her son, into the desert led,
With water in a bottle and a little loaf of bread.

The Archdeacon called it "rank blasphemy"; and the lunch-bell raised the siege.

After lunch there was a gradual ingathering to the school-room, the younger ones first, and then the forefathers of the hamlet rather sheepishly, squeezing into seats which held their bodies but left great lengths of limb in the aisle; the mothers and the babies sat along the sides. Many half glances toward the door and a constrained air of expectancy showed that someone was looked for, and soon arrived the M. P. from Esquimalt in a double carriage with a liveried coachman; and for the nonce the glory of the Committee was dimmed.

Grassward, all smiles, was ubiquitous; mounting the platform, he "in a few well-chosen words" detailed the scheme and reported on its part fulfilment. "Our little friends, the contestants, have been practising the recitation for three months," he wound up, "and I am sure we all have a treat be-

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fore us. It has been arranged that the little competitors will remain in (ahem!) the lunch-room, and be called out seriatim (ahem!)—that is, I may say, one by one, to the platform. The poem (ahem!) that I have selected is by Lord (ahem!) Alfred Tennyson, and is entitled (can't you feel it coming?) '*The Charge of the Light Brigade.*' "

The school-ma'am closed her lips firmly and gazed steadfastly at a knot in the wall. When she looked at the pompous officials on the platform, the big men crammed into the little seats, the waiting mothers and nursing babies, and thought of the young lady with bangs, of Jimmy of the golf-stockings and the three girls of tender years waiting in the cold storage for the call to arms, she wanted to get out into the open air and *yell.*

"After each effort the Archdeacon will lead the way and we will retire to the room behind and mark the candidate. We will never under the sun be able to keep tab on them any other way." The school-ma'am nodded her head; she had long ago entered the speechless stage. All was anticipation in the body of the hall, even the babies ceased squirming. A great hush fell upon the community. Through the open door the grasshopper became a burden, and you could hear the great clock tick.

"Esquimalt!" announced Mr. Grassward, and the ample breast of the M. P. to the right might be seen to heave with conscious pride under the folds of his white waistcoat.

The Esquimalt teacher arranged his cravat, cleared his throat, and tried to look unconscious as the door opened and juvenile Esquimalt and a strong suggestion of cold ham and mustard were wafted in.

The little girl walked to the front of the platform and did her best; her efforts were warmly applauded, and as she was received into the midst of the Esquimalt contingent in the front seats, the Three retired to the annex to mark the effort. "Oh, this is too much," said the Inspector, turning to the school-ma'am; "are we three expected to follow one another out and in thus in solemn procession five times?"

"Yes, and Heaven help the Committee if one of us is detected in a smile till this tyranny be overpast." The Inspector gave an uneasy laugh, and they wended back and were received in strained silence.

Little Miss Grassward was the next, and her recitation was of the galloping order. Hers not to reason why, hers not to make reply, hers but to do and die, and she did it; had it been a contest against time, then would the Grassward trophy never need to leave its ancestral halls.

Out and in once more moved the Judicial Procession, and one more contestant was gathered to the bosom of her own.

Then came Jamie of the long coat, and everyone felt it somewhat of a relief to hear his more robust tones. Boldly he spoke and well; it was evident that, in spite of his grotesque attire, poetry dwelt in the soul of Jamie.

Outward and inward flowed the Committee, Jimmie's mark was duly entered, and Dorothy emerged from the banquet-hall. Not one friendly hand-clap greeted the little figure as she climbed the steps and made her solitary way to the front and faced her audience. She looked anxiously around the room, as if seeking a friendly face to talk to; her dear little voice quavered to begin with, and then steadied and took on a tone that made the school-teacher sit up straight and flush with a thrill of sympathy. The true spirit and inner meaning of the story filled the child's little soul. What need she care for the strangely unresponsive crowd before her—in imagination she stood where the thin red line moved forward and Cossack and Russian fell. It was a wondrous voice that Dorothy had, now low, earnest, and compelling as

> All in the valley of Death
> Rode the six hundred,

then gravely assuring her listeners that

> *Some one had blundered;*

ringing right out through the open door into the pines with

> When shall their glory fade?

then coming back to the faces in front of her and finally pleading,

> *Honor* the Charge they made!
> *Honor* the Light Brigade!
> Noble six hundred!

With a half-frightened look around her, she was gone. There was just a little stir among the audience; with a start as she left the platform (it had all been so real), the Archdeacon came back from that awful day on Balaklava plain, the Inspector blew his nose vigorously, and the school-teacher longed to

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pick up the girlie then and there, give her a great hug, and carry her off to her mother.

In the waiting-room, Dorothy's average, 95, was entered in the Archdeacon's book. "If we only dared do the Lochinvar-act," said the Inspector, "grab up Dorothy and the picture and flee!"

"We may have to make a rapid retreat as it is," returned the schoolma'am, "but I feel brave now—Dorothy seems to have given me courage; we will see this thing out to the bitter end. Gather all your fortitude for the effort of the pale young lady; something tells me it will be awful!" And awful it was.

As the door opened to admit the last of the five, a deep-drawn "Ah!" of appreciation from those in front caused the Committee to look up. The glory and the hope of Silverstream, amid the fragments of the forgotten feast all this long waiting afternoon, had not been idle. What a transformation! Clad in brown, with thin straight bangs, and her hair in a bob, chrysalis-like she went into that room; and now with a skip and a smile she emerges a radiant butterfly, pink-sashed, white-stockinged, satin-slippered, her kinky hair starting out from all sides of her head at a giddy angle of forty-five, bearing unmistakable signs of being newly laundered; she danced herself into the heart of the audience at the very first bound, and fairly took away the breath of the Committee.

But when she began to recite——!!! You have seen a kindergarten song "with motions"; perhaps you have heard a professional reciter, one who "gives lessons, private and in classes, at prices within the reach of all." It would seem as if some such agency had been at work on Miss Silverstream; she rolled her eyes; she beamed; viciously she stamped her foot in the soiled satin slipper; she clasped her hands and looked mawkish; and she rushed from side to side of the platform till the M. P. from Esquimalt nervously tucked his patent-leathers under his chair. The word "hell" she swallowed, for that, you know, is a naughty word. With stiff forearm extended, and with fire in her eye, she charged with the British; and realistically did she "reel from the sabre stroke" with Cossack and Russian.

THE LAST THING THEY SAW WAS DOROTHY MOUNTING GUARD BEFORE THE PICTURE.

Breathless was the Committee, as if under a spell they sat, when, with a last dying yell, came the end:

> When *shell* their glory fade?
> O-o-o-o! the wild charge they made!
> (A charge to left-front of platform.)
> All the world wondered!

Oh, it was awful, that climax, but the retreat from the stage capped it, as, blowing kisses

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to the audience, and with a succession of low bows and a backward scuffle, she disappeared; her exit, a compromise between the sawdust-ring and the ballet, brought down the house.

The examiners, withdrawing to strike their averages, found that Dorothy had won the prize.

"How shall we dare to tell it to that waiting crowd, still noisy and clamorous with Silverstream applause?"

"Better pass the word to the driver to harness up and get everything ready, and then all of us stand by for a hasty retreat. You go in, Archdeacon, and break it to them gently; they'll respect your cloth; I'll collar the picture."

"And *I'll* grab Dorothy," said the schoolma'am. And they were not a moment too soon. The Inspector, holding the Queen up before him shield-wise, the school-teacher hurrying Dorothy off, got safely to the waiting carriage—but the Archdeacon, in the very act of flight, was caught and hemmed into a corner by Miss Silverstream's mother.

"You married two of my daughters, you christened me, and you buried Uncle John, and I didn't expect *this* of you. And that old maid, why, I used to know her father in Cariboo; I'd like you to tell me what *she* knows about judging."

Vainly did the Archdeacon try to soothe the lady. "My husband feels just as I do about it. John, come here." As she turns, the Archdeacon, a wise man in his generation, bolts.

It wasn't dignified to jump over a wheelbarrow and two dogs, but, judging by the angry voices oozing out from front door and back door and side door, it was very wise.

One cut of the whip and they were off. "By Jove," said the Inspector, with backward glance, "see that fat woman in the red dress slap her twins, and look at the Esquimalt teacher hustling up the festive small boy; you haven't left a very Christian frame of mind behind you, Archdeacon."

"I'm afraid not," said the parson. "How am I to go back there to preach on Sunday?"

"Never mind," returned the Inspector, joyously. "The glory rests with us. Have a cigar, Archdeacon; there are just two left."

And so strife, malice, and all uncharitableness left behind, the mingled incense of choice Havana and of balm from the fir-trees curls upward; and the school-ma'am murmured, "It was like an eve in a sinless world."

Very solemnly, holding up her little face to each of the Committee in turn, and grasping the hanky with the remnants of her lunch, Dorothy stepped down to the side of the country cross-road. The Inspector jumped after her with the picture of the Queen and leaned it against a great pine, and they drove off. Turning to look back before going down the hill, the last thing they saw was Dorothy mounting guard before the picture. From the west a ray of sunshine came slanting through the great pines and fell upon the two faces, the little girl's and the great and good Queen's; and so, waiting for "Dad" and "the boys," the Committee left them. And the next day there was rejoicing in Craggy-Points-by-the-Sea.

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Nature vs. Bryan

By EVERETT B. MANSON

FAR through the memory shines a silver night, February 27, 1897. Mr. Bryan, still persuaded, as he seems to be persuaded yet, that behind him and the Great White Dollar of our Daddies were "the commercial interests, and the laboring interests, and all the toiling masses," addressed such of the toiling and other masses as had "deadhead" tickets or were willing to pay the price of admission to his lecture in Carnegie Hall. Among the statesmen and stateswomen present were Robert A. Van Wyck, afterward Mayor of New York, and champion beefsteak-eater of the world; William Sulzer, the Henry Clay of Tammany, flashing thought and emotion from his high-piled brow; and Mrs. Mary Ellen Lease, the Kansas orator, whose eyes were lightning and whose words were tornadoes. The Sixteen-to-One Club glittered from a box. Sixteen-to-One! Once men cracked their voices and almost their hearts yelling for that heaven-born ratio (please pronounce *rasho*) ; and now it is as obsolete as 1601.

The audience was smaller than it ought to have been, for Mr. Bryan is always worth hearing. His voice is, or was, a most miraculous organ. He is a silver-mouthed orator—Argyrostom, if not Chrysostom. He was a little thinner, younger, richer in locks than he is now. His face, more deeply lined than his years demanded, was and is a face that invites and baffles study. Something of the actor. Everybody sees that. Something of the priest, or, should we say, the preaching friar of the Middle Ages ; a countenance perhaps a little too full, but illuminated and refined strangely by the eyes. Something of the old-fashioned Methodist minister, the fervent preacher, the circuit-rider. A melodramatic face that can soften into comic traits. A caressing, contagious smile; a frown of indignation at command; mobility, ardor, sympathy, intuitive perception of the psychology of crowds. Here was a natural rhetorician superimposed on a good fellow who cannot help making friends and phrases.

Prophets are doleful folk; and Mr. Bryan never could keep from dropping into prophecy. For at least seven years he has been speculating upon futures and has always "got on the wrong side of the market." Nature, that sly old deviling wag, seems to have bent all her energies to confute this earnest and confident soothsayer. In this Carnegie Hall lecture he looked into the seeds of time and foresaw the day when, if "present conditions continue, the salaries of public officers will have to be cut down." And now there is a surplus in the Treasury, and the cart-wheel dollars in the vaults must be rolling over themselves in hard, metallic laughter. One more piece of characteristic soothsaying:

"I want you to understand why New York is in favor of a financial policy that makes beggars and paupers of the rest of the country. In a question of endurance the farmers of Nebraska can hold out longer than you can. When the farmers will still be able to make a living from the soil, your streets may be filled with idle and hungry men, until it will take all your aggregated wealth to keep them from starving."

Hear, Nature, hear! Dear goddess, hear! And Nature heard. She sent fair weather and enormous crops to the United States. She sent drouth and famine to India. At her command the gold that lay perdu in the bowels of Alaska came out to add to the money of the world and the discomfiture of Mr. Bryan's woful vaticinations. The Nebraska farmers held out as long as they could, but in the end they too joined the plutocratic procession, mounted their swift automobiles, and tooled away merrily behind the Juggernaut chariot of Gold. Stirred by facetious Nature, the oil in the good Democratic insides of Texas spurted forth, contaminating faithful Bryanites like Hogg and Towne with the Curse of Gold. Agriculture burned its mortgages, and still had "money to burn." The bleeding brow of "Labor" wore a brand-new tall hat. Pros-

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perity came with full horn and blew it derisively at the saddened seer from Nebraska. The poor young Absaloms whom he pitied, who were to be condemned to "perpetual servitude" to monopoly, got fat jobs. The people refused to lose any sleep about that "paramount" issue, Imperialism, and decided to keep the Philippines, the "Naboth's vineyard," which used to rouse the prophet to his most solemn and scriptural vein.

Worse, if worse could be, remained behind. There was one more "paramount" issue—the trusts—the wicked, wicked trusts. The silver star might have set. Imperialism and the fall of the republic might have dismounted from their paramountcy. But one paramount question could not be unparamounted. The accursed monopolies that were sucking the life-blood of the producing classes must be— Whoop, hurrah! Along gallops a wild young bronco ridden by a wild young cowboy with far-seen gleaming teeth and a wealth of voice. He charges at the trusts. He pats the bleeding brow of labor. He gathers in the toiling masses. Poor Mr. Bryan is left without a prophecy fulfilled or an idea with any votes in it not boldly prigged and carried off by the emphatic young gentleman with the bronco and the free dental exhibition.

Mr. Bryan is as engaging a man as ever made or mounted a platform or a hobby. Don't blame him. He did the best he could. He is the victim of the humor of things.

Significant Autobiographies

V—The Bank Cashier

I AM positive that, except to myself, my boyhood was wholly uninteresting. My proof of this is the fact that I have never been able to tell dramatic anecdotes of myself commencing "When I was a boy," as all my friends do. Many events of my later life seem to me intensely dramatic, so it is not that I lack a sensibility of the picturesque. But over the first fifteen years that I can remember, there is a colorless light in which nothing seems conspicuous.

My parents were well-to-do, but honest. My father was a New York lawyer, a general practitioner in all kinds of cases and all courts, before the era when lawyers had to specialize in order to be distinguished. He was an old-school lawyer in his stately manners, which made a shell hard for a little boy to break through. He was also of the old school in his extreme sense of the ethics of his profession, and I got from him, at least, the youthful conviction that everybody must have a code of conduct and live up to it without breaks. A single violation of the ethics of the bar was enough to ruin a lawyer, and he used to insist that the same principle should apply to any other code which one might definitely adopt.

A future bank man could not have a more fortunate training than that insistence.

But my father did not have a startling faith in my intellectual promise. At school I cared more for athletics than books, and though I generally wormed through my examinations, they did no great credit to the family name. My brothers went to college and became lawyers. But, at the age of seventeen, a family council decided that as a candidate for a university and a professional career I would be a failure.

So, one day, my father said:

"Would you like to enter a bank, my son?"

"Father, I'd rather be a banker than anything else," I replied.

THE CAREER IS CHOSEN

A few days later he said: "I have been speaking to your uncle about you. He thinks he may possibly make a place for you in his bank. He began as office-boy in that bank, and now he is president of it. If you get in there you will have a chance to show your quality. But if you undertake it, you ought to consider that you have enlisted for life. You ought to work out your career in one place. If you have merit, it will count in the long run. But there can never be one single break in the code. Are you willing to face that?"

My first visit to the bank is a most vivid

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memory. I was dressed in my best suit of Sunday clothes (in those days even well-to-do boys had "Sunday suits"), I was diffident, unquestionably awkward, and very nervous as I waited for my interview with the old gentleman. Although a kindly uncle, he was inclined to be brusque, and he had no reason from my record to fancy I was likely to be a distinguished credit to the family.

"ANYTHING"

"Well, my boy," began my uncle, "what do you want to do?"

"Oh, anything," I blurted with the cheerful stupidity of boyhood.

"My boy," he said slowly, "I will account for your reply on the ground of inexperience. I don't want to lecture you, but let me tell you that the hardest man in the world to find work for is the man who says that he can do 'anything' or is willing to do 'anything.' Usually he is the man who can't do a — thing."

My uncle was mildly profane at times.

"Now, you ought to have sense enough to know that you can't do 'anything.' I don't believe, either, that you are as stupid as your father thinks, and I am going to give you a chance to prove that I am right. Next Monday you come down here and go to work. You will get $5 a week, which will be twice as much as you will be worth to us for six months at least. If you are good for *anything*, we shall soon find it out; and if you are good for *nothing*, we shall soon find that out, too."

As I was about to depart, he said: "One thing more I want you to remember. You have a very good family name—one that you ought to be proud to bear. Don't you ever do anything to disgrace it!"

The last sentence was a command. I have never forgotten that brief conversation. The "old man," as the boys in the bank affectionately called him, has long since passed away, but even nowadays when the "do anything" chap presents himself with a letter of introduction, I think of my uncle long enough to bear witness to the truth and force of his view.

Let me remark to the unemployed officeman looking for work, that it is next door to folly to ask for help to secure employment unless you can specify the character of the work you want, even though vaguely, and the amount of compensation you expect. Any cheerful, kindly disposed man can fritter away much valuable time in trying to fit square pegs into round holes, and as I have found employment for at least fifty men, young and old, in my time, I consider that I am entitled to a positive opinion on this subject.

My first work in the bank was any odd job that anybody could trust me with. But to this proud position of general utility I soon joined the responsibilities of bank messenger. When I realized that to me were being confided the great notes and the bunches of checks by which the momentous transactions of New York business were carried on, and when I was at last actually conveying on my person bills and gold to the amount of thousands of dollars, I was sometimes almost stupefied with the responsibility. The money which made New York go was literally in the big wallet which was hitched to me by a brass chain. I had a vast respect for my office; I could not help, also, respecting the judgment of my superior officers in selecting me for this most important function of banking. I sometimes reflected on how much more the bank depended on my honesty and intelligence than on my uncle the president, whose hands never touched the immense values which I carried daily.

Bank messengers get, according to their grade, from $250 to $600 a year. But I have never quite got over my juvenile reasoning that in proportion to what is intrusted to them the customary scale of their wages is much too small.

CONDITIONS OF SUCCESS IN A BANK

It was a long way to the top, whither I aspired, notwithstanding my reflections on the relative values of bank messenger and bank president. In one line there was a formidable array of healthy young assistant book-keepers and adjusters before you came to the august chief book-keeper. In the other line there was an almost equal mob of tellers, with the chance that if you distinguished yourself too much as teller you might be kept at it, in the interest of the bank rather than for your own interest.

I often meditated on these chances and the conditions of success; and I always came back to the maxims of my father, that only by merit could a boy win out in a bank. It was to be each day a clear head after a quiet evening and a sound sleep, because blunders in figuring or in pigeon-holing would not be tolerated forever, and the fewest blunders

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must count on the right side. The code of bank ethics, moreover, though nobody talked of it, was always there, and if some other fellow was tempted to make the one break which would be fatal, so would not I.

THE WORTH OF A "PULL"

All this was exceedingly wholesome for a bank-boy to smile over and act upon, and that careful course was absolutely necessary for promotion. My promotion, however, was somewhat hastened by my "pull."

Fortunately for my grounding in the fundamentals I had no idea of a "pull." Nevertheless, I can now see that my relationship to my uncle, the president, inclined many of the employees to give me little chances which might not have gone to another boy equally meritorious. I am sure my rigorous uncle never gave the tip that I should be favored. But it was human nature that the employees and officials, from the special policeman to the cashier, should have a kindly impulse toward a boy who bore the president's name; and the little opportunities which were thus put in my way made just the margin by which an aspirant, who had but little unfortunate work to his record, could now and then distinguish himself for special promptitude or happy judgment.

So it was that my rise was more rapid than my unaided merit would perhaps have promised. In turn I became assistant book-keeper, book-keeper, exchange clerk, discount clerk, receiving teller, paying teller, and assistant cashier. But these promotions took a full twenty years, and, consequently, whatever supererogatory influence I had to pull me along was effective only because of long, painstaking, and unimpeached service.

I speak thus frankly of that "pull" because it is a thing seldom confessed. Men who write about young fellows who begin at the bottom and work to the top never spoil the dramatic force of their story by a suggestion of any adventitious circumstances. Men who record their own rise are no more likely to avow any aid outside their own merit. But as a matter of fact, every man in the midst of things observes it, and nobody is fool enough to despise it. In some cases the "pull" is injudiciously given by too fond family influence, and then the business is almost certain to pay the cost of the favoritism. But usually it comes, as I flatter myself that mine did, because of a substantial acceptableness of work which makes it safe to push the fellow ahead.

This has always been so and always will be so. Merit counts and always must count as a *sine qua non*. But when there are two fellows of equal merit, and one promotion, there is always some margin by which one of those equally meritorious persons is more acceptable to the authority who says: "Come up higher." This margin may be only personal manner and address; or it may be wide acquaintanceship which can be helpful to the business; or it may be money which he can invest in the business or wealth which he can influence; or it may be family and social strength: whatever it is, it is this margin that counts at the crisis when the choice is to be made; it is the everlasting law that "to him that hath shall be given," or as David Harum said, "them that has, gets."

Out of hundreds of illustrations of the working of this law of "pull" in business which I have observed, I will give one which, if it does not seem to have all the grave, philosophic significance just described, is at least amusing.

It was at my own dinner-table the other evening. "Mother," said my son, "Willie Pierson has gone to work as a clerk in the S. & S. railroad office in Broad Street. He gets $60 a month. He found the place, all alone, too."

"But," asked the mother, "I thought that his father was a director of that company?"

"Yes, but when he asked his father to get him a 'place' in the office, his father said, 'No. Go and ask them yourself.' Willie went down, walked in the office and told them that he was looking for a job.

"'Who are you?' asked one man.

"'W. Pierson, Jr.,' said Willie.

"'Not the son of William Pierson, of 29 Wall Street!'

"'Yes, he's my father.'

"And," concluded my son, triumphantly, "they gave him a clerkship."

"What did Willie's father say?" I asked.

"Oh, he laughed when Willie told him and said he guessed Willie wouldn't set the office on fire."

THE BACKWARD PULL

But there is a backward pull in every successful business if a young fellow who is pushed ahead does not keep up the substance down beneath. Though things came steadily my way I took no chances with myself. I

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cared for my health. I had abundant exercise in the outdoor air. In devotion to athletics I escaped the curious imaginations which led numbers of my fellows to carouse at night. Never but once did I go to my task with a blear. That morning my computations were so riotous and I was so set on distributing my checks into the wrong pigeonholes, that I went to the cashier about eleven o'clock to ask permission to go home. He looked at me keenly, and said not unkindly,

"Last night is responsible for this morning. Let me tell you right here that you can't do that sort of thing and make a banker of yourself, no matter what your name is. No; keep at your work to-day, make your errors, face the consequences of them, even if you are fined for them. I guess your mortification will be the best cure for you."

AN EARLY MARRIAGE

What a wise man he was! But that was a part of my "pull," for I never presented myself in that condition again. It was paying too much. Then I married when I was only twenty-four, and on $1,000 a year. That was a pretty small income for a young man whose family had social position, and my father did not help me out. But with a prudent as well as lovely wife my early marriage was of decided advantage in my career. There was a quick settling into safe habits, and the greatest incentive in the world.

So now, at age forty, I am the cashier of the bank which I entered twenty-two years ago as a boy; and if my health continues I hope to be its president in due course, when my salary, which is now $7,500, will be—much bigger.

The bank is an old-fashioned one, and though in the Wall Street district, has not specialized; it deals as largely in commercial paper as in broker's loans. It has, accordingly, been my task as executive officer to make myself as familiar as possible with the financial standing not only of our regular customers, but of anyone whom chance might ever convert into a customer. This is a task without limit, it never can be completed; nevertheless, every bit of knowledge gained is of value; frequently such facts start veins of new and important information; very often the facts thus gained, transferred daily to my card catalogue, are of direct use some day when the particular man comes in to ask a loan. External vigilance is the price of maintaining a bank, and no newspaper is so greedy of news as is a bank cashier of every piece of personal information relating to the men whom he may have to deal with presently, and which he treasures up for time of need.

Thus, a year ago, while calling in a lawyer's office, I gathered some information regarding a jobbing firm whose rise had been interesting. At my return I jotted this down on a new card for my catalogue, with a couple of queries as to important points not answered. Within the last week the head of that concern came to ask for a line of credit.

"What kind of credit do you want?"

"Well, not only discounts in the paper of our customers, but also we would like to have you take our own paper at certain times of the year."

While making general inquiries I opened my drawer, and, unseen by him, I turned to his card to refresh my mind as to the unanswered queries. These I bolted at him. He was obviously surprised at the intimate knowledge of his conditions so suddenly displayed, but his answers were frank and satisfactory; and the result was that after consultation we gave him a line of credit five times the amount of the balance he promised.

REPUTATION AS COLLATERAL

Although it is the A B C of bank dealings, I never cease to be interested in the moral attitude of each affair. For, after every precaution has been taken to be sure of a man's rating, we have to depend so much on the truthfulness of his own statements. To be sure we cover the risk of believing his own figures as far as possible by affidavits, which make him liable for any deceit; yet, after all that, there is a wide margin in which men might play tricks if they were so disposed. But though they may exaggerate through their roseate views of themselves, it is the rarest experience to be caught by a trick. Men have to live and do business to-morrow and next year; and the ruinous effect of a deceit in a business world where credit is as important as cash, is the strongest possible incentive to honesty with a bank.

When a man has built up a reputation for honesty and has made a character for capable business, then he deserves to have money loaned to him on his personality. There is a big thing going on under that man's able hand which is equal to collateral.

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Not long since there was brought to our notice a man, several hundred miles from New York, who had built up a most sterling business, and whose name was of the highest repute. Within a score of years he had gone forward steadily. He had begun with a few hundred dollars, had never incorporated or capitalized, had never given a mortgage on his plant. But local banks had furnished him his money, and he had come to command at times nearly a million dollars in the open market when he needed to borrow it. Such a man was the kind of connection any strong bank would like. He himself was better collateral than any mortgage on his plant. So, with life insurance to cover the one hazard of his death, we were gratified to extend to him an unusual line of credit.

When I became cashier my predecessor had left a legacy of certain commercial paper which I wished was somewhere else. It was in the summer of 1896, and the issues of the campaign had a threatening bearing on this particular line of credit. In the midst of that trying season the firm which had given these notes—an important wholesale and retail house—notified us that they could not honor them—their collections had been too slow. This was not strange, for money was being so hoarded in the general distrust that everybody had trouble to collect. But this firm had certain methods which I did not like; they were altogether too "extended" in their papers, and besides had the reputation of being a bit "sharp" in their efforts to get business. Still, much as I would have been glad to be rid of them, there was not the time to take any steps. If McKinley was elected, money would flow again, and then we could drop the firm without harm to them or their creditors.

WHEN FAITH IS THE BEST POLICY

So, when the president asked my advice, I said boldly:

"Let us carry them till after election."

"Can we take that risk?" asked the president.

"Yes, I am positive McKinley will be elected. Then this firm will be among the first to feel the effects of a restoration of business confidence. They are strong and resolute men; they have built up their trade till they have almost a monopoly; and as soon as they can collect they will pay one hundred cents. But they are not to be trusted. If we press them now we will realize very little, and their failure would surely cause wide disaster."

My advice was taken and the notes were renewed. Directly after the election money took its famous and wonderful start. In the restored confidence the firm met its obligations. Then, with tactful apologies for not being able to meet further paper which they offered us, we gradually led the institution to look elsewhere for its discounts.

This illustrates the peril a bank officer must always be scenting for. He never knows when a mercantile concern may be tempted to reach too far at the wrong time. The courage of a man of great capacity may overvault itself. So we have to watch the human equation as much as Bradstreet's.

But the business of lending to stock-brokers is entirely different. Commercial paper pays smaller interest, but it lasts a longer time. Brokers' paper, which is on call, may pay large returns according to the state of the market. But on the other hand, a broker, in a certain sense, must always be regarded by a bank as on the edge of insolvency. A panic may shatter him tomorrow. Consequently, the broker, like all others who have not a big current of mercantile industry behind them which goes of itself, must have his collateral in his pocket when he comes for a loan.

Dealing with Stock Exchange borrowers is a business of itself. I have in my mind the character and credit of every leading borrower in that field. I like the simplicity and clearness of this line of my duty. First we lend to our depositors on the floor of the Stock Exchange through a broker who makes a specialty of lending the money of banks. This broker, I understand, makes $50,000 to $75,000 a year from his commissions.

Between this special broker and ourselves there is the most confidential interchange of information regarding the borrowers and the collateral they are offering. If we find a concern is too constantly offering undesirable collateral, we tell our broker to eliminate that house from our list. The question of the quality of collateral is necessarily changing from day to day, and the closest scrutiny of its value is of profound importance.

When a brokerage house gets into trouble, its bank is usually the first to hear of it. Indeed, it is usually the troubled broker himself who gives the information, for brokers as a class are anxious to protect their banks.

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They cannot do business without the banks, and hence the phenomenally rare losses through over-certification.

"BLUE THURSDAY"

In time of panic in Wall Street it is always our custom to look for weak spots in the situation by trying to discover who is too "extended." By extension is meant the maximum of liability and the minimum of assets. Usually these spots are easy to find. Rumor, on that street, tells promptly about everything that is so, besides the most fanciful and picturesque romances that excited men can invent.

The day of intensest excitement in my business career was Thursday, May 9, 1901. "Blue Thursday" was not precisely a panic, like "Black Friday" of thirty-two years before; for in a panic, as Wall Street understands it, there is a general collapse of unquestionable values, a refusal to loan money on any security, and a breakdown of big houses. On May 9th no strong house went down, and there were no refusals to loan money, and the depression in substantial values was very short-lived. Nevertheless, the upheaval, while it lasted, was of dramatic frenzy; for a time nobody could tell where it might carry us; small ruins were piled up in heaps; only the coolness of the great banking financiers, who knew there was no real reason for a real panic, averted a much larger disaster than occurred.

My readers probably all remember the occasion, and the spectacular leap of Northern Pacific to $1,000 a share. It was in meeting this phenomenal spurt that everything else tumbled down, down till it seemed there would be no bottom. As prices fell, ten, twenty points at a clip, all ordinary margins put up by smaller speculators were wiped out as by a cyclone.

It was the culminating day of a long season of daring speculation. The market had been going up without check. It was a frequent saying that "any fool could make money in this market." Consequently, about all the lambs that ever gambolled around the ticker were in. Even the office-boys were playing the bucket-shops. Scarcely a clerk in our bank but had his savings in that market.

Then out of a clear sky came the thunderbolt. As Northern Pacific began to shoot up that morning pandemonium broke loose. The street was a plunging mob. The wires were crazy with orders. Women speculators were dashing down in hansoms and stood twenty deep before the boards in the stock brokers' offices. No brain could keep track of the transactions, and the tape was forty minutes behind the sales.

The bank was surrounded by the storm. Excited customers were running in upon us, for advice, for loans, or to tell us of their losses. At twelve o'clock an elderly lady was assisted from her carriage and up the steps by her negro servant. She was a friend of the president.

"What's the price of U. S. Steel preferred?" she asked, with white, strained face.

"87."

She would have fallen if her servant had not held her. She collected herself, and turned to go without any appeal for unavailing pity. But she said to her servant, as he supported her to the door, "Jackson, I am utterly and completely ruined; I haven't a dollar to my name."

The paying teller stood at his place firmly, but with ashen face. At four o'clock he said to me, quietly enough, "I am done up, sir. I went in with every cent I had saved, and every dollar is wiped out. I'm going home now to make a clean breast of it to my wife, and we'll try to start all over again. It took us five years to save what I've lost in three hours. I ought to have known better."

EXTRAORDINARY SELF-CONTROL

Yet, all that wild day he had not made a single error in his counting. That self-control illustrates the discipline which rules in a bank, no matter what frenzy rages in other offices. The only sign of hurry was the rush of our messengers whom we were sending out to our customers with requests for more collateral to cover their loans as the prices fell. The president was apparently as calm as if it were only a routine day. The sending for more collateral was only bank routine. Nothing extraordinary was done. Not a regular customer was refused a loan, and no excessive rate was charged. No loans were called. In this way our confidence did its part to maintain equilibrium. We encouraged our customers to buy the good securities which had taken such falls, and thus we helped on the reaction which came with the afternoon.

About noon, I said to the president:

"What do you think of it?"

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"Think of it?" he replied, "why, if this insanity continues all day, nobody can tell what will happen. Just now there is scarcely a brokerage house that knows where it stands. But the thing *won't* continue. It's too silly. There is no reason for it. See here," and he took up the morning paper; "yesterday at the annual meeting of the savings bank institutions of the State of New York, the president declared that there was $59,000,000 more in deposit than a year ago. The $947,000,000 in those banks won't fly away. That's only one sign of the solidity of things. Cool heads will check this craziness before the market closes. The little mad speculators will be nipped, but I don't think any banks will go down."

So he sat, cool as a great general in the hell of battle. It was as he said. There was a combination of banks to make loans without stint. Even while he was talking the New York News Bureau sent out on all the tapes this message:

"J. P. Morgan & Co. and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. have just agreed not to enforce deliveries in N. P. Com. to-day."

This message made the first break in the madness. It came when men were reeling under the news of 1,000 bid for N. P., and a drop of 150 in Standard Oil. Sanity began again. The brokers got their heads. They saw that though thousands of people had lost terribly, there was to be no collapse, and they began to gun for bargains.

Speculation does not appeal to me as it does to many men, although doubtless were I tempted enough I might speculate. Upon one occasion, a detective who worked on a small defalcation in our bank, after capturing the man, said a few commonplace things interestingly in this way:

"It is as old as the hills but always true that 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.' If you don't want to fall you must avoid temptation. Almost every man will succumb to temptation of a particular kind."

THE TENDENCY TO SPECULATE

I regret to see the tendency among bank officers to speculate. Undoubtedly it has spread in recent years in New York and national banking circles. Time was when a speculating bank president was regarded with disfavor, but not so to-day. We will hear more of this evil when dull times overtake us.

Understand, however, that the speculators are in the small minority; that as a class, no more upright and honorable business men and men of affairs are to be found in the country than those in the banks.

My twenty-two years of direct handling of the money which makes the world go has had a benignant effect on my faith in human nature. I am aware that the financial service which a bank renders is an incentive to men to show it their honest side. But whatever the incentive, it *is* honesty, and not the appearance of it, that men bring us.

Immense progress has been made in this necessity for honesty within my own memory. Take the simple use of the check-book, for instance. Twenty-five years ago it was rare for depositors to send their checks out of town, at least to distant places. To-day the check-book is used more than the pocket-book. You send your uncertified personal checks flying from one end of the country to the other.

THE BANK AND STRAIGHT DEALING

And what does it mean? It is that you are a part of a universal credit system. The banks and the clearing-houses are your book-keepers. Your income and your outgo are handled by us, and you do not see more than a minute fraction of the money you use. Even your notes which are placed in the bank for collection become part of the general system of credit, and may be represented by figures carried from one account to another without the turning of a coin. This universal credit is a condition which makes honesty far more necessary than in the days when each transaction was an individual affair. If you are continued in the system, you must be honest; else we drop you out.

Not the highest incentive, but any incentive to straight dealing is better than none. The straight way becomes the custom, too rudimentary to be questioned. The banks keep millions of itching hands from picking and stealing, and make as many millions tell the truth. That is something. The life of a bank cashier is not liable to be eventful. If I outlive the president, I shall be president, for my cousin, the vice-president (who inherited my uncle's stock), will support my claims to the place whenever a vacancy occurs.

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Little Stories of Real Life

The Wave of Flame

By Robert W. Neal

IT was in 1871. We were in the midst of a hostile Indian country, on the plains, and had lost our company. To move except by night was foolhardy, and we lay concealed all day at the bottom of a little arroya that opened into the waterless channel of a prairie creek. The blue-stem grass was six or eight feet high, and we felt comparatively safe; yet, to feel safer, we maintained a watch all day, turn about.

A little after sundown, Blake awoke me. When I opened my eyes his hand was over my mouth. I raised my eyebrows interrogatively. He bent down and whispered so cautiously and intensely that his word seemed a hiss.

"Listen!"

I sat up and turned my ears toward this direction and that. There was no sound but the stealing of the wind. I shook my head, but he cocked his own and raised a hand with asseverative, cautioning finger extended. Then I heard.

"Screech owl," I whispered. The heavy dusk did not hide his look of disgust.

"Tch! Blackfeet, likely, from the call; they're a woodsy tribe. Sh!——"

I had caught the sound as quickly as he—a sound as of a steady breeze stirring prairie grass.

"Coming this way?" I whispered. He nodded, and added: "Not less than thirty ponies to make that rustle. They are three hundred yards off, and coming slow."

We stole toward the eastern bank of the arroya—swiftly, for we knew the slight sound of our movements would be drowned by theirs. We were almost at the bank when, suddenly, the rustling ceased. We dropped in our places. Again the owl call was given; we waited, breathless, to hear if it were returned, and whence. There was nothing but a half-dozen soft *p't-p't-p'ts* and a quick rubbing of some body against the dry rods of the blue-stem. A wolf was slipping away from us and the approaching troop. He made straight east, and we knew then that the Indians must be almost west of us.

They began to move again, and the sound of their horses in the grass came to us like the hissing of foam upon a wind-blown beach. We ran, stooping, although we could scarcely see each other. They were close upon us, and we must pass out of their line of advance at once—to the right, too, so as not to be to the windward of their horses; for already they were so near that we wondered a pony did not catch our scent and by a suspicious snort betray our presence, and when they passed they would be nearer yet.

Above the rustling and crackling of our impetuous progress, we could hear the advance of that invisible cavalcade. The hoof-beats of the horses became distinguishable. There was a government horse in the troop, for now there could be heard the low click of a loosened shoe. I imagined that I heard even the tinkling of tin ornaments, but I knew it could not be; the war dress of the Indian makes no noise louder than the dry sound of rubbing feathers.

Suddenly there was a snort from a dozen ponies. That moment the advancing crackle ceased and absolute stillness dropped. Before the alarm of the horses was half sounded, we were flat on the ground. We waited. Not a sound from the savages; the arroya, the whole prairie, might have been an Indian burial-ground, so deep, so absolute, was the silence.

Cautiously Blake reached out and touched me. Then he began to creep forward, inch by inch. I followed. Not a sound from the troop, and the noise we made would not have alarmed a fox ten feet away. Minute dragged after minute, slow, heavy, intensely still. Inch by inch we felt our way. Perhaps we

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had moved four yards before we heard a sound.

Quick as our hearts, we stopped. It was nothing but a pony's sneezing—the horses, at least, were where they had been. We lay a moment still, and were about to move again, when I heard—could I be mistaken?—not mine,—close beside me, yet not Blake's, —the breathing of a man. I laid my hand on Blake's leg and held him. I was right. Someone was breathing near us, short, suppressed breaths with deeper ones between, as when one has been moving fast and would not have his presence known. The Indians had sent out scouts, and plainly one of these, with the alertness, cunning, and stealth that were his by birth and training, had guessed our whereabouts, circled round us, and stolen down upon us unheard, while we were covering a poor twelve feet.

He was creeping closer, he was almost on us. What to do? The impulse came to give the screech-owl cry. I gave it, repeated it, gave it again. We heard the horses begin to move.

I raised to my knees, pistol in hand—too late. There was the quick rushing of the Indian through the grass, his shout of notice to his comrades, and down toward us the troop was sweeping, so close already that the clubbing of the empty rifle cases against the flanks and shoulders of the ponies, as if it were a beating of time, was distinct and steady. My owl cry, it appeared, would be our undoing.

We ran—ran—ran—but louder and louder came the continuous swish and breaking of the stiff grass and the muffled beating of the many hoofs, clearer the click of that loose shoe, more distinct the clubbing of the rifle cases. Run as we might, we could not get beyond the reach of that unfolded line of devils pressing down upon us with death before them on their bare-back steeds.

But Blake, who never had failed yet, failed no more now. There came in our faces a sudden flaw—the wind had veered, as it often does upon open plains, in a moment. It was strong and heavy.

"Down!" he cried, and down into the tangled forest of grass we went. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, I saw a light in his hand, a burning match. He plunged it into the thick grass, and the blaze, snapping viciously, singeing his beard and eyebrows, leaped up far above our heads. Another puff of wind, an increasing one, a driving gust, caught the flame and whipped it twenty feet—and with a deep-drawn sign, a mad, crackling laugh, a hellish groaning of fierce delight, the unloosed demon of fire rushed back toward our terrified pursuers. In one moment of fluid flame, the great wave of fervent death rolled over them, and on—its roar still distinguishable when it had swept miles away, its lurid foam still beating the awful sky when day began to dawn.

Between Bulletins

By D. H. Talmadge

MAJOR BITMORE'S office, in the city to which I was a stranger, was directly across the street from a newspaper office, which was a convenient location in times of political excitement, for it precluded the necessity of hard work in connection with getting returns, and the Major, while his interest in political affairs had not lost its edge with the passing of the years, had reached a point where bodily comfort was not only desirable, but necessary.

"Sometimes," said he, smiling sadly, "I feel so much like jumping into active politics again that it's all I can do to keep from yelping aloud." Which is not altogether to be wondered at, considering the fact that for forty years he had been the leading spirit in his district, and a factor always to be reckoned with in the State.

We were sitting in the Major's office one palpitating night following a national election day, watching the bulletins as they were thrown upon the screen on the other side of the crowded street, and in some way the subject of women as politicians was brought into the conversation.

"I've nothing but respect for the woman in politics," declared the Major. "I've seen her do things."

He was silent for an interval. Then he chuckled.

"Twenty years ago this fall two young chaps were running for the treasurer-ship up in Scalder County. One of them was named Martin—Tom Martin—and the other's name was Wing. Both were new-comers in the county; almost everybody was a new-comer up there then. Tom was a lawyer, with barely enough practice to keep his sign in good order. Wing was a saloon-keeper. He'd have won the fight if it hadn't been for a woman.

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"That woman was my daughter, and she married Tom within a month after his election, and she's been managing his campaigns more or less ever since, if I'm not wrong. She was the *durnedest* girl, as strong of body as she was bright of mind, and good looking—well, she was her mother right over again. After she got big enough to have a beau, I worried a good deal for fear she'd fall in love with some fellow I wouldn't want her to marry, because I was well enough acquainted with the breed to know that if she made up her mind to do a thing she'd do it in spite of her dad and the whole Continental Congress. You see she had her mother's will as well as her good looks."

There was pride and the suggestion of a tremor in the Major's voice.

"It was along in June of the year when Tom ran for the treasurership that he came to me one night and asked me for the girl's hand, and I laughed at him. 'Why, good Lord, boy!' said I; 'what would you live on?' 'Oh, I'm working up in my profession,' he replied; 'it'll be a good thing after a while.' 'Well, then,' said I, 'you just come and see me again after a while. You can't marry my daughter till you can support her.' He turned to leave the room at that, but when he reached the door he came back. 'I'm thinking of running for county treasurer, sir,' said he, meekly. 'The deuce you are!' said I; 'what for?' 'Oh, just to keep busy,' said he; 'besides, I need the money.' 'You're in the wrong party, Thomas,' said I; 'you can't win.' He was a Democrat, and Scalder County, what there was of it, was Republican through and through. 'Party shouldn't count for much in county politics,' said he. 'I understand your party is going to nominate Wing for the place, and I believe I can beat him. I've been here three months longer than he has, and he isn't exactly the right sort for treasurer any way—he sells and drinks too much whiskey.' 'Don't delude yourself, my boy,' said I; 'you can't win on that ticket; Wing is all right with the people, and he's honest as daylight. But I'll tell you what I'll do with you; you beat Wing and I'll withdraw my objections to your marrying my girl.' Well, sir, he beamed all over at that. 'Oh, thank you, sir,' said he like a boy at a Christmas tree, and went away. I felt a bit sorry after he'd gone, for I rather liked him and his case was so hopeless.

"He got the nomination for treasurer. All he had to do was ask for it. Nobody else in his party wanted it. And in the course of three or four months we began to understand that he was no longer to be laughed at. He was a fine-appearing young fellow, with a clear head and a smooth tongue, and he labored with the voters man by man and woman by woman—more particularly woman by woman. The women couldn't vote, of course, but they could kick up a good deal of influence in their own households. As near as we could tell, his chances were about as good as Wing's by the middle of October, and nothing occurred to change this estimate up to November 1st.

"November 2d was election day.

"On the evening of the last day of October Wing came to my house for a final conference. I was chairman of the central committee. Among other things we decided that he should drive to Northville, a sort of lumber camp in the upper part of the county, next day, and gather in what few votes were there. Prior to that time we had never had occasion to bother with Northville, but now, when two or three votes might settle the contest, the case was different. Wing had never been up there, but the way was clear; he had simply to follow the old north road, which led straight through to Hudson Bay, until he came to a certain branch trail, marked by a blazed tree, which led to Northville. We talked the thing over to the last detail, and I have surmised that someone in the next room was listening to us, but I never asked any questions.

"At any rate, my daughter was absent from home that night, and she wasn't with her lover either, for he was at the hotel delivering a sort of a speech, as I learned upon investigation. Her horse was gone also. She didn't come home till next day along toward night, so fagged she made no effort to explain her absence. Only she gave her mother and me to understand pretty distinctly that she had been doing nothing she was ashamed of. And that day nothing was seen of Tom either.

"Wing came back in time to vote. He was a trifle bleary about the eyes and trembly about the lips, and seemed more disposed to sleep than talk, which disposition he yielded to shortly after casting a ballot for himself. He did not awaken until the result in the lower half of the county was known. He had beaten Tom by twelve votes.

"But when the returns came in from North-

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ville it was found that the total vote of the place—nineteen—had been cast for Tom, and therefore he was elected.

"How it had come about I couldn't understand. I talked to Wing, and he said he'd done the best he could; everybody in the cussed place he'd gone to was Norwegian or something, but he'd tried hard to fix 'em in his favor. 'Well, you missed it somehow,' I said, and I tried to make it clear to him that I believed him to have been so drunk that he couldn't tell a Norwegian from a Hottentot. I was disgusted.

"The night of the wedding I heard how it all happened, although that isn't precisely the word to describe it. My girl told me the story with her arms about my neck while her husband stood by and grinned. She'd painted a couple of guideboards, that was all. One of 'em read 'Ten Miles to Northville,' the other 'Northville Six Miles.' The first she had tacked on the blazed tree, covering the blaze, at the corner where the Northville trail left the main road, and its big index-finger pointed straight ahead. The other she put up on a tree which she blazed herself at the point where a trail left the road for a little Swede colony in the county north of us. The boards had done the work. Wing had gone on to the Swede settlement, while Tom had gone to Northville and got the votes.

"For some reason or other I felt better when I heard this. I *knew* Tom couldn't lick me in a fight of that kind unless he had help from some member of my family. It was all so confoundedly easy and it worked so beautifully that I couldn't help laughing. Plainly, Tom was quite a fellow. All in a minute I saw great possibilities in him as the husband of my daughter, and that night I made a prophecy that he'd not stop at the treasurership or the State Legislature—if nothing happened to his wife. She was certainly the *durnedest* girl."

The returns were coming in more rapidly now, and the Major gave them his undivided attention, throwing out an occasional comment, but indulging in no further reminiscence. A half hour went by. Then suddenly he leaned forward and grasped my arm.

"Look at that, my boy!" he cried, excitedly, pointing a trembling finger at the screen. "That girl—whoop! hear 'em yell! —that girl she's gone and done it again!"

This was the bulletin: "Martin for Governor carries the State by 32,000."

The Thrifty Sarah

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

"IT'S a great year for mothers," said Sarah, reflectively, as she divided the tiny steak with scrupulous exactness. "Ellen has brought hers on for six weeks, and Jean Humphreys has sent for hers, and Mrs. Torrey is visiting Isabel—she sleeps in the little room off the studio. Here, these peas are yours; I didn't order any. And Stella Brooks Livingston told me she was going to devote half her royalties this fall to her mother—bring her to town and get her clothes and take her to things. What has come over you all? Is it conscience?"

"Um—perhaps, a little," said Molly, slowly, eating her canned peas with the vague indifference that testifies to a restaurant life. "That started it with me, when I found I couldn't get home. But it isn't all that, someway. I can't analyze, but it's something more."

"I think you are all simply reverting to parents." Sarah was eying her amusedly. "You have had your years of freedom and your work and your latch-keys, and now the glamour is wearing thin and you are turning back to home and mother. Or, rather, you are trying to compromise—to mix mother and freedom. It won't work, though—you can't do it. You won't acknowledge it, but you will all be frightfully relieved when you buy those dear old ladies their return tickets."

"Not at all!" Molly spoke with decision. "We shall have a beautiful time. First thing you know, you will be sending for yours."

Sarah shook her head with a quick frown.

"Not I. She'd loathe it. Besides, I am too busy to take her about." She shrugged away from the suggestion. "When is yours coming?"

"To-morrow. She is such a dear, Sarah! And think of having all one's stockings darned. I shall meet her at the train with a work-basket." Sarah glanced down thoughtfully in the direction of her own boots.

"There is something in that," she admitted. Then she laughed with a sudden idea. "I'll tell you—I will give you all a parents' party. Each guest must bring one mother, and only one. Wouldn't it be funny—the collection?"

"I think it would be very sweet and nice —not funny at all," Molly protested. "Go

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on and do it, Sarah. We'll come." Sarah sat smiling into her teacup.

"Can't you hear them? 'My Stella—' 'My Isabel—' 'My Molly—' If you were each one as brilliant as mother believes, what a glittering array it would be!" Sarah's inflection on the word "mother" reduced it to semi-humorous slang.

"Well, thank Heaven for one perfectly undiscriminating critic," said Molly, with a laugh. "Now I must get back to work. I am doing such a love of a wall-paper, Sarah —the prettiest design I ever struck. You must have it when you build your country house."

"Thanks, I will," said Sarah. "Will five cents do for the tip? Well, ten, then—you're so lavish, Molly!"

They parted at the door, and Sarah turned to the bank to deposit a check she had received that morning. The growing pages of figures in her bank-book gave her a little thrill of satisfaction as she walked home. They stood for freedom, clothes, books, opera, cabs, Europe even; it was worth while to live in two tiny rooms and let these be lean years of incessant work with that prosperous future piling up ahead of her.

"Some day Sarah will sit on a pink satin chair and dash off articles on a gold typewriter," the spendthrift Molly had prophesied—Molly, who the instant she found herself ahead of her expenses, invited all her friends to dinner or brought one of her family down from the little country home for a week of city life. Sarah could see her scanning the amusement columns for plays suitable to a mother and joyfully bringing home surprises of silk blouses and lace stocks. She winced and frowned sharply, thrusting the bank-book into her desk.

"Mother would hate it; she'd be in terror of the streets, and the noise would drive her crazy," she argued, half aloud. "And going out to meals would be too hard for her. Oh, it wouldn't do at all!" And she turned resolutely to her work. But something made her cross that afternoon. She jerked impatiently at her papers, and once stopped to make some pencil calculations that had no bearing on her article.

A few days later, passing through a crowded shop, Sarah paused and smiled to herself at two figures bending absorbedly over an assortment of white lawn ties. Molly's mother was a gentle-looking little woman, whose quiet country garb had already begun to blossom out in spots with touches of city smartness. Molly was choosing and setting aside ties with lavish enjoyment.

"That is surely enough, dear girl!" her mother was saying as Sarah came up.

"This is the one who is going to give the mothers' party," Molly supplemented her introduction. "I have told everyone about it, Sarah, so you can't back out."

"But, indeed, I don't want to back out," Sarah protested. The remark left a small sting. Had she, then, the name of being one who backed out? She did not often entertain, of course; perhaps she sometimes made impulsive suggestions for festivities that the cooler after-thought allowed to drop and be forgotten. But she was poor! And one had to put by money. It was crazy not to, when one worked so hard to get it. She had proved her point to her entire satisfaction by the time she reached home, but still the resentment lingered in her eyes, and before taking her hat off she sat down at her desk and wrote the notes of invitation to the mothers' party. The idea no longer amused her especially, but she was not going to have them say she backed out.

What they did actually say came to her with bitter suddenness the next afternoon in Isabel Torrey's studio. The world has a way of seeing the facts of our conduct and ignoring the softening logic that explains them—sorely trying to one who is sensitive to public opinion. Isabel's big canvases, pulled out for exhibition, divided the studio into sections, and Sarah stood in the shadow of one when a group paused on its other side.

"But the thrifty Sarah giving the party—that is what amazes me," an amused voice was saying.

"Perhaps she has brought her own mother down," another voice suggested.

"Not Sarah! She prefers to lay up treasures in the Second National—wise girl."

"But that isn't the reason, Ellen," Molly's kindly voice broke in. "She told me herself her mother wouldn't like it—the noise and the way she lives and all that. She didn't think it would work—truly."

" 'Thrift, thrift, Horatio,' " was the sceptical answer. "Sarah will be rich some day—but she won't be beloved. She didn't use to——"

The voices passed on, leaving Sarah white with anger. She slipped out and walked home, her mind a bitter chaos of self-justi-

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fication. They were unfair, they had no right! Why shouldn't she be careful of her money, she who worked so hard for it? She asked nothing of them; why should they sit up and judge her? She proclaimed fiercely that she did not care what they thought; yet through all her passionate resentment her mind kept returning to a picture that she had been learning not to see—a patient woman fitting her needs to her tiny income in a small, dull town and bravely agreeing that Sarah could not be expected to come home often. It was eight months since the last visit. Suddenly Sarah put her face in her hands and cried.

It was an hour later that she wrote to her mother, enclosing a check for the journey. "I shall expect you to stay a week," she said, and mailed the letter with a lightening heart. "I'll show them," she muttered, recollection bringing a flash of resentment back to her eyes.

After all, it was pleasanter than she had suspected—to have a mother coming. Perhaps that picture she had been forgetting had troubled her more than she realized. Sarah started to prepare one of her two tiny rooms, then went boldly out and hired a large and comfortable room across the hall. This led to several minor purchases, and a surprise or two. She hummed over her preparations and undid her packages with a thrill of satisfaction. She was glad she had a handsome new gown coming home; her mother would find it dazzling. And she herself should have a new bonnet or something. Sarah's blood tingled with the forgotten joy of giving. Her head was full of plans when she opened her mother's answer two days later, and sat down to read it.

My dear, generous girl: How I wish I could! But your Aunt Bessie cannot do the work, and you see, dear, we don't keep help any more. I can't quite understand it, and Mr. Jordan says it will come out all right, but just now we don't get any income, and so for six months your Aunt Bessie and I have done what we could, but we are not so strong as we were, and the hot summer was hard on your aunt. I did not mean to tell you, dear, you work so hard and have quite enough on your mind, but I could not leave your aunt to do all the work, for lodgers do make dirt, and we give them their breakfast. They are very nice and respectful to us, so you need not mind, though I did not mean to tell you. Besides, I have not anything fit to wear in a city except my black silk, though my old alpaca does well enough here. Don't worry about me, Sarah. Mr. Jordan says he may have it straightened out by New Year's. If you don't mind, I will keep the check for the grocer—we could not help falling behind a little. I hope you won't be angry about the lodgers. They have the two west rooms, and are always polite. I wish I could see you, my dear girl. Sometimes I realize that I am becoming an old woman. I should have enjoyed your party for the mothers. It was a kind idea.

Your loving

MOTHER.

P. S.—You are not to be troubled about me, but I had to tell you, to explain why I could not come.

The letter slipped from Sarah's hand and she sat staring fixedly in front of her. For six months—all her own work—and lodgers. Sarah's thoughts turned to the gifts she had felt so generous in buying—a pair of gloves, four handkerchiefs, and a veil. The color flushed to the edges of her hair. Someone knocked and a box was handed her. She opened it absently, to see the shining folds of the gown she had absolutely had to have. The bill lay on top—seventy-five dollars. Sarah covered it hastily, and read the letter through again, unsparingly. Then she started up with a little cry of pain.

"Oh, how could I! How could I!" she whispered. She turned impetuously to her desk to write and her eyes fell on a time-table. She caught it up, and a moment later was thrusting things into a travelling-bag and pinning on her hat with shaking fingers.

The night of the mothers' party each arrival had a little "Oh!" of surprise to find an elderly woman presiding with Sarah—a woman with a worn face, but with sweet, kind eyes that once or twice seemed near tears and a smile tremulous with some inner happiness.

"I am to stay a month," she told them, and evidently held back other pleasant secrets by main force.

"The thrifty Sarah is a good sort—I take it all back," someone murmured, turning away from the bright, old face.

"I told you she was," answered Molly, triumphantly. And Sarah, watching them, knew what had been said, and wondered if it would always hurt like this.

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With the Procession

Happenings of the month - stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

COME AND BE WELCOME!

MR. SARGENT, United States Commissioner of Immigration, is made nervous by the number of people coming over here to grow up with the country. In the last three years nearly two millions have landed, and millions more are on the road. Mr. Sargent is sure that a round million will come in the fiscal year June 30, 1903, to June 30, 1904. Well, what of it? Let them come! The wretched "foreigners" were going to ruin the country more than fifty years ago. So many good people thought. Are the sons and grandsons of those immigrants going to shut the door in the face of these later comers? Oh, but these are different. These are not Germans or Irish or Scandinavians, but "low-down" Italians, Huns, Slavs, Russian and Roumanian Jews. These will never do. They can never "assimilate with our people." They huddle in cities. They speak a foreign language—as if Danish or Swedish or German was *not* a foreign language.

Come, come, no putting on airs! All of us are immigrants or sprung from the loins of immigrants; and even the Indians may have "come over" from Asia on ice-boats or ice-cakes. These Hungarians and Italians are so distrusted by us because we don't know them. Fifty years ago, and a good deal later, in fact, some persons who regarded themselves as particularly "good Americans" ignorantly hated "the ignorant Irish." They didn't know "the Irish," that's all. Wait a generation or two, and these dreaded immigrants of 1903 may be highly respectable, conservative citizens, full of apprehensions about the immigration of the Persians or the Abyssinians.

Do the rascals want to live in cities? It is their right. So do plenty of other people. Mr. Sargent's heart may sit still.

THE FLYING MACHINE

FROM Icarus to Darius Green, long is the list of bold spirits who clapped on wings forbidden to men and went sailing through the azure depths of air. Of all these birds may be said what the critics love to remark of minor poets: they lack the power of sustained flight. They come down too soon; and usually they flap and wabble in a way that promises ill for regular flying trips according to schedule time. The aërodrome, or air runner of Prof. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, had four silken wings and three propellers, one for steering; and she must have looked very beautiful when she was launched from a house-boat, rudely named the Buzzard, off Wide Water, Va., August 8. She sailed or flew "erratically," that is, she wabbled; and she came down *kerplunk!* after a voyage of about 200 yards. The silken sails were rent; her steel frame-work was battered; the whole concern was stuck, headfirst, in mud. So, at least, the aërodrome looked to lay eyes. But perhaps the reporters were sulky. Prof. Langley had not been exuberantly hospitable to them. Let us see the experiment with the calm orbs of science, as Mr. Manley, Prof. Langley's chief assistant aërodromist, saw it: "The experiment was entirely successful."

Successful for a 200-yard "sprint." The long-distance aërodrome is yet to come.

A GREAT DAY FOR IRELAND

THE Irish Land Bill was the great work of the recent session of Parliament, which august body was duly prorogued August 14th, to allow the members to shoot grouse, the serious business of an English gentleman. The House of Lords tacked some amendments to the Land Bill, but the House of Commons rejected them, the Lords yielded, and the King signed the bill, which goes into effect November 1. The Land Bill promises to do much to kill, not scotch, the Irish question, that long-lived serpent that St. Patrick came too early to kill. With Ireland on the road to prosperity, with improved relations between Ireland and England, the position of Great Britain will be stronger abroad. The fear of revolt will be removed. The pow-

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erful anti-English feeling of the millions of Irish descent in the United States will be mitigated. Pressing questions of domestic and imperial policy can now be taken up. The Irish leaders have won a notable triumph after a long agitation. There has been method in what sometimes seemed their madness. They have forced the English to settle or try to settle a matter of the utmost difficulty in which the English took only a languid interest. They made the Irish question paramount. The English had to get it out of the way. And the Irish will not be backward in asking for more when they want more. There is nothing like being insistent.

To refresh the memory, we give a rough summary of the Land Bill. The landlord sells his land to the tenant for an agreed price. The Government furnishes the money, and the tenant returns it in payments covering a long term of years, and less than the rent now paid. The Government raises $60,000,000 to make up to the landlords, the difference between the actual value of the land and the sum paid by the tenant.

THE COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

Mr. Joseph Pulitzer has given a million, and will give another million to Columbia University for the establishment and endowment of a School of Journalism. Thus Columbia will be more complete as a university than most of her rivals. We have forgotten whether there is a school of journalism at Cornell or not, but undoubtedly there will be. And Mr. Hearst will found one at Harvard just as soon as he gets through his Presidential campaign, which promises to be rather expensive. The new school will give instruction in newspaper administration and manufacturing. In these regards it will be a business college for the business office, so to speak. It will teach the law of journalism, especially copyright and libel; the ethics of journalism, a theoretical science whose foundations are yet to be laid; the history of journalism, and the literary form of newspapers. If you go to that, most newspapers have no literary form and are void.

In co-operation with or by reinforcement of existing departments of Columbia, the School of Journalism will train its pupils in English, news-reporting, news-letters, reviewing, "paragraph"-writing, editorial-writing, history, especially of the United States and contemporary Europe, political and economic science, logic, geography, and what not. Its graduates ought to be well-educated men.

NEWSPAPER MAN VERSUS JOURNALIST

For unknown reasons, by tradition or from an affectation of a superior plainness of speech and contempt of humbug, reporters and other newspaper workers have a habit of calling themselves "newspaper men." "I am not a journalist, I am a newspaper man," the reporter will tell you with sublime fatuity. He despises a "journalist," and he reaps his reward. In the estimation of nine-tenths of the public, a "newspaper man" is a "cheeky" and irresponsible person. He is queer and different from other folks, and he seems to think so himself. You would suppose that there was something mysterious and elusive about his business, and that a "newspaper man" was born, not made. There is no reason why journalism should not be regarded as a liberal profession and taught in schools, as law and medicine are. Anything that will attract educated and well-equipped men to the newspapers will be for the benefit of the newspapers and of the public. Inevitably, the insane asylums will have to house most of the newspaper writers and editors of the emphatic-paretic class, so prominent in the last few years. There will be an increased demand for sane and intelligent men; and Mr. Pulitzer's school should do much to supply the demand.

At any rate, Mr. Pulitzer shows his respect for his profession by founding this professional school.

RENAN AND MICHELET IN THE FRENCH NAVY

M. Pelletan, the French Minister of Marine, has a strange way of promoting the efficiency of the French Navy. The sailors are very largely Bretons, traditionally the most faithful Catholics in France. M. Pelletan has endeared himself to them by closing all the naval chapels in France. It is said and believed that a religious French naval officer is shut off from promotion. This may be a false charge. But it cannot be denied that M. Pelletan has named one of the new ironclads the Ernest Renan, after the author of

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"The Life of Jesus." M. Renan was one of the most charming of writers, but his name is offensive to good Catholics. There is no sense or reason in naming a ship of war after a literary man, and M. Renan's name was not given to the ironclad on account of his literary distinction, but on account of his scepticism.

The naming of another ironclad after the brilliant, fantastic and unscrupulous, and, at times, indecent Michelet, another enemy of priests, is another instance of the deliberate offensiveness of M. Pelletan. Our Navy Department would not dare to name a United States vessel after Tom Paine, and yet he was a patriot who did good service, not as gratefully remembered by his countrymen as it should be. No French Republic seems capable of learning or practising toleration. The excesses of M. Combes's Ministry must provoke reaction.

Such absurdities, such petty persecutions, as these of M. Pelletan a little sense of humor, if nothing else, should have prevented. But there is only one thing blinder than religious zealotry—that is anti-religious zealotry.

THE ASSET CURRENCY IDEA

The Wisconsin bankers and many other bankers have declared against an "asset currency," a favorite and filling phrase. The Fowler bill, authorizing any bank with a capital of $25,000 to issue currency to the amount of 25 per cent. of its capital, is one plan for an "asset currency," something, perhaps, more attractive in name than in merit. The Aldrich bill, which proposed to secure Government deposits by railroad, municipal and county bonds, so that Government bonds could be put up against additional circulation, seems to be dead. The West was suspicious of it. There is a widespread feeling that the cry for more currency, for an "emergency circulation," comes largely from Wall Street, and represents no real need. Uncle Joe Cannon is averse to a "rubber currency." It is said, however, that he will consent to a bill providing for the deposit of customs receipts in national banks. At least Mr. Cannon has one advantage over his Eastern associates. He appreciates more thoroughly than they that any currency legislation which is open to the charge of helping the banks to milk money from the Treasury more easily, so as to lend it to the stock gamblers, is ticklish business and dangerous politics.

THE COMING OR GOING MAN

Has Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who split the Liberal party, now split the Unionist party? The old true blue Tories must be surer than ever that this restless plebeian from the Midlands is a dangerous man. And what do the Midlands think? What does Birmingham, which battled so for free trade in the forties, and came to believe that free trade was the corner-stone and linchpin of England, the one great economic truth, law, and fact—what does Birmingham think of the backsliding Joseph, turned protectionist? And Hodge Chawbacon, otherwise "the agricultural interest"? It took Hodge a generation or so to find out, or believe he had found out, that free trade was not injurious to him. Now Mr. Chamberlain comes along and talks to him blandly about "preferential duties." Can Hodge, whose present specialty is cattle rather than corn, see the advantage to him of paying a duty on imported grain? As for the British workingman in general, why, you remember what is to happen to the eyes of whoever that tries to rob the poor man of his beer. Man cannot live by beer alone; and a duty on food-stuffs for the sake of helping Canadians and Australians and the grand cause of imperial federation might induce anathematization of even Mr. Chamberlain's uncommonly wide-awake eyes.

Mr. Balfour, smiling, put the question by in the last session. Mr. Balfour is oil upon the waters, a philosopher in politics. If Mr. Chamberlain wants a quarrel he will have to begin it himself. But the Ministry has been skating on the thinnest of ice. Will there be a reorganization of the Cabinet? Will there be an appeal to the country? Whatever happens, Mr. Chamberlain is the most vigorous and commanding personality in English politics. Now that the South African war is away in the Ewigkeit, Americans should be able to take a kindlier view of this man, who has risen by his own intellect and will; who has introduced some of the machinery of American politics into England; who comes up from the people and imposes himself upon the nobility and gentry. He has courage and he has "cheek." Why should he not go as far as Disraeli? Englishmen are sick of

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the blundering, floundering and weakness of their politicians. Whatever else Joseph Chamberlain is, he is not weak.

DRAMA, FRONT FACE

A NEW comedy has appeared, by Mrs. Hugh Bell, full "of human interest and readableness." It is called "The Dean of St. Patrick's," and goes back to the days of Swift—a fact that provokes us to say that many of those who are earnestly trying to build up an American or a new English drama are aimed the wrong way. They are too fond of the past, trying to be scholars, or feeling that they must be Shakespearian or nothing. A good play throbs with life, but the playmaker who runs to dusty history for a subject when he has round him the teeming society of America or England, is hunting for life among dry bones. If they could get it, people would flock to the theatres to see their own and their neighbors' life put intelligently before them, and there is a good hint for playwrights in the success of such humble pieces as "York State Folks" and "Way Down East," that have boldly made use of American life. For the man with an eye to see and a hand to do, what a subject in the struggles between capital and labor, with men and women and events such as the great coal strike made familiar! How he could interest, move, and teach! When the national drama comes, it will follow attempts to put American life on the stage; it won't come till they are made.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS

FROM his own ruins and amid growing darkness, Mr. Bryan howls mournfully and long. Howls that Mr. Cleveland is a "bunco steerer." Mr. Bryan's Democratic enemies chortle in their joy. His Democratic friends he is losing rapidly. And the Republicans, unless they have a disinterested wish to defeat Mr. Roosevelt, enjoy the Bryan performances wonderfully. How sweet it is to see brethren in unity. It disagrees with Mr. Bryan to agree with anybody but himself. Mr. Gorman and other cool Democratic heads wait patiently. By the time the Democratic National Convention assembles they expect to play the train while conservative Mr. Bryan plays the "coo."

MILES THE SOLDIER

"MILES has made a big thing of it," wrote Grant to Meade of General Miles at twenty-four. Miles made a big thing of it all through the war. The mere list of the battles in which he took an active and a gallant part is imposing, and ought to make Mr. Roosevelt a little less frequent in recalling to public notice the miniature campaigns of "his" war. What Frank Barlow, himself one of the very choicest types of the gentleman and the volunteer soldier, said of Miles at Antietam might be said truthfully of him in every fight he had a hand in: "The voice of everyone who saw him in this action will commend . . . his courage, his gentleness, his skill in seeing favorable positions, and the power of his determined spirit in leading on and inspiring his men."

As an Indian fighter he ranks with Crook. It is pity that he displayed such vanity and petulance as commanding-general of the Army. He made himself as offensive to Cleveland and Lamont, McKinley and Alger, as to Roosevelt and Root. He brings to the mind that nickname of Winfield Scott: "Fuss and Feathers." Perhaps he has no more self-appreciation than is natural to a handsome man. Perhaps peace disagrees with his liver. Perhaps he has been stung by the pathogenic "Presidential bee." Let us forget all that and remember as he goes into retirement—and he won't and can't retire except technically—that he has been every inch a soldier, not a great commander, but a skilful and dashing general.

The Administration made a tactical mistake in letting him retire without honorable mention. It was not, however, a mistake that is likely to amount to much politically. General Miles as a grievance and a victim is in no fresh part. It happens that he is the one man whom the Southerners would not vote for if he were the only man in the world; and really he has nagged the Administration like a mosquito or a gadfly. Besides, irrespective of justice and magnanimity, it is amusing to see a hard-headed citizen like Elihu Root feed his grudge even at the expense of policy.

THE SHINDY IN THE BALKANS

THE Macedonian revolutionists must be dear to every feeling heart, Miss Stone's in particular. Her old friend, Boris Sarafoff, seems to be the chief of the risings in the

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Balkans. He has been called a blackmailer, a brigand, a murderer. Let us distinguish. The Macedonian Committee, the Bulgarian patriots and all the other patriots who have been robbing the mails, sacking villages, blowing up people with dynamite, massacring women and children, burning prisoners to death, take these ways of showing their aversion to the Moslem horde. When you read of the Bulgarian revolutionists destroying fifteen villages, of so many villages plundered and their inhabitants killed, of abduction, of slaughter, you must remember that what would be outrages if done by Turks are heroic acts when done by insurgents. "Insurgents massacred twenty-six Mussulman peasants at Ziverni." Doubtless the great cause of civilization will be much helped by the death of those rascally peasants. The simple villager who is not a Mussulman has to be stirred up to fight for freedom. "A large number of Bulgarian peasants desire to remain pacific, but they are compelled by threats to join the insurgent committees." So spontaneous is the revolution.

Shall we not pity and wish well to these lamblike and persecuted souls? Of course. Otherwise we might be accused of favoring Bashi-Bazouks and polygamy.

THE MACEDONIANS

THE chief peculiarity of the Macedonians is that there are none. Like *Mrs. Harris*, there is "no sich a person." Macedonia is "a geographical expression." Tucked in between Greece, Servia and Bulgaria and the Turkish province of Albania, Macedonia contains a number of races living in perfect want of harmony with one another—Bulgars, Serbs, Greeks, Albanians, Jews, Turks. The Porte plays one race against the other. Revolt is the normal condition of the provinces. The Bulgar element is larger than any other element of the population. Bulgaria is said to have 100,000 Bulgars who have emigrated from Macedonia and nearly one-third of the officers of the Bulgarian army are Macedonian Bulgarians. The so-called "revolutionary committee," the same noble set of patriots that released Miss Stone in consideration of a ransom of $70,000 in 1902, sits and fulminates in Sofia, the Bulgarian capital. The scheme is simple. If Turkey can be goaded into throwing troops into Bulgaria, Russia and Austria will interfere. The Bulgarian game is to grab Macedonia and annex it to Bulgaria. A rising for the benefit of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria; that is pretty nearly a correct account of the Macedonian disturbances. There seems to be no call for Americans to grow excited over these "battles of kites and crows."

THE TERRIBLE TURK

"THE fields thirst for rain, the mountains for snow, the sparrow-hawks for little birds, and the Turks for heads." So says a Greek folk-song; and if you can't get a correct notion of people from their enemies, where can you get it? The Turks are terrible fellows. We must all admit that. They spend their time in reading the Koran, drinking coffee, smoking genuine Turkish tobacco, and fee-fo-fumming for the blood of those dogs of infidels, the Christians. The Russian Consul at Monastir was as polite as he was called to be when he addressed a Turkish policeman as a "pig of a Turk." In fact, the remark was less uncomplimentary to the Turk than to the pig—especially to the American pig, which has lately been admitted into Turkey with a clean bill of health and a certificate of good character. The Sultan does not care for pork himself, mind you. He hates the Christians so that he wants them to poison themselves with the unclean animal. Well, the pig of a Turk objected to the language of the urbane consul. Foolish as it must seem to enlightened nations, many of these proud paynims are grave persons, with a great sense of their personal dignity. The Mussulman swine killed the consul, and has himself been killed. Some cynics say that the murder of a missionary in China means so many more trade or territorial concessions to the European country from which he came. There are plenty of Russians. Perhaps the death of this gentleman at Monastir will bring the Muscovite one day nearer Constantinople.

TINKERING THE CURRENCY

THE sub-committee of the Finance Committee of the United States Senate is composed of four of the wisest heads in that body—Aldrich of Rhode Island, Allison of Iowa, the Connecticut Platt, and Spooner of Wisconsin. They have consulted copiously with one another, with Mr. Roosevelt, Secretary Shaw, and various experts and inexperts.

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It is hardly expected that any currency bill can be passed at the called session of Congress. The immediate problem before the Republicans is to find out, if they can, what the country wants in the matter of an increase of the currency. Does the country want such an increase? Well, conservatives are saying that the present money system, muddled though it be, is preferable to plans which, whatever their intentions, are not unlikely to revive the old "craze" for excessive or irredeemable paper.

UPHILL WORK OF THE MISSISSIPPI

"THE Mississippi River rises in Lake Itasca and flows—" The old school geography—its coarse maps, its Indians and Esquimaux—swim back to your ken as you recall that phrase, and perhaps little Mary-what-was-her-name, your idol of those days, and her yellow frock, that looked like British North America or Siberia on the map. Most of us have retained so little geography that it is a satisfaction for us to see how accidental the so-called facts of that science are. "The Mississippi rises in Lake Itasca and flows into Hudson's Bay": that is what we should have learned if the earth had been in less of a hurry to spin on its own wheels or axis. There is no doubt about it. The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey tells us that the Mississippi runs uphill, a very eccentric and unwater-like thing for a river to do. But the Mississippi does it. It is such a long-legged and sprawling river that its mouth, this vale of tears being an oblate spheroid, is some four miles farther than its source from the earth's centre. So it flows up, not down; and were it not for "the centrifugal force generated by the rapid revolution of the earth upon its axis," not only the Mississippi, but the Gulf itself would rush up the Mississippi like a house afire. And what would the River and Harbor Committee of the House of Representatives do then? Whatever we may think of the obliquity of the ecliptic, we must admit that the axis of the earth has behaved most handsomely.

CROPS AND FARMERS

WHAT with too much moisture, followed by too little, and then by a period of low midsummer temperature, the crops have had a good deal to contend with; but they seem to have held their own bravely and to have mocked the early growlings of the bears. The Government crop reports are not inspired, and since this writing some deviltry of Nature may have given the lie to their cheerful prophecies, but they have been distinctly encouraging, and the result of many private inquiries has been equally so. Good crops, "smaller than last year's, but good"; that is the story. The Government crop report for August "indicated" a winter wheat yield of 410,527,000 bushels; a spring wheat yield of 239,872,000; a total wheat crop of some 650,000,000 bushels, as against last year's 670,000,000. Even allowing a considerable margin for deterioration, a large harvest seems reasonably sure.

The August "indication" of the corn harvest was 2,245,000,000 bushels, only 18,000,000 bushels less than the July report guessed. Kansas, which boasts this year the greatest winter wheat crop in her history, seems to be lucky in corn also, at least in the southern part of the State. The Upper Ohio Valley has suffered from drought, and the northwestern part of the Corn Belt has not had warmth and sun enough; but in the central and western parts corn has been growing for "all it is worth." A fat corn crop and lean bears; that is the story of corn.

Cotton has matured late, but it has made up for its tardiness by rapid growth. Tobacco is healthier than most people who smoke it. Oats, rye, barley show a slight decrease from last year's figures. The clock can't strike twelve every hour; and not every year can be a "banner" or "bumper" year. Unless the frosts forget the almanac and come too early, it looks as if the farmers and planters would have no hard feelings against 1903. There is likely to be stuff enough for home use and for export; and if some cablegrams prophesy bad crops in some other countries, these misfortunes of our friends can be borne by us with resignation.

FARMERS APPLY BUSINESS METHODS

Prices are good, and the farmers are beginning to apply to the sale of their wheat the same common-sense business methods that they have applied to the sale of their corn in the last four years. They used to dispose of their corn to the "cribbers," who accumulated big piles at every station in the Corn Belt. The jugglers and market-riggers of the exchanges and boards of trade got this cribbed corn for almost nothing right

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after harvest. Then they were able to knock prices down whenever they came up. A hundred millions or so of bushels would have to be bought to put corn at a living price in Chicago. The job was too big. The bear had the farmer down. The farmer quit selling to the cribber. The price is now kept pretty well up. By marketing their wheat gradually, sending, say, a twelfth of their crop to the market every month, the farmers could keep the price at about 90 cents, and often put it up to $1. Farmers and merchants against the elevator "combines."

THE GOVERNMENT AND UNION LABOR

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has done a brave and necessary thing in ordering an investigation of the departments for the purpose of ascertaining if any discrimination has been made between union and non-union laborers. A necessary thing, because union labor is only a very small percentage of the labor of the country, and the union laborers have not one tittle of greater right, privilege, or immunity than the non-union laborers. A brave thing, because his action will be used against him for political effect. He has been accused of coquetting and philandering with the labor unions. Let him have the credit now of wishing to do justice to all sorts of workmen, without showing especial favor to a class, an aristocracy or oligarchy of labor. The union men seem sincerely to believe that they have the sole right to labor, and that they are superior and to be preferred to non-union laborers, and there are always plenty of fawning or cowardly politicians to yield to them. Unless the principle of equal rights to all is to be given up, the Government cannot recognize their pretensions to be a privileged caste.

PIUS X

HE that humbleth himself shall be exalted. The mother of Giuseppe Sarto lived till her death in a little house in Riese. Even the unpretending establishment of her distinguished son, who keeps through all changes and promotions the modest spirit of the parish priest, was too splendid for her. A brother is a postman, not so passing rich on $80 a year that he does not have to keep a tobacco shop. One sister is a dressmaker. Another is a peddler's wife. Another married the keeper of a wine shop. The new Servant of the Servants of God is sprung from lowly stock. He is a true successor of Peter the Fisherman. His election is another evidence of the essential and sublime democracy of the Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church. His pictures show a refined, even a patrician face. One divines in it the amateur of painting, the scholar and book-collector dear to Leo Thirteenth; the friend of Don Lorenzo Perosi, the musician. As Chancellor of the Bishopric of Treviso, Bishop of Mantua, Patriarch of Venice, he has had some twenty-eight years of apprenticeship for his great spiritual and administrative duties. His health seems somewhat delicate, but perhaps he has been a little overcome by his high sense of his office and its multifarious responsibilities. Delicate and difficult tasks await him. The anti-clerical crusade in France is at its height. In Spain, ever faithful Spain, the government has been tending toward a policy of anti-clericalism, and the Bishops have been thought to incline towards Carlism. In Austria-Hungary there has been an estrangement from the Vatican. And in Italy the unquiet ghost of the temporal power cannot be laid. Pius X sleeps upon no bed of roses.

WAR'S GAMES AND PRESIDENT'S GAMES

PERHAPS a layman has no right to give an opinion on naval matters. If he had, he might dare to say that singular perils of navigation do environ the vessels of the American Navy. They have a genius for running into things and one another. Or does some current of Fate impel them to butt into piers, rocks, and collisions? Off Bar Harbor, the Massachusetts is stabbed by a "pinnacle of rock" unknown to charts, and that would have remained unknown, probably, if no war-ship had come along to discover it. There is a pretty long list of some major, and many minor, disasters to these leviathans. Apparently they are clumsy craft. The ships of other navies, especially those of the English navy, have a similar alacrity in tumbling into accidents, and the pigmies are no luckier or more graceful than the giants. The little torpedo-boat destroyers, the Decatur and the Barry, plunging off gallantly in a "flying wedge" to make a Roosevelt holiday, forget the impenetrability of matter and get into trouble. The Morris, another midget, backing away from Oyster Bay pier, cripples her rudder. These eccentricities would be annoying in real war.

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The "flying wedge" movement, that is the rush of a lot of torpedo-boat destroyers, starting out with their hulls almost grazing one another, for the enemy's fleet, must have some justification hidden from the eye of common sense. Such a mass offers a beautiful mark, and one well-delivered shell might send the whole fleet of destroyers into Davy Jones's locker, if they didn't run into and destroy one another.

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION

THE high old mediæval swell,
He usually mailed his fist,
But wore, when he would a-hawking go,
A falcon on his wrist.
O, County Guy rode clattering by,
With a falcon on his wrist!

The Twentieth-Century Newport swell,
Who leads the social list,
He wears, when he would a-walking go,
A bag upon his wrist.
O, sweet young man on the Newport plan,
With a bag upon his wrist!

ARTIST VERSUS ARCHITECT

THOSE jealous of the status of art should rejoice over the fact that Mr. Dodge recently secured a preliminary injunction restraining an architect from altering certain panels against the artist's wishes. The panels in question were executed for a Toronto hotel by Mr. Dodge, acting under contract with a well-known New York firm of decorators. Although the sketches had been approved, the architect professed to be dissatisfied with the completed work and called for certain changes, which Mr. Dodge declined to make. The architect then determined to have the alterations made by another hand, whereupon Mr. Dodge applied for and obtained the injunction. In view of the fact that the case is substantially the first of its kind on record in this country, it naturally involves certain interesting points. Both in theory and in practice the architect is supposed to have absolute control over all materials used in a building under construction. He may alter and replace to suit his taste or whim, and he may even assume that an artist, once his work is sold, has no further claim upon it. On the other hand, the artist may equally well contend that his work has been executed and disposed of with the implied understanding that it is not to be changed in any way whatsoever. Obviously the same standard cannot apply alike to a load of bricks or a bundle of lath and to a piece of purely creative work. Mr. Dodge's decorations should either be accepted or rejected, and certainly not tampered with against his express wish.

WHISTLER AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS

It is certain that Whistler, as he strolls somewhat superciliously among the immortals whom he has lately joined, will nurse at least one abiding regret. He will be unable to read what his many biographers say of him, and that, to a man of Whistler's temperament, will be tragic. Meanwhile the chroniclers are proceeding briskly with their self-inflicted tasks. The authorized biography by Mrs. Joseph Pennell aims to be a personal study of the man, as well as of the artist, and Mrs. Pennell already has at her disposal all the family and other papers, together with a number of decidedly racy private letters. In addition to this volume, there are announced for early publication at least two more Whistler books, one by the sprightly and indefatigable Mortimer Menpes, and another by Alfred G. and Nancy Bell. It is an enduring pity that Whistler cannot discuss, refute, and get into endless serio-comic lawsuits over these publications. He would keenly relish the possibilities of the situation, for while he was second to few as an artist, he was second to none as a disturber of the peace. However, the not always gentle maker of enemies has gone where he can make no more—unless, indeed, he is still up to his old tricks.

FOR MILLIONAIRES ONLY

MILLIONAIRES with the endowing mania thoroughly developed should turn their attention to the matter of a suitable Art Gallery for New York. The city is amply provided for in the way of hotels, music halls, department stores, and flat-iron buildings. The new Library is well under way, and there float in the air roseate dreams of an Opera House similar to that in Paris, and of a National Art Theatre which shall surpass anything on the Continent. Meanwhile those who attend picture exhibitions are forced

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to content themselves with the inefficient quarters of the Society of American Artists, or the gloomy chambers and corridors of the American Art Galleries. Art in New York lacks centralization, and art interests are divided and subdivided almost to the extinguishing point. Apart from sporadic individual effort, conditions must remain stationary until the city possesses an appropriate Exhibition Gallery built according to the latest requirements and located in an accessible quarter. We already have in our midst Carnegie Hall, and will shortly boast of a School of Journalism, yet what is needed quite as imperatively is an Art Gallery with, if possible, attendant facilities for teaching fine and applied art. The millionaire with the donating bee in his bonnet has here an unparalleled opportunity to perpetuate his name, and, incidentally, to house poor, homeless art.

ART AND INCONVENIENCE

It is difficult to tell just what relationship there exists between æsthetics and athletics,—between books on art and their gigantic dimensions and enormous weight. The ingenuous will say that they have to be large for purposes of illustration, but surely there must be some subtler reason. In order properly to handle the most significant art publication of the year—Bernhard Berenson's "The Drawings of Florentine Painters"—it would be necessary to procure the services of an electric hoisting apparatus. Nothing less would suffice. Facetiousness aside, the work, which is in two volumes, is both bulky and important. It is the first detailed attempt yet made to classify and criticise the drawings of the Tuscan masters; it is freighted with admirably chosen and reproduced illustrations, and incidentally costs forty dollars a volume. Those who have followed Mr. Berenson's career from the time when he was a brilliant and erratic undergraduate at Harvard will readily see his vindication in the present work. The two heroic volumes which unfold their decidedly monumental magnificence before the eye are not flawless, but for a man of Mr. Berenson's years they more than fulfil requirements. They fittingly open wide the door leading toward that most personal and exquisite of revelations—the masters' drawings. It is a pity that connoisseurship and inconvenience should be inseparable, yet here is an instance where those who seek find, perforce, both quality and quantity.

HUMOR WITH A SERIOUS SIDE

Humorists either in art or in letters rarely receive their just measure of recognition. The man who chuckles over a clever cartoon or caricature usually fails to see the real significance of satire. Hence to many the late Phil May was merely a funny man who smoked enormous cigars and was paid fancy prices to enliven the pages of *Black-and-White*, *The Graphic*, and *Punch*. In point of fact Phil May's art, as well as his life, had its serious side. He was a keen observer of character, knowing its weakness and its whimsicality, and he learned to render both elements with inimitable spirit and brevity. As a boy in Leeds, his native town, May was super, scene painter, and designer of costumes, all at the opulent salary of twelve shillings a week. Later on, in London, his life was full of bitterness and privation, and on one occasion he actually contemplated "burgling a coffee-stall," only being deterred by the sudden appearance of a policeman. These early experiences gave May an insight into humanity which was unfailingly reflected in his sketches of East London types. He never preached or prated, as the average British satirist does, and he seldom missed being truthful and sincere even in his least effort.

Music

MUSIC INSTRUCTION IN MAINE

The State of Maine, or at least some enlightened inhabitants of the State of Maine, have arrived at the conclusion that children should be taught music as they are taught to read and write. This highly enlightened decision should be attributed to Mr. William R. Chapman, whose musical festivals have done so much to encourage the study of music. Mr. Chapman has something like thirty conductors under his direction all the year, who are preparing choral societies all over the State to sing at the October festivals. The music is decided upon months in advance, and is thoroughly studied. It is hard to estimate the pleasure that this adds to the life of hundreds of people, to say nothing of it

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as a leaven of artistic impulse. In October, every year, Mr. Chapman gathers these choral societies into one great chorus, and they hear the solos given by the greatest singers. This year Nevin's "Quest" was the chief work presented.

ARTIST VERSUS WOMAN

To a woman with serious musical ambitions, there must be something decidedly irritating in the recent comment of an English musician: "String instruments are all right for women, as they are not incompatible with grace and beauty." Could any verdict so hopelessly reduce her to the status of amateur? Scathing criticism is endurable, and even stimulating; when told that her birthright does not include creative originality, or that she lacks the necessary power of application, she can flaunt Chaminade, Clara Schumann, and others, and consider the attack refuted. But this tolerant permission to go ahead and amuse herself with the strings, since they will not impair her real purpose in existing, can only give her a despairing sense that the barbarous male world has not caught up to her, and perhaps never will. To be classed with the young ladies of past drawing-rooms who played the harp by right of their pretty forearms is as gall and wormwood to her who would take herself seriously as an artist.

"THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS"

William Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," which was acclaimed here last Spring, has been coldly received in England. The curious part of this is that Elgar seems to have been news to England generally. He has been spoken of by both English and Americans as though he belonged to this country by right of discovery if not by birth. As a matter of fact, the oratorio was first produced at the Birmingham Festival in 1900, and at the Lower Rhenish festival, at Düsseldorf, in 1902. Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle produced it almost immediately afterward. When it was sung here by the Oratorio Society, under Frank Damrosch, last March, it was well known to musicians, and our critics in their enthusiasm simply echoed what had been already said of it abroad.

The work is difficult and heavy. People who heard it here—the mere lovers of music, not those whose chief delight is in difficulties—had some of the sense of strain which the English audiences have lately expressed so unmistakably. It is a question whether a truly great work does not have more of a message for those below the masters. Isn't simplicity a part of genius?

The poem which Elgar set to music was written long ago by Cardinal Newman, and is an exposition of the Roman Catholic belief in Purgatory. The author always considered it suitable for a musical setting and once offered it to Dr. Dvorak, who did not find it sufficiently dramatic. Mr. Elgar was almost unknown until the production of his oratorio, and is said to be self-educated.

THE COMING OF RICHARD STRAUSS

First upon the list of music-making visitors from the Old World next winter will certainly be Richard Strauss. No living composer is to-day the subject of so much discussion. His great symphonic works are attacked by some with the same virulence that assailed Wagner years ago; while others hail him as the producer of the Music of the Twentieth Century. He writes almost exclusively for the orchestra, of which he unquestionably has a marvellous mastery. Old traditions, old forms and rules of harmony and melody are thrown to the winds by Richard Strauss. His works are strictly what is called "program music." It is his purpose to reproduce human thought, emotion, character in tone colors. His followers say he has accomplished what he has undertaken. "Music dramas without words" they call his "Don Quixote," his "Till Engenspiegel," his "Macbeth," his "Also Sprach Zarathustra," among others of his great works. "Psychology set to music," some have said. "Noise—impossible cacophony!" exclaim the anti-Strauss faction; "the conception of a madman." Well, it isn't so very long ago that a famous orchestra in Germany, after thirty rehearsals—or was it forty?—of the overture to Wagner's "Meistersinger," threw down their instruments in disgust declaring that "it couldn't be played, and if it could, what was the use, for it wasn't music."

PREPARING THE COMPOSER'S WAY

Most of Herr Strauss's works have already been heard in America with more or less appreciation. The Wetzler orchestra should give them a notable rendering, for Mr. Wetz-

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ler went abroad last May for the sole purpose of conferring with Strauss. The two men met first in London, later travelled together in the Alps, and finally settling down for the summer in a little German village, they went over the scores of Strauss's works until the New York conductor felt himself thoroughly *en rapport*. This preparation should insure more satisfactory rehearsals of the orchestra under Mr. Wetzler's direction, and yield excellent results when the composer himself takes the bâton. Mrs. Strauss will sing her husband's songs when he makes his first bow to the American public.

THE SEMBRICH SONG RECITALS

THE song recitals of Madame Sembrich show her a felicitous program-maker as well as an exquisite interpreter. From a practically unlimited repertory this artist selects five-and-twenty songs, of many schools and tongues, and in rendering them she never spares herself. Her heart and her art are as evident in the airy humor of Taubert's "Sonne hat sich mued gelaufen," as in the subtle poetry of Brahms's "Wie Melodien zieht es Mir," or the deep emotion of Strauss's "Allerseelen," and so on through a program that would wreck any other singer, but which leaves this one fresh and ravishing to the last note. If students of music would learn more in two hours than they can gain in a dozen lessons from the average teacher, let them sit in the front rows at Carnegie Hall when Sembrich sings. Let them watch the ease of her breathing, note the perfection of phrasing, the *nuances*, the enunciation, silver-clear, read in her face the intelligence that animates the whole, but let them not forget the program.

Books

"REJECTED OF MEN"

THE reception of Howard Pyle's "Rejected of Men" is a significant sign of the times. This book is an elaborate piece of sarcasm. In it the writer dares to bring the story of Christ up to date, and yet it has hardly caused a ripple on the literary sea. Indeed, if so well-known a man as Howard Pyle had not been the author, it might very possibly have escaped attention altogether. What notice has been taken of the book has been chiefly concerned with Howard Pyle; there have been little chirping comments which informed the reader that the book was written in a reverent spirit, a fact which one may also learn from the preface, if nowhere else.

The story gives the life of Christ from the standpoint of the upper classes, and, to give it greater verisimilitude, the author has written it from the modern point of view. There is something a little unseemly and inartistic in charging an automobile up Calvary and allowing a cable car to rush past the Garden of Gethsemane; neither does it seem fitting that the rich young man who witnessed the raising of Lazarus should make haste to catch the down train to New York, but Mr. Pyle and his friends assure us that he has described these anachronisms with his hat held reverently in his hand. It is rather interesting to note with what assurance our writers of fiction lay hands on the New Testament characters. When "Ben Hur" appeared, the press and pulpit discussed gravely whether using the figure of Christ in fiction, however reverently, was legitimate. But year by year the public has grown less touchy about its Bible. And now Mr. Pyle has given us the Story with modern improvements, and no one cares. "Rejected of Men" has been mentioned as an ingenious and interesting book, but its good taste has not yet been questioned.

THE THINGS OF THE HEART

JAMES LANE ALLEN'S latest book, "The Mettle of the Pasture," is built up round the thought that, through close touch with nature, American life has resulted in an uprightness, honesty, and sense of honor which constitute the true temper of American character, and that this "mettle of the pasture" may be our great contribution to the world and our best monument in history. Except in theme, the book does not differ from Mr. Allen's other books, barring, perhaps, "A Summer in Arcady." Merely as story, it is otiose, and in the technique of language and description imperfect. Neither does it regard objective traits of society or character, and it lacks the action needed to make a history of life dramatic. What Mr. Allen cares for, and what it has been his great work to reveal to reverent lookers-in, is the crypts of the heart. Though he rejected the phrase as the title

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for the present book, it excellently expresses the subjects with which he is at his best—the secret vaults in which men and women lay away the wildly loved or bitterly suffered children of their wills and their destiny; and in describing these, no one since Hawthorne has succeeded better. He may be called the realist of the inner life.

A NEW PROBLEM NOVEL

THERE has been a great deal of scoffing recently about the problem novel. And, indeed, certain kinds of problem novels deserve to be scoffed at; but life is not all beer and skittles, nor is it entirely made up of pretty clothes and pretty girls. So when a book comes along which deals sincerely with any great problem, it is sure to get an audience. Mr. Thomas Dixon's first book, "The Leopard's Spots," dealt with a great problem and found its audience. His latest book, "The One Woman," also deals with a great problem and will also command an audience. It is a book full of melodrama, with a diction which can only be described by the old term "hifalutin," but in spite of that it holds the reader. It is badly written, but it has something to say, and it says this something with the same crude vigor which marked the author's previous work.

A FEW NEW BOOKS

FOR the sake of amusement and interesting and odd characters, one might read "All Along the Irish Shore" by Edith Somerville and Martin Ross (Violet Martin). The stories recall David Gray's "Gallops"; they are more leisurely and seem less flippant, but really are more superficial than "Gallops." The book is first-rate reading for an idle afternoon. Then for a dreamy forenoon one could well take William Garrott Brown's "A Gentleman of the South." Mr. Brown is a Harvard man and a Southerner, and writes a story of the closing forties in the Black Belt. Romance and character study are combined in a tale of love, chivalric self-conquest, and deadly hatred that ends in murder, but it is done so skilfully that there is not a touch of incongruity nor of staginess. The book really is a finished study of Southern life and character, with the charm of romance, but one must not overlook the subdued denial of the supremacy of love as the chief motive of existence.

Again, there are the stories of Mrs. Flora Annie Steel—next to those of Rudyard Kipling, excellent illustrations of the power of the short story to catch and interpret aspects of a strange life. With the bazaar, highway, and other public places of India, Mr. Kipling is especially good; Mrs. Steel is best with the Indian peasant; but neither is reliable in picturing upper-caste life, especially that of the women. Mrs. Steel's new book, however, "In the Guardianship of God," is a little as if the salt has lost its savor. It is better written than "In the Permanent Way" and "From the Five Rivers," but it is not so fresh and natural, and does not so much give one the sense of understanding India.

A COMMON-SENSE BROWNING

MANY a reader has avoided Browning because critics have made him out a sort of puzzle and monster in poetry. That was the critics' fault, not Browning's. The recent life by Mr. C. K. Chesterton gives a common-sense view. Here is no mystifying verbiage about "Browning's philosophy," but a clear-headed account of Browning as a man and of his poetry as an interesting, natural, inspiring expression of perfectly understandable human feelings. The book throws away scholastic rubbish, makes one want to read Browning, and puts one in position to understand him. Whoever, after reading it, persists in thinking Browning a puzzle or a crank, establishes his own kinship with the poet of his fancy. Mr. Chesterton's book reads itself. It is full of point, epigram, force. He sees distinctions and brings them out in picturesque words. Now and then he oversays things, but that is more than made up by the fact that he sets one thinking and gives, delightfully free of academic formalism, an abundance of the fundamental principles of life and art and poetry to think about. The book is a triumph in the popularizing of knowledge.

ALL PLAY AND NO WORK

THERE are certain classes of books intended to instruct the young which begin in common sense but which end in sentiment. The things which they aim to teach are useful, things which children ought to know. But the writers of these books are so afraid the child will find out that he is learning something useful that they try to convey the knowl-

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edge by a sort of mental hypodermic injection, which will save the child the pain and discomfort of learning.

Quite an extraordinary example of this is a book called "The Child's Housekeeper," by Elizabeth Collin and Anne G. Chittenden, which is supposed to be a manual to teach small girls housework. Looking over the pages, one finds suggestions of stories, book drills, games; but the housework part—the disagreeable part—is skilfully ignored. If the suggestions offered in this little book were carried out faithfully, the result would be a class of girls who approached the breakfast dishes with a song and dance, and who made vaudeville of bedmaking. It is of course a good thing to sugar-coat the lessons of small children with some amusement, but after all we need not be quite so timorous in our methods. Practical things will always have to be taught in a practical way, and no amount of sentiment —telling children that "flame is imprisoned sunshine set free"—will ever teach them the mysteries of draughts.

THE PROMOTION OF SLAUGHTER

ANOTHER type of book for the young, intended to be instructive, is shown in the recently published "Trapper Jim," by Edwyn Sandys. This book tells how to snare hares, set musk-rat traps, and find birds' nests, and all in the most attractive manner possible. No healthy boy could possibly read this work without wanting to go straight out and trap and kill the small creatures around him. Without indulging in undue sentiment, such books seem very unnecessary. A book like this furnishes very absorbing reading, no doubt, to the small boy interested in sports of all kinds, but it will give him little practical knowledge, while, on the other hand, in its trail one will undoubtedly find remains of mangled rabbits and birds and chipmunks. Snaring and trapping, like bedmaking and firemaking, have got to be learned first-hand and not from books. And while to the practical mind "The Child Housekeeper" seems futile, "Trapper Jim" seems pernicious.

THE SOULS OF BLACK FOLK

How does it feel to be a negro? One can find out how it feels to be an educated negro in America by reading the latest book of Professor William E. B. DuBois—the title of which, by the way, assumes what science refuses to commit itself on, that there are such things as souls. It is one of the increasing number of negro books that "everybody should read." Totally different from Booker T. Washington's "Up from Slavery" (it insists that Mr. Washington is fundamentally mistaken), it is one of those half-fierce dissections in which the writer does not pause because every stroke is cutting himself. From this point of view, it is morbid; but it makes plain how intensely, under present inequality, a cultivated negro must suffer, perhaps even to the hopeless giving up of effort. It reveals fine sensibilities in the black man, but also fairly raises the question, if it be wise to cultivate them before the progress of the race makes a place for them. In fact, the book is something of an answer to its own criticism of Mr. Washington's theory, that to make an honest living and be a good citizen is at present the best thing for the negro to learn.

FICTION—DISGUISED HISTORY

HAS not a book-buyer the right to feel that he has been misled and to demand his money back when, after selecting from the counter devoted to "recent fiction" a volume gayly bound and bearing a title suggestive of romance, he discovers that in reality he has invested in nothing more than a wearisome chronicle of some well-known military movements? Or has the definition of a novel changed? Is it no longer a work of the imagination; have a connected plot and the development of character ceased to be essential to its construction?

Several of the latest so-called novels, with the Civil War as their theme, have been little more than glorified military reports; but Mr. B. K. Benson's new book, "Old Squire," is the most extraordinary instance we have met with of the belief, apparently prevailing among authors and publishers, that a dry narrative of historical fact may be transformed into fiction by the introduction into it of one or more imaginary personages. In this work we have an account of General Stuart's campaign. Not a march or countermarch is spared us. We move with the right flank, the left flank, the centre column. The pages are thick with dates. In a series of footnotes are indicated the volumes of the war-records and of General Stuart's reports, in which we may verify our author's statements. Maps take the place of illustrations.

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With "Everybody's" Publishers

UNION SQUARE NORTH

WHEN John Wanamaker handed EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE over to us five months ago we were called upon to decide several questions of vital importance to the magazine. We had made a close study of the property before buying it and knew in a general way what ought to be done with it. But up to the time of assuming control we had not been obliged to settle upon any definite and final policies for conducting the various departments of the business. With the control, however, came instant and imperative responsibility. It was "up to" Ridgway-Thayer. What was to be our editorial policy—our advertising policy? What methods should we employ for circulation building? Should we make a little magazine or a big magazine? A medium-grade magazine or a high-grade magazine? The history of the magazine and the shape it was in when it came to us helped to answer these questions.

OUR INHERITANCE

We inherited a magazine with a circulation of 150,000 copies monthly, about equally divided between news-stand sales and yearly subscriptions. It was a high-grade magazine in every way, but its circulation hung at 150,000. Apparently no amount of effort could push it beyond that figure. It carried a limited amount of advertising, not all of it what we call clean, and received a fair rate for the service. It paid advertisers. The 75,000 subscriptions had been secured by cut-rate combination offers. In a cut-rate combination offer you are lucky if you get what you pay for. If there are five magazines in the combination, two of them are good. The rest are "yellow dogs." Our magazine was a "yellow dog" last year. It went into combinations at 50 cents and was just about worth it to the subscriber. The other "yellow dogs" were not worth 30 cents. Combination offers are not so popular as they once were. Well, with only a limited income for advertising, costly circulation methods and an expensive magazine to make, there was not a barrel of money in the proposition. That is probably the reason John Wanamaker was willing to part with it.

IT'S A POOR RULE, ETC.

When an established business is not making money the experienced business man will tell you to cut down your expenses or get more for your goods. Here's a pretty how-de-do! If we cut down our expenses, make a poorer magazine, exploit it less, we lose circulation, sure. On the other hand, we could not get more for our goods, because our advertising rate was as high as it dare be with the circulation we had, and we could not raise the wholesale price to the news-dealer. The situation stood then that we could not cut down our expenses and we could not get more for our goods. It was about at this point that some midnight oil was consumed.

TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS

First we decided to add 48 pages to the magazine, making it 144 pages instead of 96. An added yearly expense of $20,000 for paper alone, while the extra plates for this 48 pages, with printing and binding, would add $15,000 more to the yearly cost. The extra editorial and art will amount to at least $10,000 more. Next we decided on a series of striking covers. They will cost us about

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$5,000 a year more than the usual cover. Next we decided to throw out all patent medicine advertising and all fake-financial and otherwise objectionable advertising. That will reduce our revenue by at least $20,000 a year. After that we hunted up the long lost "table of contents" and gave it a choice advertising position—again reducing our revenue. Then we cut off all combination subscription offers. And we made a new arrangement with the news-dealer, allowing him full credit on all returns—still further reducing our revenue.

WAS IT GOOD BUSINESS?

That is about the whole story without going into minor details. Summed up, it means that we increased our expenses about $60,000 a year and reduced our revenue about $40,000 a year, in effect adding $100,000 a year to the cost of running the business. Instead of reducing expenses and increasing revenue, we reduced revenue and increased expenses. Was it good business? We have two ambitions—the best magazine in the world and the biggest circulation. Ninety-six pages does not afford room for the variety of subjects that must be handled in even a good magazine. We are a broad people. Every day adds to our hunger to do more and be more. Surely it must be a big magazine to interest a big people. The "best" magazine could not carry any fraudulent advertising. The "best" magazine could not juggle with cut-rate subscriptions. Ideals are well enough, but they do not answer the question "Was it good business to add $100,000 to our expenses?"

IT CERTAINLY WAS

Do you suppose that the circulation of our magazine would have grown from 150,000 to 250,000 copies a month, in midsummer, if we had not enlarged it and improved it? If that is not answer enough, look at our advertising pages. Nearly $15,000 clean, high-grade business this month, with promise of big increases for succeeding issues. Now we can increase our advertising rates with every assurance that even the conservative advertisers will stay with us. If we could have gotten the rates for our advertising this month that our circulation entitled us to, our gross business would have been $25,000 instead of $15,000. That's one drawback to a leaping circulation. You cannot "leap" the advertising rates at the same time. We have waited five months before advancing our rates, although the circulation has increased one hundred thousand copies.

HIGH-GRADE PAPER IMPERATIVE

Some of you may have been astonished at the cost of $20,000 for paper alone for adding forty-eight pages to the magazine. Our paper bill will be nearly $150,000 this year, based on the present size and circulation of the magazine. The dollar you send for a year's subscription, whittled to eighty cents if it comes through an agent, does not much more than pay for the white paper in the twelve numbers you get. We could save a lot of money on this paper bill. We are using a paper twenty per cent. heavier than the paper used by most of the ten-cent magazines. Not only that, but our paper costs considerably more per pound than the paper used by most of the ten-cent magazines. Our paper will stand comparison in weight and quality with the paper used by the thirty-five-cent magazines, and we give nearly as many pages month by month. We pay this extra price and get this extra weight in order to make sure of the results.

CHEAP PAPER ABOMINATIONS

The paper is all-important to the final appearance of the magazine. Everything else may be first class, but if the paper is cheap the result is bound to be. We started out to make the best magazine in the world. We shall be satisfied with nothing short of the best plates, the best ink, the best presswork and the best paper. The result you have before you. We ask you to compare our magazine with any other magazine. Notice how sharp the contrasts—how the high lights stand out. How firm are the solid blacks. How even and clear the whole effect. None of the greasy, oily look that goes with cheap paper and cheap ink. None of that flat, colorless effect that goes with shallow plates. None of the blurred effect which is made by the type or cut on the back showing through thin, transparent paper.

The advertising pages have just the same paper and are just as carefully printed. We go on the theory that while the public may not know how a magazine is made, they know and appreciate when it is well made.

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We shall continue to give you the best we know how to make. May we suggest that one way of showing your appreciation would be to send us a dollar for a year's subscription.

THORNS IN OUR ROSES

There are very few subscriptions placed with magazines in the summer months. Our renewals and new subscriptions have just about equalled our expirations since taking hold of the magazine. But we have about 60,000 subscriptions that were secured on the "yellow dog" plan, and we are wondering what the subscribers will do when these subscriptions expire. We are even a little bit disturbed about it. It is plain what they ought to do. We submit the case to you. They got the magazine in combination at fifty cents for a yearly subscription, which money went to the old management of EVERYBODY'S. We had to carry out these 60,000 unexpired subscriptions, running on an average for eight months, at fifty cents a year, which meant $19,200 out of our pockets. But we started right in to make a magazine worth at least a dollar a year instead of fifty cents, so it really meant $38,400 out of our pockets to fill these unexpired subscriptions. Possibly you are one of the 60,000. We will not ask you to tell some friend what a splendid magazine we are making, and loan him a copy to read, much as we would like to have you. Of course you will send us a dollar when your own subscription expires. Thank you!

ENTHUSIASM IS IRRESISTIBLE

We wish that you might know our staff. Every department—Editorial, Art, Advertising, Circulation, and Business—is manned by a loyal and enthusiastic crew. What can stand against enthusiasm? It is magnetic, dynamic. Enthusiasm back of a sane venture is bound to make a success of it. Every one of the 200 people helping us to make this magazine is absolutely certain that we are going to have the finest magazine in the world. The men on the presses and the women in the bindery are glad to give the last ounce of effort to make it so. This sort of feeling is contagious. We have reason to believe that the news-dealers all over the country have become imbued with the same spirit. Ask the first dealer you come to how EVERYBODY'S is selling. The response will be instant and enthusiastic. We are pleased to acknowledge thus prominently what the dealers are doing for us.

YOUR LETTERS A PLEASURE AND PROFIT

We have several interesting letters which we had intended to allow you to read this month, but it has taken up so much space to tell you how things are going with us that the letters are crowded out. The hour we put in each day with these letters from our readers is the best hour of the day. Best both in pleasure and profit. You cannot realize how helpful to us it is to have your point of view. We are striving to make a magazine for everybody. A magazine that you can read through from cover to cover. More than that, a magazine that you can dip into at any point, even in the middle of an article or story, and find it so well written that it will instantly catch and hold your interest. Try the experiment.

No matter how careful we are, something is bound to get into the magazine that will fail to please everybody. Is not what is left worth the price of the magazine? People have been good enough to say that some articles were worth the price of the magazine for the entire year. On the other hand, we cannot promise to please the reader who is suffering from a bilious attack. He should take his troubles to his physician.

CAN YOU ESTIMATE ITS WORTH TO YOU?

Have you ever estimated the worth of a good magazine to you? How many sluggish hours has it speeded? How many blue devils has it throttled? How often has it been companion and friend on a long journey or after a hard day's work? If to all this it adds some information and once in awhile a new inspiration, how will you estimate its value to you? Write and tell us what you think of the magazine now. Are we improving it every month as we promised to, or are we "falling down"? Have you noticed how we are crowding every number full of rich, warm humanity? Notice the kind of men we call heroes in "Heroes of the Hour" in this number. We believe in humanity. We believe in America. Some of our rich men are making of their money a reproach and are setting a vicious example to the youth of the land. We will do our part to shame them out of their folly. America is not going to the demnition bow-wows. The great heart of the people is right.

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